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DO OUR REPRESENTATIVES REPRESENT?

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I

IN a recent number of the *Atlantic Monthly* an English writer sketches the political and social changes which have come over the British Isles within the last generation.¹ His survey is made with particular reference to the mooted point, how far representative government has been promoted or impaired by these changes; and at the conclusion of his article he goes to the bottom of the whole business by asking what, after all, is 'real representation.' In the United States, within the corresponding period, we have been experiencing changes as momentous as those in the mother country, and the same fundamental question confronts us as we glance over the fields in which they have occurred.

Representation, considered without special reference to domestic politics, may take any one of several forms. The envoy, for example, represents his sovereign in a manner quite unlike that in which the guardian represents his ward. The envoy must make himself as nearly as practicable the mirror and echo of his sovereign, whose idiosyncrasies and passing whims he must reflect with equal faithfulness, whether

¹ 'England and Ireland,' by H. FIELDING-HALL, in the *Atlantic* for December, 1913.

they appeal to his common sense or revolt it. The guardian, on the other hand, however well settled the terms of his appointment, and regardless of the share the ward may have been allowed in his selection, is clothed with a discretion for the exercise of which he is held to as strict account as for his honesty. Of alternative courses open to him in any instance, the one promising immediate profit and eagerly desired by the ward, the other presenting fewer superficial attractions but pointing to larger advantages in the future, he is bound to take that which, according to his own best judgment, will be for the ward's greater eventual benefit. Then, there is the representative relation of the attorney, who, though accepting the client's instructions with his retainer, is nevertheless subject to the higher obligations of professional ethics, and must be ever mindful that he is an officer of the court as well as a private practitioner. Finally, there is the familiar illustration of the stockholder in a corporate enterprise, who assigns to a proxy the right to vote in his stead on matters of vital importance, not only leaving to this representative absolute freedom of action, but approving and validating in advance every step he may take.

So it will be seen that representation

is a term not so easy to define as one might suppose, and especially difficult when we use it to describe the duty of a public servant. Does it mean that the man we put into office shall always do there just what we should have done if we had been handling the same affairs directly? Or does it mean that, in a crisis where his judgment and ours differ with respect to a large question which he has had a better opportunity than we to study at close range, he is to obey our orders in defiance of his personal conviction that to do so would make for our ultimate injury? Or does it mean that if the code of official ethics adopted and maintained for the common good stands in the way of his accomplishing some purpose on which we individually have set our hearts, he shall disregard it in the assertion of his representative character? Or does it mean that, when we put him where he is, we turned over to him every power, right, and privilege we possessed in the premises, and deliberately estopped ourselves from further interference in the business we intrusted to him?

II

At one time or another, and wholly or in part, representative government in the United States has passed through all these phases. In great emergencies, like that presented by the Civil War and its immediate sequelæ, the people with practical unanimity surrendered to the government at Washington all authority, to be exercised as might seem best on any occasion. It was the sense that they had done this, and were bound to stand by their bargain, that kept the country generally quiet in the face of repeated trespasses by the military power upon the civil domain, and permitted the piling up of the public debt, the resort to an irredeemable paper currency, the imposition of extraordinary

taxes, the recruiting of the army by conscription, the unceremonious seizure and destruction of private property, the arbitrary creation and division of states, the wholesale emancipation of the slaves by executive proclamation, and many other measures which, under different conditions, would have been condemned as despotic. We have seen a senator sent to Coventry for voting his convictions at an impeachment trial, although he was doing only what he had solemnly sworn to do. We have seen a reëlection refused to one President because he told the truth, as he saw it, about the tariff, in pursuance of his constitutional duty to recommend to the consideration of Congress 'such measures as he shall judge necessary and expedient,' and to another because he kept too strictly within the limits set by the organic law upon his jurisdiction.

The fathers of the Constitution had their own notion of what representation meant. With them, it was obviously the relation of guardian to ward; and their debates in the convention of 1787 showed that, in their opinion, the safety of the republic depended on avoiding an undue intimacy between the twain, by taking care that the ward should not have too much to say about the choice of the guardian. The proletariat were to have their welfare safeguarded, of course, but it was not for them to meddle with the machinery established for this purpose, since presumptively they would not know what was best for them. The right to vote ought to be restricted to the class who would use it wisely, and probably a property qualification would furnish the most effective gauge for separating that class from the others. When this proposition was before the Convention, Mr. Dickinson of Maryland spoke in favor of it. 'The freeholders of the country,' he declared, 'are the best

guardians of liberty, and the restriction of the right to them is a necessary defense against the dangerous influence of the multitudes without property and without principle, with which our country, like all others, will in time abound.'

'The time,' said Gouverneur Morris of New York, 'is not distant when this country will abound with mechanics and manufacturers, who will receive their bread from their employers. Will such men be the secure and faithful guardians of liberty — the impregnable barriers against aristocracy? The ignorant and the dependent can be as little trusted with the public interest as children!'

'Viewing the subject in its merits alone,' said Madison of Virginia, 'the freeholders of the country would be the safest depositories of republican liberty. In future times, a great majority of the people will not only be without property in land, but property of any sort. These will either combine under the influence of their common situation, or, what is more probable, they will become the tools of opulence and ambition; in which case, there will be equal danger on another side.'

And thus it went. Even Franklin, with all his unaristocratic antecedents, and his repugnance to the idea of conferring the ballot upon property while denying it to human beings, based his most powerful plea on what seemed a purely sentimental theory, that the possession of the elective franchise would of itself inspire nobility of character in the citizen. Considerations of prudence finally prevailed to turn the whole issue over to the states, letting them individually decide to whom, within their own borders, they would grant the ballot and to whom refuse it. In those days, so strong was the sense of the value of property as a means of grace for the administration of a public trust, that it was soberly

proposed to require a certain degree of wealth of every one who aspired to an important office — that the President, for instance, should be possessed of not less than one hundred thousand dollars, a judge of fifty thousand, and a member of Congress of a fortune of proportionate size.

How slender was the faith of the delegates generally in the discretion and integrity of the masses of the people, is plain from the distinction made between the methods prescribed for choosing the members of the two houses of Congress, and between the lengths of their respective terms; from the confining of the consideration of foreign treaties to the indirectly chosen Senate; from the indirect process laid down for the election of President; from the power vested in the President thus elected to appoint the judiciary, and officers who represent the United States in dealing with other nations; and from the inclusion of the executive with Congress as a part of the law-making machinery. The direct share of the people in all this was narrowed down practically to the election of their representatives in Congress, who were to have the initiation of measures affecting taxation, and an equal share with the Senate in all legislation. In order that the great body of citizens should have a fairly frequent hearing for their views on public questions, the membership of the House of Representatives was to be completely renewed once in two years. This, it was believed, would provide for the prompt reflection of all changes of opinion among a constituency recognized as liable to fickleness; but, lest such changes should be too frequent for the country's good, there stood the Senate, free from immediate responsibility to the populace, and entrenched behind a fixed term of six years, ready to act as a steadyng force.

The Senate's function of compelling

deliberation has been illustrated in many ways, but in none better than by one of the apocryphal stories of George Washington on which an earlier generation was brought up. He was said to have been asked at a friend's table, why we had aped the feudal institutions of Great Britain to the extent of having a select as well as a popular house in our Congress. His hostess had just helped him to a cup of tea, so hot that it was sending forth a cloud of steam. He poured a part of the tea into his saucer, and let it stand long enough to cool before drinking. 'This cup,' said he, 'is the House of Representatives. Its contents have come directly from the people, who may be in a state of great excitement. This saucer is the Senate, in which I can hold the scalding liquid till its heat has subsided enough to make it safe to drink.'

Carrying the same idea a stage further, the Constitution empowered the President to halt the enactment of a proposed law till he could set forth any reasons he might have for regarding it as ill-advised or inopportune, and thus procure its review in a calmer spirit. The restriction of all foreign negotiations to the President and Senate, also, was designed to put wholly outside of a volatile atmosphere the consideration of matters which might bring our government into collision with others. And with respect to the judiciary, the influence of popular passion and impulse was to be nullified by lifting the Federal bench out of the arena of politics, where the decision of a magistrate in some critical case might be more or less swayed by his dread of incurring the disfavor of his constituents.

III

All this was a century and a quarter ago. In the interval the population of the United States has risen from four

million to nearly one hundred million souls, with a proportional multiplication of social and economic problems, particularly in the present generation, when the increase in the population has been more than equaled by the increase of its density around certain centres of industrial activity. What the fathers foresaw has come to pass: an enormous multitude of our people is without property, or with very little. Yet manhood suffrage prevails in almost all the states, and, in the few where any restrictions whatever are imposed, those restrictions are mostly educational tests of an elementary order. The property qualification which loomed so large in the minds of Dickinson and Morris and Madison, and which was widely adopted in the early days, is now everywhere obsolete or obsolescent. Large wealth has accumulated in the hands of a small minority of our people. Human nature meanwhile has remained human nature, and the class cleavage has followed financial lines rather than lines of ancestry or of worldly knowledge, with the result that the citizen with insignificant means or no means at all is set in antagonism to the citizen with plenty.

Class-consciousness manifests itself in politics, because politics furnishes the machinery for representation, and representation for legislation; and the whole trend of modern legislation has been in the direction of satisfying the demands of the masses for direct relief or enlarged opportunity. The primitive assumption that government is merely a form of organization to be supported by the people for their common convenience, with functions limited to the maintenance of order, the adjustment of controverted rights, and the protection of the persons and property subject to its jurisdiction, has been gradually working over into an assumption that it is the business of

this government, at least, to support the people.

For indications marking stages in such a process, read in the national statute-book the laws requiring a rigid inspection of meat products; penalizing the adulteration of foods and drugs; establishing a postal savings system to encourage thrift among the poor; compelling the use of special appliances on railroads to make the handling of trains less dangerous for employees; prescribing the length of a day's work in sundry occupations; creating bureaus to investigate, and incidentally to expose to public criticism, the methods pursued in privately owned industries and in the employment of particular classes of laborers; condemning to destruction a once profitable line of manufacture because its raw materials were unwholesome for its artisans to work with; making employers liable for injuries suffered by their workmen while on duty; excluding from our shores sundry classes of immigrants lest they underbid our citizens in the labor markets; constructing mammoth reclamation projects for the benefit of the farmers of the arid West; making war upon lotteries and the prostitute traffic; and for a score of cognate purposes entirely beyond the contemplation of the framers of the Constitution. These, indeed, appear to be but the initiatory features of a new epoch, if we believe that President Wilson will carry his anti-trust, agricultural-education, and farmer-loan programmes to success, and if we are prepared to treat seriously the efforts of certain members of Congress to commit that body to a policy regarding marriage and divorce, to the regulation of stock and produce exchanges, and to the exemption of labor organizations from the operation of the laws against monopoly.

These things are in addition to a heap of legislation enacted in the sev-

eral states, some of which is consistent, while much is more or less in conflict, with the United States laws on the same subjects. In order to reconcile the discordant elements as far as may be, the boundaries which used to separate state from Federal jurisdiction are in process of being obliterated. Here is, of course, a radical departure from the plans of the Constitution-makers, who never lost sight of the origin of the republic as a mere union of independent sovereignties for the better assurance of their joint defense against domestic insurrection and hostilities from without. The national ideal is now invading every field of legislation, supplanting both the ideal of state sovereignty and the federal theory, and running parallel with the struggle for self-assertion among the masses of the people and their more and more clamorous insistence that the will of the numerical majority shall override all considerations of differences in intelligence, education, or social condition.

Whoever has watched the movement with a discerning eye must read in it, I think, the gradual transformation of a representative government under a thin veil of democracy, which we inherited, into a democracy with a few superficial insignia of representative government, cherished rather for memory's sake than for any faith in their virtues.

The Constitution is distinguished no less for its elasticity than for its strength. When circumstances have called into existence a public policy for which no explicit sanction could be found in its text, resort has been had to some clause which would stretch if pulled hard enough. Thus, when all state-bank currency had to be driven out of existence, a prohibitory tax was levied under the right of Congress to lay and collect taxes; when the great

carrying corporations seemed to need government oversight, the power of Congress to regulate commerce between the states was invoked; and when any novel demand could not be met otherwise, the 'general welfare' clause of the preamble and the first section of article one proved of timely convenience. Neither the eleven paragraphs added before the close of the eighteenth century to supply a few omissions discovered in the original text, nor the Twelfth Amendment, adopted in 1804 to make the electoral system more workable, affected the spirit of the Constitution as first promulgated; so it may be said with truth that the republic conducted its business for seventy-five years under a charter essentially unaltered. The far-reaching results of the Civil War made necessary the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth amendments, but these were followed by more than forty years of quiescence.

IV

The purpose of this brief historical review is to emphasize the reluctance of the American people in the past to tamper with their Constitution, and hence the revolutionary significance of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth amendments, proclaimed in 1913. Both have in view the expedition of the democratizing process which has already been noted. The Sixteenth Amendment recognizes the increasing power of individual wealth throughout the country, and is designed to compel the assumption by the moneyed class of a larger share of the common burden. To this end it sweeps away state barriers, and authorizes the national government to impose a tax on incomes without regard to the distribution of population or representation. It clears the way for the capture of the possessor of great riches wherever found, and for calling

him to the same account as his neighbor who has little or nothing — or, as it has worked out in the exemption provisions of the present act, to an account far more severe.

The Seventeenth Amendment, by which the choice of senators is transferred from the legislatures of the several states to the people thereof, was doubtless the outgrowth of a widespread distrust of legislatures. It recalls the answer of a notorious speculator who flourished in my youth, and whose ventures depended often on the success of his lobby work, to the question why he took so languid an interest in the preliminaries to an election impending in his state. 'It is cheaper to buy the legislature after election than the voters before it.' Whether the remark was earnestly made, or in cynical humor, it spread like wildfire, it was so at one with what was known of the character of its author, and comported so well with the sense of suspicion that lurked in the popular mind regarding the uprightness of law-makers of the rank commonly sent to the state capitals.

About this time, also, began a series of deadlocks in the legislatures which had senators to elect, and one or two of them occurred at critical junctures when it was important to a state to have a full representation at Washington. Finally, the indirect method of election, which kept the Senate always at arm's length from the people, and gave it the name of an American House of Lords, became more and more an object of notice and attack in the press. Some of the most censorious critics insisted that the Senate had outgrown whatever of usefulness it might once have possessed, and would better be discarded altogether; this brought a more conservative group of citizens to its defense, and a compromise between the two extremes of view was reached on the basis of letting the people of a

state express in some way their preference between senatorial candidates, as a guide to the legislature. And, while several plans of this sort were under discussion, came Tillman.

Long after the Civil War had ended Negro slavery, most of the South clung to its aristocratic traditions of public service with intense tenacity. Its leaders were not 'men of the people' either by descent or in sympathies. Their ancestors had been conspicuous figures in their respective States for several generations; they were scions of Revolutionary stock or of the navy of 1812, or sprung from families which had given governors, legislators, or judges to the community in trying times of old. All were well versed in American history, many had won local fame as orators, and there were few who had not both the ancient and the English classics at their tongues' command. The loss of their slaves and the deterioration of their plantations had left them financially stranded, and some salaried office seemed to the worshipful yeomanry around them to offer the best means of providing for their needs. So a stream of blue blood poured from the South into Congress, and especially into the Senate, from the hour that the Reconstruction bogey was exorcised from Southern politics.

The first break came when Benjamin R. Tillman, the head of an insurgent movement among the inelegant rustics of South Carolina, succeeded in getting himself elected Governor, and forcing the legislature to drop Wade Hampton and send John L. M. Irby to the Senate. A little later he came himself. A 'farmer' — not a 'planter' — by occupation, redolent of the upturned soil in appearance, manners, and speech, and accused by local gossips of having sat in a wagon in an open marketplace and sold the produce of his acres, it would be hard to imagine a sharper human

contrast than was presented by this man and his immediate predecessor, Matthew C. Butler, every line in whose face bore witness to his pedigree, and whose voice and bearing were those of a well-bred citizen of the world. I remember the despairing comment of a South Carolinian of distinguished lineage who was in Washington when the news arrived that Tillman had defeated Butler: 'This means that the end is at hand!' He read the omen aright. The oligarchy which had ruled the South for more than a century by virtue of the strain of rulership in its blood, was facing everywhere a disaster from which there could be no recovery. The common people were learning their strength, and had begun to make use of it.

If doubt remained in any mind of the meaning of Tillman's election, it was dispelled with his first irruption as a debater in the Senate, when he said, 'I am the only farmer in this august body. Yet out of seventy million people in this country, thirty-five million are engaged in agriculture. If, then, one farmer has broken down the barriers and forced his way here, upon his head rests the responsibility of giving utterance to the feelings, the aspirations of his fellows. Before I get through, you will realize that I speak plainly and bluntly . . . the language of the common people; for I am one of them, and I expect to tell you how they feel, and what they think, and what they want!' And proceeding to discuss certain questions which he said had been threshed out by lawyers, and corporation magnates, and nearly everybody else, but had 'not yet been handled on the pitchfork of the farmer,' he laid about him savagely, particularly denouncing the Cleveland administration for having betrayed the Democratic party and surrendered the nation into the control of a plutarchy.

The 'pitchfork speech' was the sensation of the day; but whoever supposed that it was to remain a unique oratorical curio was destined to be speedily undeceived. Every slogan of revolt raised in national politics since then, from the nasal wails of Teller at St. Louis to the leonine roars of Johnson at Chicago, has had for its burden the same grievance that Tillman voiced: The clique in power represents not the masses but the classes! The men who hold the captains' commissions under its banner are not of the people, or in close accord with the people; whereas the candidates put forward by the remonstrants have this supreme excellence, that they come from the people, believe in the people, think with the people, and are prepared to obey the wishes of the people at every turn and to the last extreme. Economic and financial issues such as engaged the best thought and finest eloquence of the wise men who sat in the Capitol a generation ago, and through them captured the attention of their constituents, hold a secondary place in the popular interest now, the first place having been usurped by social and humane problems which formerly were regarded as outside the pale of governmental activity; and Congress has been steadily growing, as we have seen, more and more responsive to this latter-day bent of the public mind.

v

Thus, between the foundation of the republic and the present hour, the general conception of what Congress ought to be and do has passed from one pole to the other: from the theory that a member was to be chosen because of his superior antecedents and culture, his greater independence of spirit, his wider experience, and his larger stake at hazard than the bulk of his constitu-

ency, to a demand for a man who is no better than his neighbors, and who consequently will not be above doing what they wish to have done, whatever his private convictions or inclinations may be.

Drop into the gallery of either chamber to-day, and you will hear your fellow visitors discussing men and measures on a more parochial basis than in the old times. Such personalities as enter into their conversation take the form of comments on Jim Smith's efforts to get an appropriation for a new postoffice building in his home town, with all the work and wages it would bring there; on the probable falling-off in Tom Jones's farmer vote now that his supply of free seeds is cut down; on Bill Robinson's genius as a hustler, demonstrated by his getting the Indian reservation in his district irrigated and then opened for homestead settlement. Spend a whole day in the gallery, and you will hardly hear a visitor boast of being a constituent of Henry Tompkins because he has earned the chairmanship of the Ways and Means Committee, or framed the winning act for a revision of the navigation laws. In other words, despite the wider spread of the national spirit, what a Congressman does for the nation counts for less now with most of the people in his district than what he does for his immediate neighbors, albeit the one service is largely a matter of cleverness while the other calls for statesmanship. This is human nature, doubtless; perhaps, also, it accords with the well-cherished ideal of representation, that the unit should be as small as practicable.

As might have been foreseen, one effect of bringing Congress nearer to the people has been the elimination from the national legislature of many of its notable figures. A generation ago the Senate held a picturesque group of history-builders. It included Conkling,

who daily reserved his appearance in the chamber till the other senators were seated and the scene set, and whose majestic march down the middle aisle reminded one of the entrance of the king in a Shakespearean drama; Blaine, who had only to rise for a perfunctory motion in order to smite the galleries with a spell of expectant silence and capture the eyes and ears of his colleagues; Hamlin, in his old-fashioned swallow-tail coat, whose association with the memory of Lincoln seemed to draw the great war wonderfully near; Edmunds and Hoar, conserving, in their range of thought and speech, the best traditions of New England statesmanship; Hampton and Bayard, exhaling the flavor of the old South; David Davis, who twice had held the fate of the country in his hand; Chandler and Ingalls and Mahone, guerilla-fighters but powers in their way; Allison and Cockrell, Sanders, Gordon, Voorhees, Hawley, Hill, and a dozen others whose names and stories were household words from one end of the United States to the other.

In the House, during the same period, sat Reed, the despot, and Kasson, the diplomatist; Carlisle, the logician, and Morrison, the bludgeon-bearer; Blackburn, the fiery, and Wheeler, the spider-like; Kelley and Randall, the protectionist twins; Wilson, the polished, and Hepburn, the blunt; Alexander H. Stephens in his wheel-chair; Knott, the witty, and Holman, the frugal; Bland and Butterworth, Bragg and Curtin, Sherman and Mills and Reagan. Cannon, whose recent retirement about exhausts this strain, was then well past his apprenticeship. In their several fields, these were efficient workers. They had force, shrewdness, individuality; their modes of self-expression had a quality challenging to the attention and compelling to the memory. Their purely human charac-

teristics were so pronounced and so well advertised that they were recognized wherever they appeared, even schoolchildren making their acquaintance through the cartoons. When they left the centre of the stage, something went with them out of our public life which may never be replaced. Whether they were, or were not, as truly 'representative' of their constituents as their successors are, they were unquestionably, as a rule, of a higher type than the average of the body politic; and however history may rank them as to their total value to their country, it is but just to say that they helped keep their generation steady, and lent color and spice to the contemporary chronicles.

Of course, I have not forgotten the presence in Congress, as I write, of a Root and a La Follette, a Champ Clark and an Underwood; but it is doubtful whether the most nearly unique personality in the present group can make the same impression on the minds of his countrymen that some of the old fellows made. Moreover, admitting whatever may be said of the increasingly representative character of recent Congresses, assuming representation to be another name for reflection, the question is pertinent, whether this is a virtue to be acclaimed under all circumstances. Are there not occasions when disobedience in the servant is worth more to the master than obedience? Where is the senator, trained in the rigorous school of representation so loudly commended by an impatient populace to-day, whom we could trust to snap party ties, turn his back on sectional claims, and defy the instructions of his state, as Lucius Lamar did when he voted against the silver heresy for conscience' sake? And where is the state that would respond now, as Mississippi did then, by reversing its own attitude in approval of the senator's

manliness? How many men sitting in either chamber of the present Congress should we look to see, if another crisis arose like that reached in the railroad strikes of 1894, stepping out of their party ranks to uphold the hands of a hostile administration in a struggle with mob violence over a labor question, like Cushman Davis of Minnesota when he came to the support of President Cleveland? In both Lamar's case and Davis's, popular sentiment seemed to press in one direction, while the judgment of the man elected to expound and enforce it pressed in another.

A man who stood 'closer to the people' and shared their desires more literally, or who, regardless of his own convictions, felt that the first duty of a representative was to represent the opinions of his principal, would not have taken the course of Davis or Lamar; and not only would a worthy cause have suffered, but the moral influence of such timely courage would have been lost to the republic.

VI

If space permitted, it would be interesting to inquire how much further the democratizing trend of the day is likely to go, in the elimination of indirection from our methods of selecting public servants. For example, we are already launching a presidential primary plan, designed to dispense with party nominating conventions, and, in theory at least, to come nearer to a popular designation of candidates. When we remember how shortly the senatorial primary plan preceded the adoption of a constitutional amendment for the popular election of senators, would it be strange to see another amendment soon started on its way, providing for the choice of the President by direct popular vote? We might also comment

on the significance of the recent proposal to abolish secret sessions of the Senate. This project, certainly, is quite in keeping with the general disposition to hold the representatives of the people to a stricter account, for it means that no senator should take advantage of emptied galleries and locked doors to speak or vote as he would not have dared to do while in full view. Whether open executive sessions might not also tend to encourage demagogism, is apart from the main question.

This doubt, however, suggests a broader one: whether the popular revolt against all the old institutions is going to bring about the results directly aimed at. Are the people going to rule themselves any more under the new régime than they did under the old? Will not what is gained in one direction be equalled, or more than equalled, by what is lost in another? Most of mankind prefer following a leader to picking out a path for themselves, so long as they are permitted to cherish a few illusions of ultimate authority; and the leader who has acquired the habit of telling his fellow partisans what they had better do and then proceeding to the task himself, slips easily into a way of telling them what they must do and what they shall do. The People's Party, as will be recalled, was founded on the theory that the people were tired of being bossed. The convention at which it was organized was, for that reason, not a delegate but a mass convention; nevertheless, even as early as that, some of its prominent members quarreled among themselves as to who should steer its deliberations. A few years later I attended one of its national gatherings, where the presiding officer, a man of giant frame, strident voice, and commanding personality, took the whole business into his own hands. Towering above the babel, he would put motions into mouths which

had never so much as opened; call for votes, and declare them carried or lost as he saw fit; and adjourn a session, and set the hour for reassembling, with the utmost indifference to what anybody else might desire.

Walking with him to his hotel after one such monodramatic morning, I remarked, 'You seem to have your convention well in hand.'

He scanned my face keenly to discover whether I was serious or in jest, and then answered, with a broad smile, 'Well, you see, these people are mostly farmers. They don't know much about parliamentary forms. I understand pretty well what they want to do; and, with such a crowd to handle, the "short cut" is usually the best.'

Loud applause from many sides greeted the revolt against the rule of Speaker Cannon in the House of Representatives five or six years ago. Yet Cannon was not the only autocrat, or even the most notable, in the history of his place and era: he merely chanced to be reigning when the time arrived for an upheaval. Sometimes, indeed, the autocracy of a Speaker has been the salvation of a situation. Mr. Carlisle, famous as the fairest-minded and gentlest of the men who have filled the high chair in the House, obeyed an impulse of patriotism as opposed to the obvious preferences of a majority of his fellow members when, in the first session of the Forty-ninth Congress, he held back the committee appointments till the Christmas recess, in order that the committee on coinage might be surely under control of safe men. As a specimen of bossism, this does not seem to fall far behind the course taken by his successor, 'Czar' Reed, when the Senate sent over an act for the free and unlimited coinage of silver, and he refused to lay it before the House in the usual way, but privately referred it where it would be kept under cover

till the sound-money members could mature their plans for dealing with it. How much of the present fine financial credit of the United States is due to the arbitrary domination of these two men during a crucial epoch, few persons realize who were not in the thick of affairs at the capital while the life-and-death struggle over the fifty-cent dollar was going on.

Even Tillman, the first Goth to scale the wall of a supercivilized Senate, has a record in the same line. He rose to eminence, as we have seen, as the champion of popular government against an oligarchy; but he made his second campaign for the governorship of South Carolina on the plea that he could not give his state a reform administration unless he could have control of its legislature. 'Turn out these driftwood legislators,' he shouted from every stump, 'and send me a legislature that will do what I say, and I'll give you reform!'

So we come back to the question: What is real representation? Is it representation of the intelligence, or of the obtuseness or folly, of the community? Is it responsible representation, or puppet-like? Is it what our fathers had in mind, or what we have got, or what our children seem destined to receive? Which is the better represented: the community which commits its interests freely to the keeping of an able, well-trained, patriotic man, who is too discerning to confuse right with wrong or individual privilege with the general good, and too self-respecting to be afraid of his constituents; or the community which insists on leasing the soul of its representative, as well as his hands and his brain, for the price of his annual salary, and dictating absolutely his conduct while in office? Or at what stage between these two extremes can it be said with most truth that our representatives represent?

THE REASONS BEHIND THE WAR

BY ROLAND G. USHER

I

THE ostensible cause for Austria's declaration of war against Servia lay in the alleged unsatisfactory character of the Servian reply to the Austrian demand for suppression of anti-Austrian propaganda and societies by systematic measures in which Austria should herself take an active part. Not only the nature of the demands, but the language in which they were couched, the circumstances of their presentation, and of the receipt of the reply, render it probable that Austria wished to force upon Servia the solution by war of an infinitely larger issue than that raised by the murder of the unfortunate Archduke and his wife. Indeed, the fundamental antipathies between Austria and Servia, already centuries old, the strength of national feeling, and the scope of national ambition, are significant among the causes of this war. To settle by peaceful means such a tangle of interests, racial, political, and commercial, in any fashion mutually agreeable, has so long proved futile, that this present war is tinged for the combatants with inevitability, and almost with divine sanction.

To Americans, far from the tramp of armies and safe from the aggression of covetous neighbors, such militant enthusiasm, such driving force of tradition and patriotism, is literally incomprehensible. And to explain a war begun in aggression, couched in the terms of arrogance, based upon the consciousness of vastly superior strength,

to those who have not themselves experienced such emotions and ambitions, above all, to lend to it the color of inevitability which is so clear to Austrian and Serb, involves the explanation of many factors not at first obviously related to the issue itself.

II

To the Austrian, the war is literally a war of self-preservation. Austria has probably the least homogeneous population of all the great powers, and of that heterogeneous mixture the Slavs form a large and unruly part. In Southeastern Austria, in Styria and Carinthia, in Bosnia and Herzegovina are millions of men, racial cousins of the Servians so near them, who have long chafed under the Austrian yoke and as constantly dreamed of the glad day when they should be liberated by some great revolution of all Slavs together in the name of their religion and their nationality.

The creation from these Austrian subjects and their Balkan neighbors of a great monarchy has been more than an aspiration for many years, and for the last year or two much more than a hope. The Emperor of Austria, Francis Joseph, is old and the numerous conspirators in his dominions have believed that his death would afford an excellent opportunity for the great revolt and the dawn of freedom. The Hungarians, they believe, would not elect his successor king; the Bohemians would likewise decline to

choose him; the Poles, the Ruthenes, the Croatians and Slavonians would all cast off the yoke together and become simultaneously free and independent nations. So successful has this propaganda been, so wide is its support among all classes of the community, and so far-reaching are its ramifications, that the Austrians have believed their supremacy seriously imperiled and the continuance of the Hapsburg Empire in its present form almost a matter which superior force alone could decide in their favor.

Needless to add, in Servia these malcontents found their natural leader; there they found refuge, there they obtained funds. To believe that the Servian government would of its own volition do more than avoid official connection with these schemes was to believe that they would renounce their national ambition and play traitor to those who looked to them for leadership. The true inwardness of the Austrian demands is only too apparent: they were such as Austria knew in advance that the Servians could not and would not accept in the spirit in which they were made. Yet, a war which should crush Servia to earth, rob her if possible of political independence, of a quantity of men and treasure, and thus render her incapable of leading the malcontents in Austria's own domains, seemed at this crisis, with the Emperor at death's door and the Archduke dead, and an unknown quantity next in succession, literally the only chance of maintaining the Hapsburg monarchy and of securing it lease of life for another generation.

From the actual war the leaders expect great results. It will knit the various peoples together and give them a common object to strive for and a common victory to celebrate. Already the semi-official press at Vienna is exulting in the 'fact,' now 'apparent

to Europe,' that Austria-Hungary is not only a political and constitutional entity, but also a national reality. It is a war of self-preservation, a war to end once for all the attempts of Servia to disrupt the Empire; such is the official manifesto of the Emperor.

It is none the less a war of ambition and aggression. For centuries Austria has dreamed of dominating southeastern Europe, of ruling the Balkans, of possessing a sea-coast on the Adriatic and $\text{\textit{Aegean}}$, where stately ships flying the Austrian flag and laden with the commerce of the world should lie at anchor. The economic backwardness of many of her provinces has been attributed to the difficulty and expense of communication overland with the rest of the world, to the fact that she is behind all the other nations save Russia. These nations buy and sell each other's produce rather than hers, and tax her produce heavily for transportation. A direct outlet to the world's trade, undisputed control of some really significant strip of sea-coast possessed of really fine harbors, are indispensable for development and expansion.

Much has already been attained: an outlet to the sea, possession of enough land to control access to it, but a coast whose extent is limited and whose approaches are in large measure dominated by other nations. Control of Albania and Montenegro would give the Austrians what they wish, but only the control of Servia can assure their peaceful possession of it. Servia menaces Austria's connections with Trieste, with the lower Adriatic through Albania; she controls the shortest and best roads to the $\text{\textit{Aegean}}$ at Salonika and to the ports of the lower Adriatic; a canal from the Danube to the $\text{\textit{Aegean}}$ is reported perfectly feasible but its route lies through Servian territory.

When to these facts we add the leadership of the malcontents in south-

eastern Austria, and the possible establishment of a strong Slav state in control of all Austria's present approaches to the Adriatic, and directly athwart the path of all her roads to the Mediterranean, we can begin to comprehend the significance that the present war has for Austrians. If on the one hand it is to preserve the Austria that is from disruption, it is on the other none the less certainly an attempt to insure the future of the Austria that is to be.

Short of Servia's virtual annihilation, Austria cannot rest. The protestation said to have been made to Russia that no accessions of territory were contemplated is probably true; the annexation of Servia would so greatly change the balance of power in the Adriatic as to menace decidedly Italy's interests and risk the rupture of the Triple Alliance. During the Balkan wars, Servia, despite her gain in prestige, suffered such great losses in men and resources that Austria scarcely risks failure in the military operations, and will certainly further weaken Servia in men and resources to a point which will very likely render her impotent for harm (even though independent and in possession of her present boundaries) for some generations to come. This result, however, clearly cannot be assured by negotiations or diplomatic pourparlers. War, destructive war alone, can accomplish the desired result; and upon that Austria has resolved.

III

It was obvious to the Austrians that these considerations were familiar to every diplomatist in Europe, and that in every foreign capital their motives would be only too completely understood. There were states, as powerful as they, whose interests would be much injured by the annihilation of Servia.

Still, the Austrians thought that there was a fair chance that they might be allowed to deal with Servia unmolested. Not only would the fears of general European war make all other nations slow to interfere, but it seemed almost certain that the domestic difficulties of the Triple Entente would prevent England, France, or Russia from moving, while the striking advantages the Triple Alliance would obtain in its general position from Austria's control of Servia, and consequently of Albania and Montenegro, would insure the neutrality of Germany and Italy, her own sworn allies.

England has not faced in many, many years a problem as difficult of solution as the Ulster crisis. So absolutely equal in size have been the English parties for some years that neither can single-handed form a majority and control the House of Commons; each is dependent for ministerial existence on the support of the Irish Nationalists, some eighty in number, who hold therefore, literally, the balance in English politics. Realizing the helplessness of both of the great English parties, the Nationalists recently delivered their ultimatum to the Cabinet: they would support no government which did not actually propose and pass a Home Rule bill satisfactory to them.

No sooner, however, did the bill approach its final stages than agitation began in Ulster against it. Descendants of English colonists in Ireland, the titles to their lands the result of confiscation, Protestants in religion, Orangemen in 1798, they would not trust the Nationalist Catholics in the face of the accumulated religious and political hatreds, the legacy of Ireland's past. They declared that they would not accept Home Rule, and would make good their defiance in the field. A provisional government was set up; troops enrolled, armed, and drilled; money

subscribed; and for some weeks they awaited with scant patience the outcome of the negotiations at London.

The Nationalists, for their part, declined to allow the exclusion of Ulster. Ireland is poor at best; the new government would have a difficult financial problem to solve, even with the aid of English subsidies; and if Ulster, the richest and most important commercial centre of Ireland, were to be excluded, the experiment would become practically unworkable. Moreover, Home Rule predicated the existence of a nation in Ireland, and the Nationalists could not accept the Ulster doctrine, which contradicted the very premises of Home Rule. The Nationalists declined Home Rule without Ulster; the Ulster men were determined to accept nothing less than the complete exclusion of the Ulster Protestant area from the operation of the bill.

Neither party was willing to wait; both were armed; both clamored for an immediate end of the long suspense and the restoration of settled conditions. And now, when conferences and compromises had failed to break the deadlock, when the troops had fired on Nationalists in Dublin, when the probability of civil war in Ireland was growing nearer daily, Austria declared war upon Servia. If the Triple Alliance was awaiting a moment when England would be embarrassed at home, they certainly chose their moment well.

In addition, the House of Commons had manifested its hostility to the Budget and had found fault with the allocation to Mr. Lloyd George's social legislation of funds which many would assign to the army and navy. A cabinet crisis was impending, the government's majority was restless and uneasy over many things, and the Unionists seemed scarcely less divided. There had been complaints from influential quarters that the personnel of the navy was in-

sufficient to mobilize the fleets England possesses. Recruiting had not been successful lately, and the quota of men was probably somewhat smaller than it should be. Naturally this reduced in Austrian eyes the apparent discrepancy between the size of the English and German fleets.

Then out of the difficulties Hindu emigrants had recently experienced in South Africa and Canada, had grown serious problems of imperial relationship. Canada declared she would not have Hindus in Canada at all; South Africa denied them equality of status; the Hindus demanded as British subjects freedom of emigration and equality of status in all British dominions. So serious a rift in the Imperial structure had not appeared for years. Hitherto, England had been able to yield and so relieve the tension; but to yield to the self-governing colonies at this time meant an agitation in India at a particularly critical period in world-politics, an agitation which would only too obviously lend color and weight to the anti-English movement, and might even be interpreted to demonstrate its inherent justice.

France, the Austrians saw, was also less fitted than usual to strike or resist. Recently most sensational disclosures of the bad condition of the army were made in the Chamber. The artillery, supposedly the best part of the French army, was frankly stated to be old or defective; the ammunition old and insufficient in quantity, or of the wrong size. Frontier forts in strategic positions dated from the Franco-Prussian War, and had not even been properly repaired, much less rendered efficient from the point of view of modern warfare. The aeroplane squadrons, on which so much reliance had been placed, were said to be only on paper: the number of machines very deficient; many of old and unstable types; the personnel

of the service much smaller than the peace footing required, to say nothing of mobilization; the landing places badly selected, and insufficient in area; the sheds too small and too large a proportion of them fixed. These charges the Minister of War was compelled to admit were in substance correct. Then, because of the ministerial crisis, the Caillaux scandal involving most of the Parliamentary leaders, and the strength of the opposition to the three-years' service, financial provision for the increase of the French army had not been completed, and the execution therefore of most of the provisions of the recent army law was hardly more than in a preparatory stage. The French President, the Premier, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, with other notables, and the two best units of the fleet, were also in the Baltic visiting foreign potentates on July 23, when Austria delivered her ultimatum. France was thus, Austria thought, in many ways estopped from taking prompt offensive action. And England's hands were tied!

Russia, the Austrians believed, had not yet recovered from the Japanese war and was not now capable of a serious, sustained effort at a time when her allies, France and England, might also be compelled to make a sustained effort. France, viewing with misgiving the magnitude of the expenditures on the army (even though the loan was eventually subscribed by the patriotic *bourgeoisie* forty times over), would view with great reluctance, thought Austria, the financing of Russia in the event of European war. England, with her own fleet to man and supply, would not single-handed be able to finance Russia, the Austrians concluded. Besides, the serious labor difficulties in Russia, and the imperative necessity of gathering the coming harvest, would cause the Russians to hesitate long before interfering on Servia's behalf.

The probable and natural allies of the Triple Entente were also particularly busy or otherwise incapacitated from action. The most powerful, if the most unlikely, the United States, without a really large modern army, was facing the possibility of trouble in Mexico which would unquestionably require all her efforts for at least a twelvemonth, and would also very likely cause the Americans to hesitate before joining in any European imbroglio. The Balkan States, long sworn enemies of Austrian expansion, were too exhausted from the two recent wars to be very dangerous, and Bulgaria, smarting from her humiliation at Servia's hands, might indeed actually join Austria in the event of a general conflagration, and could certainly be relied upon to remain neutral if the war were limited to Austria and Servia. Greece and Montenegro, who would very likely join Servia, the Austrians do not fear.

IV

Thus there was a reasonable chance that the Powers would not interfere to save Servia from chastisement. If they did, and a general European war resulted, there had not been in twenty years anything like as favorable an opportunity for the Triple Alliance or one as disadvantageous for the Triple Entente. The stake was so immense, the results of success would be so stupendous, so out of proportion, in the case of the Triple Alliance, with what they might lose, that the issue of war might even be courted with some assurance. Should they win, substantial accessions of territory, money indemnities, and a vastly increased prestige would be the least they could confidently expect.

The schemes of the Pan-Germanists indeed reach to the creation of a vast confederation of states including present Germany, Holland, Belgium, Den-

mark, Austria-Hungary, Italy, the Balkans, Turkey, and Asia Minor—a great belt of territory reaching 'from the North Sea to the Persian Gulf, from the Baltic to the Mediterranean,' as one of their slogans has it. The Confederation would have all-rail connection with the Persian Gulf via Vienna, Constantinople, and the Bagdad Railway. It would give the trade of the East a route to the European markets far quicker and possibly cheaper than the all-sea route via Suez. It would be invulnerable to attacks from the English fleet, and would itself render the present English chain of communications with the Far East untenable.

Of this great scheme (supposing it to be, as many claim, the veritable secret policy of the Triple Alliance) the undisputed possession of the Balkans by the Triple Alliance is the most important single factor. If the Triple Entente did not interfere, Austria would crush Servia and make the Triple Alliance the dominant influence in the Balkans. If it did act, even if it acted promptly, Austria could surely occupy the Balkans quickly enough to render the position of immense advantage in the general war, for the Balkans cover the rear of the Triple Alliance.

As to a general assault upon the Triple Entente, the Triple Alliance has long seen two obvious methods, both in the opinion of many likely to be successful: the one, a long waiting game where the rapid growth of the population in Germany, Austria, and Italy, and the decline of the rate of growth in France, England, and Russia, would in time give the Alliance a real preponderance in numbers; the other, a short quick blow at some moment when the Triple Alliance could bring all its strength to bear and when the Triple Entente could not. The former meant, not improbably, many years of waiting, and in those years much might happen.

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Thoroughly alive to the situation, the Triple Entente had already under execution the preliminaries of so vast an increase of offensive force, and showed such a determination to maintain a naval and military preponderance, that there would be no alternative but waiting, once these schemes were perfected. The French, and particularly the Russian, army was to be increased, not only in size, but in efficiency and equipment; and an influential minority in England, with apparent popular support, was agitating conscription. The English navy was to be much increased in fighting force by manning at war strength in the near future a much larger proportion of ships than ever before. Chieftest of all, the Russians were building in the Baltic a really formidable fleet, capable of contesting the Baltic with Germany and of threatening the rear of the German fleet in the Atlantic to such an extent that united fleet action in the North Sea would become an impossibility. This meant of course that the German fleet might lose its power of terrorizing England, for, once divided between the Atlantic and Baltic, it would not be large enough (under present legislation) to meet the English fleet, and certainly could not risk an attack from the English and Russian fleets in front and rear.

If they were to fight at all, they must fight now. Next summer might be too late. Now the actual offensive force of their rivals was proportionately less than it might be again for ten years, and their difficulties at home were collectively and individually greater than any of the three has seen for a generation.

So far as the fulfillment of the schemes of Pan-Germanism is concerned, the moment is more than opportune and will not return. Part of the objective of the Pan-Germanists is the control of the trade of the Far East and the lion's

share in the development of China, Africa, and South America. Already they threaten England's control of the Suez route, and, if a general action with Germany seemed likely in the North Sea, the English might so weaken the Mediterranean fleet to insure a preponderance in the Channel, that Italy, Austria, and Turkey might sweep the Mediterranean clear and take Suez. Then, assuming that all went at least not badly in the North, India and the East could be quickly overrun and control so firmly established that nothing short of a catastrophe in Europe could undo it.

One thing alone might stand in the way. The opening of the Panama Canal this coming year would provide the Triple Entente with another sea route to the East, through which third- and fourth-rate English ships could pass in sufficient numbers to dispose of any force which the Triple Alliance could spare from the Mediterranean. The results, even of victory for the Triple Alliance, will be limited to Europe, in all probability, once the Panama gateway to the Pacific is available.

Again, it seemed to Austria advisable to move before the Balkan nations had recovered from the physical and financial exhaustion of the recent war. Weak, they could easily be overrun and were of little advantage as allies to the Triple Entente; strong, they might become thorns in the flesh, constantly menacing the rear. Turkey on the other hand is not by any means so much exhausted by the war, and its army, just reorganized by the new German military mission, should prove, thought Austria, of sufficient account to keep Greece busy. Then, for the moment, the Turkish navy controlled the Aegean by virtue of the recent purchase from Brazil of a first-class battleship. Although the Greeks had just bought two battleships from the United States

— of older construction to be sure, but still formidable — they would not be on the scene ready for action for some weeks.

For the nonce, factors at home were as favorable to the Triple Alliance as they were unfavorable to the Triple Entente. The new German army measures were practically completed; the Austrian and Italian armies strengthened and improved. The German fleet's efficiency had been enormously increased by placing all the modern ships on a war footing. No domestic difficulties of importance hampered the action of any of the three governments. They were, moreover, only too well aware that the situation was likely in the immediate future to change for the worse.

First and foremost, the age and ill-health of the Emperor of Austria made his death possible at any time, and even the partial disruption of his Empire would without question destroy the offensive (and perhaps the defensive) force of the Triple Alliance and provide the Triple Entente with a favorable opportunity for aggression which they would not be likely to let pass. The Hungarian plans for independence were no secret; the schemes for the creation of a third Slav monarchy out of Southern Austria were far advanced among the plotters, and had had support (as a necessary compromise) from influential statesmen in Vienna at one time or another. The murder of the Archduke was, it was feared, part of this scheme, and prompt action against the chief offenders was meant to postpone or prevent its execution.

From the accession to the throne of a complicated empire like Austria-Hungary — in a few years or perhaps months — of a young man, whose political capacity and training were certainly not above the average, little good could be anticipated. If he could

hold together this jumble of races and religions, this tangle of political and national interests, and keep the Dual Monarchy alive, he would accomplish the maximum that could be expected of him. No doubt there were in all parts of the Empire able and patriotic ministers who could govern for him, yet the personal ability and influence of Francis Joseph has alone harmonized these ministers' views and given Austria a consistent foreign policy and the aspect of a single nation in the world's councils.

Was it to be expected that a young and unknown man would be able to discharge duties which had constantly taxed the ability of a singularly capable and unusually popular monarch? In Austria, the Emperor really is sovereign, and must personally discharge functions requiring the utmost degree of intelligence, skill, tact, and information. Was it likely that the heir apparent possessed these? There was everything to gain, not only for the Triple Alliance but for Austria herself, if the war could be at least begun by Francis Joseph. Victory would insure the future of the monarchy, and if defeat were the measure dealt by the Fates, better far that Francis Joseph himself should tide over the first moments of humiliation and readjustment, and that he should have charge of diplomatic negotiations which could not fail to be of the utmost delicacy and consequence.

In addition to these grave apprehensions were the fears that the growing socialism in Germany, much of which would be elsewhere simple political discontent with autocratic government and the class system of voting, might force the rulers to share some of their power with 'the mob.' Never has militarism in Germany been as strong as it is to-day. Witness the white-wash-

ing and virtual acquittal of the offenders in the Krupp scandals and the Zabern incident, in the face of an overwhelming chorus of disapproval from every possible organ of public opinion. The moment was, from this point of view also, favorable.

These were the real causes of the Austro-Servian war: the disadvantage of the moment to the Triple Entente, its advantages to the Triple Alliance; the belief that the balance might before long swing so decisively the other way that action might become impossible and might even so decidedly favor the Triple Entente that the latter could take the field with almost complete assurance of success.

Let us beware of saying that Austria advisedly began a general European war or that Germany was anxious to fight. They have neither of them ever been anxious to fight for what they are determined to have, unless they can obtain it in no other way.

The crippling of Servia was, from the point of view of Austrian domestic politics, long decided upon; from the point of view of the interests of the Triple Alliance as a whole, it was highly desirable, and, if successful, would allow them to dominate the Balkans; but it was a movement of such a character, involving so great a change in the balance of power in Europe and affecting so gravely the interests of other nations, that it could not be undertaken, except at a time when the situation made the Triple Alliance willing to accept the issue of a general conflagration should the Triple Entente be also willing to undertake it. Properly speaking, therefore, the true causes of the declaration of war upon Servia by Austria lie less in the domestic relations of the two countries than in the general European situation in the fourth week of July, 1914.

'OUR LADY POVERTY'

BY AGNES REPLIER

I

THE last people to read the literature of poverty are the poor, and this fact may be cited as one of the ameliorations of their lot. If they were assured day after day that they were degraded and enslaved, it would be a trifle hard for them to cherish their respectability, and enjoy their freedom. If their misery were dinned into their ears, they would naturally cease being cheerful. If they were convinced that tears are their portion, they would no longer have the temerity to laugh. Indeed their mirth is frankly repellent to the dolorous writers of to-day.

A burst of hollow laughter from a hopeless heart is permitted as seemly and in character; even the poet of the slums grants this outlet for emotion; but the rude sounds which denote hilarity disturb the sympathetic soul. One agitated lady describes with shrinking horror the merriment of the scrub-women going to their labor. All the dignity, all the sacredness of womanhood are defiled by these poor old creatures tramping through the chill dawn; and yet, and yet,—oh, mockery of nobler aspirations! — 'The scrub-women were going to work, and they went laughing!'

The dismalness of serious writers, especially if humanity be their theme, is steeping us in gloom. The obsession of sorrow seems the most reasonable of all obsessions, because facts can be crowded upon facts (to the general exclusion of truth) by way of argument and illus-

tration. And should facts fail, there are bitter generalizations which shroud us like a pall.

Behind all music we can hear
The insistent note of hunger-fear;
Beyond all beauty we can see
The land's defenseless misery.

Mr. Percy Mackaye in his preface to that treatise on eugenics which he has christened *To-Morrow*, and humorously designated as a play, makes this inspiring statement: 'Our world is hideously unhappy, and the insufferable sense of that unhappiness is the consecration of modern leaders in art. Realism is splendidly their incentive.'

This opens up a cheering vista for the public. If the dramatists of the near future are to have no finer consecration than an insufferable sense of unhappiness, we must turn for amusement to lectures and organ recitals. If novelists and poets are to be hallowed by grief, there will be nothing left for light-hearted readers save the study of political economy, erstwhile called the 'dismal science,' but now, by comparison, gay. No artist yet was ever born of an insufferable sense of unhappiness. No leader and helper of men was ever bedewed with tears. The world is old, and the world is wide. Of what use are we in its tumultuous life, if we do not know its joys, its griefs, its high emotions, its call to courage, and the echo of the laughter of the ages?

Perhaps the only literature of poverty (I use the word 'literature' in a purely courteous sense) which was ever written for the poor is that amazing

issue of tracts, *Village Politics*, *Tales for the Common People*, and scores of similar productions, which a hundred years ago were let loose upon rural England. The moral in all of them is the same, and is expressed with engaging simplicity: ‘Don’t give trouble to people better off than yourself.’ The fact that many of these tracts had a prodigious sale points to their distribution — by the rich — in quarters where it was thought that they would do most good. They were probably read in the same spirit as that in which a Sunday-school library was read by two small and unregenerate boys of my acquaintance, who worked through whole shelves at a fixed rate, ten cents for a short book, twenty-five cents for a long one, — the money paid by a pious grandmother, and a point of honor not to skip.

The smug complacency of Hannah More and her sisterhood was rudely disturbed by Ebenezer Elliott, who published his *Corn-Law Rhymer*, with its profound pity and its somewhat impotent wrath, in 1831. England woke up to the disturbing conviction that men and women were starving, — always a disagreeable thing to contemplate, — and the Corn Laws were repealed; but the ‘Rhymes’ were probably as little known to the laborer of 1831 as was *Piers Plowman* to the laborer of 1392. Langland — to whom partial critics have for five hundred years ascribed this great poem of discontent — was keenly alive to the value of husbandry as a theme; and his ploughman came in time to be recognized as the people’s suffering representative; but the poet, after the fashion of poets, wrote for ‘lettered clerks,’ of which class he was a shining example, his praiseworthy purpose in life being to avoid ‘common men’s work.’ In the last century, *Les Misérables* was called the ‘Epic of the Poor’; but its readers were, for the

most part, as comfortably remote from poverty as Victor Hugo himself, and as alive to the advantages of wealth.

In this age of print, the literature of poverty has swollen to an enormous bulk. Statistical books, explicit and contradictory. Hopeful books by social workers who see salvation in girls’ clubs and refined dancing. Hopeless books by other social workers who believe — or, at least, who say — that the employed are enslaved by the employer, and that women and children are the prey of men. Highly colored books by adventurous young journalists who have masqueraded (for copy’s sake) as mill and factory hands. Gray books by casual observers who are paralyzed by the mere sight of a slum. Furious books by rabid socialists who hold that the poor will never be uplifted while there is left in the world a man rich enough to pay them wages. Imaginative books by poets and novelists who deal in realism to the exclusion of reality. All this profusion and confusion of matter is thrust upon us month after month, while the working-man reads his newspaper, and the working-girl reads *A Coronet of Shame*, or *Lost in Fate’s Fearful Abyss*.

It was Mr. George Gissing who, in his studies of the poor, first made popular the invective style; who hurled at London such epithets as ‘pest-stricken,’ ‘city of the damned,’ ‘intimacies of abomination,’ ‘utmost limits of dread,’ — phrases which have been faithfully copied by shuddering defamers of New York and Chicago. Mr. John Burns, for example, after a brief visit to the United States, said that Chicago was a pocket edition of hell; and subsequently, without, we hope, any personal experience to back him, said that hell was a pocket edition of Chicago.

Americans have borrowed these flowers of speech from England, and have invaded her territory. Was it because

he could find no poverty at home worthy of his strenuous pen, that Mr. Jack London crossed the sea to write up the streets of Whitechapel and Spitalfields, already so abundantly exploited by English authors? Was there anything he could add to the dark pictures of Mr. Gissing, or to the more convincing studies of Mr. Arthur Morrison, who has lit up the gloom with a grim humor, not very mirthful, but acutely and unimpeachably human? Mr. Gissing's poor have money for nothing but beer (it would be a bold writer who denied his starvelings beer); but Mr. Morrison sees his way occasionally to bacon, and tea, and tinned beef, and even, at rare intervals, to a pompous funeral, provided that the money for mutes can be saved from the sick man's diet. He is the legitimate successor of Dickens, and Dickens knew his field from experience rather than from observation. The lighthouse-keeper sees the storm, but the cabin boy feels it.

In the annals of poverty there are few pages more poignant than the one which describes the sick child, Charles Dickens, taken home from work by a kind-hearted lad, and his shame lest this boy should learn that 'home' for him meant the debtors' prison. In vain he tried to get rid of his conductor, Bob Fagin by name, protesting that he was well enough to walk alone. Bob knew he was not, and stuck to his side. Together they pushed along until little Charles was fainting with weakness and fatigue. Then in desperation he pretended that he lived in a decent house near Southwark bridge, and darted up the steps with a joyous air of being at last in haven, only to creep down again when Bob's back was turned, and drag his slow steps to the Marshalsea.

Out of this dismal and precocious experience sprang two results,—a passionate resolve *not* to be what circum-

stances were conspiring to make him, and an insight into the uncalculating habits which deepen and soften poverty. Dickens — once free of institutions — wrote of the poor, even of the London poor, with amazing geniality; but it cannot be denied that his infallible recipe for brightening up the scene is the timely introduction of a pot of porter, or a pitcher of steaming flip. If we try to think of him writing in a prohibition state, we shall realize that he owed as much to beer and punch as ever Horace did to wine. Imagination fails to grasp either of them in the rôle of a water-drinker. The poor of Dickens are a sturdy lot, but they are jovial only in their cups. His wholesome hatred of institutions would have been intensified could he have lived to hear the Camberwell Board of Guardians decide — at the instigation, alas! of a woman member — that the single mug of beer which for years had solaced the inmates of Camberwell Workhouse on Christmas Day, should hereafter be abolished as an immoral indulgence. The generous ghost of Dickens must have groaned in Heaven over that melancholy and mean reform.

II

'To achieve what man may, to bear what man must' — since the struggle for life began, this has been the purpose and the pride of humanity. We Americans were trained from childhood to believe that while, in the final issue, each of us must answer for himself, the country — our country — gave to all scope for effort, and chance of victory. This was not mere Fourth of July oratory, nor the fervent utterances of presidential campaigns. It was a serious and a sober faith, based upon some knowledge of the Constitution, some inheritance of experience, some element of democracy which flavored

our early lives. The mere sense of space carried with it a profound and eager hopefulness. Those of us whose fathers or whose grandfathers had crossed the sea to escape from more cramping conditions, felt this atmosphere of independence keenly and consciously. Those of us whose fathers or whose grandfathers brought up their families in an alien land with decent industry and thrift, were aware, even in childhood, that the Republic had fostered our growth. Therefore am I pardonably bewildered when I hear American workmen called ‘slaves’ and ‘prisoners of starvation,’ and American employers called ‘base oppressors,’ and ‘despots on their thrones.’ This fantastic nomenclature seems immeasurably removed from the temperate language in which were formulated the temperate convictions of my youth.

The assumption that the American laborer to-day stands where the French laborer stood before the Revolution, where the English laborer stood before the passing of the first Reform Bill and the repeal of the Corn Laws, shows a lack of historical perspective. The assumption that all strikes represent an agonized protest against tyranny, an agonized appeal from injustice, is a perversion of truth. The assumption that child-labor in the United States is the blot upon civilization that it was in England seventy years ago, denies the duty of comparison. If the people who write verses about ‘Labor Crucified’ would make a table of the wages paid to skilled and unskilled workmen, from the Chicago carpenter to the Philadelphia street-cleaner, they might sing in a more cheerful strain. If the people who to-day echo the bitterest lines of Mrs. Browning’s ‘Cry of the Children’ would ascertain and bear in mind the proportion of little boys and girls who are going to school in the United States, how many years they average, and how

much the country pays for their education, they might spare us some violent invectives. Even Mr. Robert Hunter permits himself the use of the word ‘cannibalism’ when speaking of child-workers, and this in the face of legislation which every year extends its area, and grows more stringently protective.

There is a great deal of loose writing on this important theme, and it stands in the way of amendment. It is assumed that parents are seldom or never to blame for sending their children to work. The mill-owner snatches them from their mothers’ arms. It is assumed that the child who works would — if there were no employment for him — be at school, or at play, happy, healthy, and well-nourished. No one even alludes to the cruel poverty of the South, which, for generations before the cotton mills were built, stunted the growth and sapped the strength of Southern children. They lived, we are told, a ‘wholesome rural life,’ and the greed of the capitalist is alone responsible for the blighting of their pastoral paradise.

There is no need to write like this. The question at issue is a grave and simple one. It makes its appeal to the conscience and the sense of the nation, and every year sees some measure of reform. If a baby girl in an American city, a child of three or five, is forced to toil all day, winding artificial daisy stems at a penny a hundred, let the name of her employer and the place of her employment be made public. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children can deal peremptorily with such a case. It is not even the privilege of parents to work a little child so relentlessly. If the pathetic story is not supported by facts, or is not in accord with facts, it is neither wise nor well to publish it. Why should a sober periodical, like the *Child-Labor Bulletin*, devoted to a good cause, print a poem

called ‘A Song of the Factory,’ in which happy children are portrayed as sporting in beautiful meadows,

Idling among the feathery blooms,
until a sort of ogre comes along, builds
a factory, drives the poor innocents
into it, and compels them to
Crouch all day by the spindles, wizened, and
wan, and old,

earning ‘his bread.’ Apparently — and this is the gist of the matter — they have no need to earn bread for themselves. The accompanying illustrations show us on one page a prettily dressed little girl sitting daisy-crowned in the fields, and, on the other page, a ragged and tattered little girl with a shawl over her head going to the work which has but too plainly impoverished her. Hansel and Gretel are not more distinctly within the boundaries of fairyland than are these entrapped children. The witch is not more distinctly a child-eating hobgoblin than is the capitalist of such fervid song.

The sickly and unreasoning tone which pervades the literature of poverty is demoralizing. There is nothing helpful in the assumption that effort is vain, resistance hopeless, and the world monstrously cruel. The dominating element of such prose and verse is a bleak despair, unmanly, unwomanly, inhuman. Out of the abundance of material before me, I quote a single poem, published in the *New York Call*, reprinted in the *Survey*, and christened mockingly, —

THE STRAIGHT ROAD

They got y', kid, they got y', just like I said they would;
You tried to walk the narrow path,
You tried, and got an awful laugh;
And laughs are all y' did get, kid, they got y' good!

They never saw the little kid,— the kid I used to know,
The little bare-legged girl back home,

The little girl that played alone,
They don't know half the things I know, kid;
ain't it so?

They got y', kid, they got y', — you know they got y' right;

They waited till they saw y' limp,
Then introduced y' to the pimp,
Ah, you were down then, kid, and could n't fight.

I guess you know what some don't know, and
others know damn well,

That sweatshops don't grow angel's wings,
That workin' girls is easy things,
And poverty's the straightest road to hell.

And this is what our Lady Poverty, bride of Saint Francis, friend of all holiness, counsel of all perfection, has come to mean in these years of grace! She who was once the surest guide to Heaven now leads her chosen ones to Hell. She who was once beloved by the devout and honored by the just, is now a scandal and a shame, the friend of harlotry, the instigator of crime. Even a true poet like Francis Thompson laments that the poverty exalted by Christ should have been cast down from her high caste.

All men did admire
Her modest looks, her ragged, sweet attire
In which the ribboned shoe could not compete
With her clear simple feet.
But Satan, envying Thee thy one ewe-lamb,
With Wealth, World's Beauty and Felicity
Was not content, till last unthought-of she
Was his to damn.
Thine ingrate, ignorant lamb
He won from Thee; kissed, spurned, and made of
her
This thing which qualms the air,
Vile, terrible, old,
Whereat the red blood of the Day runs cold.

These are the words of one to whom the London gutters were for years a home, and whose strengthless manhood lay inert under a burden of pain he had no courage to lift. Yet never was sufferer more shone upon by kindness than was Francis Thompson; never was man better fitted to testify to the goodness of a bad world. And he did bear such

brave testimony again and yet again, so that the bulk of his verse is alien to pessimism,—‘every stanza an act of faith, and a declaration of good will.’

The demoralizing quality of such stuff as ‘The Straight Road,’ which is forced upon us with increasing pertinacity, is its denial of kindness, its evading of obligation. Temptation is not only the occasion, but the justifier of sin,—a point of view which plays havoc with our common standard of morality. When a vicious young millionaire like Harry Thaw runs amuck through his crude and evil environment, we sigh and say, ‘His money ruined him.’ When a poor young woman abandons her weary frugilities for the questionable pleasures of prostitution, we sigh and say, ‘Her poverty drove her to it.’ Where then does goodness dwell? What part does honor play? The Sieur de Joinville, in his memoirs of Saint Louis, tells us that a certain man, sore beset by the pressure of temptation, sought counsel from the Bishop of Paris, ‘whose Christian name was William.’ And this wise William of Paris said to him: ‘The castle of Montl’héry stands in the safe heart of France, and no invading hosts assail it. But the castle of La Rochelle in Poitou stands on the line of battle. Day and night it must be guarded from assault, and it has suffered grievously. Which gentleman, think you, the King holds high in favor, the governor of Montl’héry, or the governor of La Rochelle? The post of danger is the post of glory, and he who is sorely wounded in the combat is honored by God and man.’

III

There are those whose ardor for humanity finds a congenial vent in the denunciation of all they see about them,—all the institutions of their country, all the laborious processes of civiliza-

tion. Sociologists of this type speak and write of an ordinary American city in terms which Dante might have envied. Nobody, it would seem, is ever cured in its hospitals; they only lie on ‘cots of pain.’ Nobody is ever reformed in its reformatories. Nobody is reared to decency in its asylums. Nobody is — apparently — educated in its schools. Its industries are ravenous beasts, sucking the blood of workers; its poor are ‘shackled slaves’; its humble homes are ‘dens.’ I have heard a philanthropic lecturer talk to the poor upon the housing of the poor. She threw on a screen enlarged photographs of narrow streets and tenement rooms which looked to me unspeakably dreary, but which the working-women around me gazed at in mild perplexity, seeing nothing amiss, and wondering that their residences should be held up to this unseemly scorn. They did not do as did the angry Italians of a New Jersey town,—smash the invidious pictures which shamed their homes; they sat in stolid silence and discomfiture, dimly conscious of an unresented insult.

It is hard to grasp a point of view immeasurably remote from our own; but what can we understand of other lives unless we do this difficult thing? Old women in the out-wards of an almshouse (of all earthly abodes the saddest) have boasted to me that their floors were scrubbed every other day, and their sheets changed once a week; and this braggart humor stunned my senses until I called to mind the floor and the bed of one of them (an extraordinarily dirty old woman) whom I had known in other years. Last winter the workers in a settlement house were called upon at midnight to succor a woman who had been kicked and beaten into unconsciousness by a drunken husband. The poor creature was all one bleeding bruise. When she was

revived, her dim eyes traveled over the horrified faces about her. 'It's pretty bad,' she gasped, 'it's mighty bad'; and then, with another look at the group of protecting, pitying spinsters, 'but it must be something fierce to be an old maid.'

The city is a good friend to the poor. It gives them day nurseries for their babies, kindergartens for their little children, schools for their boys and girls, playgrounds, swimming pools, recreation piers, reading-rooms, libraries, churches, clubs, hospitals, cheap amusements, open-air concerts, employment agencies, the companionship of their kind, and the chance of a friend at need. In return, the poor love the city, and cling to it with reasonable but somewhat stifling affection. They know that the hardest thing in life is to be isolated,—'unrelated,' to use Carlyle's apt word; and they escape this fate by eschewing the much-lauded fields and farms. They know also that in the country they must stand or fall by their own unaided efforts, they must learn the hard lesson of self-reliance. Many of them propose to live, as did the astute author of *Piers Plowman*, 'in the town, and on the town as well.' Moreover, pleasure means as much to them as it does to the rest of us. We hardly needed Mr. Chesterton to tell us that a visit to a corner saloon may be just as exciting an event to a tenement-house dweller, as a dinner at a gold-and-marble hotel is to the average middle-class citizen; and that the tenement-house dweller may be just as moderate in his potations:—

Merrily taking twopenny rum, and cheese with a pocket knife.

Poverty, we are assured, is an 'error,' like ill-health and crime. It is an anachronism in civilization, a stain upon a wisely governed land. But into our country which, after a human fashion, is both wise and foolish, pours the pov-

erty of Europe. Hundreds of thousands of immigrants with but a few dollars between them and want; with scant equipment, physical or mental, for the struggle of life; with an inheritance of feebleness from ill-nourished generations before them,—this is the problem which the United States faces courageously, and solves as best she can. What she cannot do is miraculously to convert poverty into plenty,—certainly not before the next year doubles, and the third year trebles the miracle-seeking multitude. She cannot properly house or profitably employ a million of immigrants before the next million is clamoring at her doors. Nor is she even given a fair chance to accomplish her giant task. The demagogues who are employed in the congenial sport of railroad baiting, and who are enjoying beyond measure the fun of chivying business interests into dusty corners, are the ones to lift up their voices in shrill appeal for the army of the unemployed. They refuse to connect one phenomenon with the other. The notion that crippling industries will benefit the industrious is not so new as it seems. *Aesop* must have had a clear insight into its workings when he wrote the fable of the goose that laid the golden egg.

The City of New York expends, according to a recent report of the Hospital Investigating Committee, more than a million of dollars a year for the care of sick, defective, and otherwise helpless aliens. It expended in 1913 nearly four hundred thousand dollars for the care of aliens who had been in this country less than five years. This is the record of our greatest city, the one in which the astute immigrant takes up his abode. The education she gives her little foreign-born children comprises for the most part manual and vocational training, clinics for the defective, schools for the incorrigible, free or

cost-price lunches, doctoring, dentistry, the care of trained nurses, and a score of similar attentions unknown to an earlier generation, undreamed of in the countries whence these children come. In return for such fostering care, New York is held up to execration because she has the money to pay the taxes which are expended in this fashion, because she lays the golden egg which benefits the poor of twenty nations. Her unemployed (reinforced hugely from less favored communities) riot in her streets and churches, and agitators curse her for a thing of evil, a city of palaces and slums, corroded with the

Shame of lives that lie
Couched in ease, while down the streets
Pain and want go by.

The only people who take short views of life are the poor, the poor whose daily wage is spent on their daily needs. Clerks and bookkeepers and small tradesmen (toilers upon whose struggle for decency and independence nobody ever wastes a word of sympathy) may fret over the uncertainty of their future, the narrow margin which lies between them and want. But the workman and his family have a courage of their own, the courage of the soldier who does not spend the night before battle calculating his chances of a gun-shot wound, or of a legless future. It is exasperating to hear a teamster's wife cheerfully announce the coming of her tenth baby; but the calmness with which she faces the situation has in it something human and elemental. It is exasperating to see the teamster risk illness and loss of work (he might at least pull off his wet clothes when he gets home); but he tells you he has not gone to his grave with a cold *yet*, and this careless confidence saves him as

much as it costs. I read recently an economist's sorrowful complaint that families, in need of the necessities of life, go to moving-picture shows; that women, with their husbands' scanty earnings in their hands, take their children to these blithesome entertainments instead of buying the Sunday dinner. It sounds like the citizens who buy motor cars instead of paying off the mortgages on their homes, and it is an error of judgment which the workingman is little likely to condone; but that the pleasure-seeking impulse — which social workers assign exclusively to the spirit of youth — should mutiny in a matron's bones suggests survivals of cheerfulness, high lights amid the gloom.

The depreciation of earthly anxiety taught by the Gospels, the precedence given to the poor by the New Testament, the value placed upon voluntary poverty by the Christian Church, — these things have for nineteen hundred years helped in the moulding of men. There still remain some leaven of courage, some savor of philosophy, some echoes of ancient wisdom (heard oftenest from uneducated men), some laughter loud and careless as the laughter of the Middle Ages, some slow sense of justice, not easy to pervert. These qualities are perhaps as helpful as the 'divine discontent' fostered by enthusiasts for sorrow, the cowardice bred by insistence upon trouble and anxiety, the rancor engendered by invectives against earth and heaven. No lot is bettered by having its hardships emphasized. No man is helped by the drowning of his courage, the destruction of his good-will, the paralyzing grip of Envy with squinting eyes, Sick of a strange disease, his neighbor's health.

THE REVELATION OF THE MIDDLE YEARS

BY CORNELIA A. P. COMER

DEAR PETER:—

Yesterday at luncheon, when you flourished your napkin and declared vigorously that you could n't see why anybody should care about living after forty, as, of course, 'one never had any new experiences after that age; it was just the same old things over and over,' — did you notice that none of your elders attempted to answer you seriously? Your mother was slightly shocked, your father grinned a little grimly, and I was so busy trying to remember whether I was nineteen or twenty-two when I made precisely that remark, also at luncheon, to a slightly shocked and slightly amused family, that I, too, let your declamation pass unchallenged.

Thinking it over to-day, remembering how terribly in earnest I was in my own young belief that everything of interest must happen before one was forty, probably even before one was thirty, and that the rest of life was a useless by-product, I began to wonder if it was possible to tell you anything about the real connotations of middle age. Can I say it so it will reach you? Can I 'get it across'? Perhaps not, but I can try!

Why try? you may ask disdainfully. You don't care a row of pins! A fellow of your age knows pretty well what he thinks about things, and it's as clear as mud that middle age is—well, just simply dull. Its eyes are on the sidewalk, and its nose to the grindstone. What is there in that to inspire a chap or make him look forward to it with ex-

pectation, not to say enthusiasm? Old age now — one knows a few pretty decent old fellows who seem to have got something out of the game and show up as fairly contented, but middle age —Oh bosh! Didn't that man Osler say there was nothing in it? That shows!

Well, Peter-boy, here's the point; you will learn for yourself in time what there is in middle age. Yet if you could understand it a little now, you would look forward to the forties and fifties with keen expectation. This, in itself, would cheat the thieving years of the one great thing they do often take away.

Did you ever notice in what consists the exact difference between a young face and a face somewhat older? The distinction was brought home to me with a shock in my girlhood. Visiting in a strange city, I was told by an acquaintance that I had a double there. 'Yes, she looks exactly like you. Older, of course, but awfully similar. She lives somewhere out on the Shelburne car-line. Have n't you ever seen her? Do look out for her! It's so amusing to see replicas of one's self. Don't you know the woman I mean?' This last sentence was addressed to my hostess who demurred. 'Ye-es, I've seen her, but I don't think there is such a startling likeness. Still, there is a little something —'

After that, of course, the girl that I was watched eagerly for her double, hoping possibly (the young do have these vanities!) to be a little flattered and a little inspired by the sight of her.

She might suggest new possibilities, constitute a fresh ideal.

Once that winter I encountered her on the Shelburne car-line, recognized her at once and — disapproved of her at sight! Yes, she was very like. The eyes, the chin, the shape of the face, were all as familiar as the looking-glass. What was it that was different and depressing? The girl sat in her corner while the car leisurely jogged down town, studying the face of the woman across the aisle. How did one know she was anywhere from seven to twelve years one's senior since, at that, she was still young? What betrayed it? Her skin was smooth, her color fresh. Yet something, certainly, was very different. Slowly it dawned upon the girl. The elder face showed no eagerness; it was no longer avid of life as was the face that met her own in the mirror. *It was done with expectation.*

'That,' said the girl to herself, 'is the real difference between us. That is what makes one grow old. But has it got to come? If there's nothing more to expect on earth, surely there's all of heaven left to hope for! Now, if one could get *that* into one's face —'

I am not defending this naïve young assumption that our eternal hopes are worth while as first aids to beauty. I'm only telling you that youth is expectation, and how I found it out.

Youth is expectation. In the more happily born and reared, it is expectation of experience; in earthy, less fortunate temperaments, it is expectation of pleasure. With their inevitable disappointments, we need not deal here.

You, Peter, think yourself clear-sighted in that you hope not to live beyond forty. Experience alone is so real and so dear to you that you can conceive of no value in life without it, and by experience you rightly mean such vicissitudes, such events, as throw light

into dark places, enrich your inner life, increase your perceptions. You are of those who desire, above all things, to know.

An experience has two parts, the objective happening and the subjective reaction upon it. The wonder and delight of the latter gives value to the former. A real perception is a kind of act of creation. You seem to be coöperating with God when you perceive what He means. Your instinct that this is the priceless thing is surely right; as surely wrong is your naïve belief that thirty or forty years will drain you of the possibility of such reactions. Yet that belief is based, I make no doubt, upon the silence of your elders as to the actual content of life between thirty-five and fifty.

We hear much talk lately about the 'conspiracy of silence' in regard to sex. One might with equal truth proclaim such a conspiracy in regard to soul. And it would be quite as just to say a 'conspiracy of disbelief' exists among the young! I asked some of the wisest folk I know about the possibility of telling our juniors what chiefly endears middle-age to us who possess it, and they shook their heads. 'Yes, you can try. We all ought to try. But they won't believe it. One has to learn these things for one's self.'

What is growing older, anyhow? When you and your contemporaries think of it crudely, physically, it seems to you the wearing out of the body, baldness, wrinkles, obesity, a hardening of the arteries, a general stiffening of the members and the faculties, making responsiveness to life difficult or impossible.

Viewing it on a less material plane, you see in it a wearing-down of ideals, a crushing-out of the dreams, a loss of the glory.

As I see it, growing older is the process of the reconciliation of the spirit to

life. Living is simply getting acquainted with the world we live in. The real purpose of a body is that it shall be used up, worn out — and then thrown away — in feeding the spirit. Whatever happens to you in the outer world translates itself, finally, into such substance. That is what it is for, just as the purpose of food is not to look pretty on china plates, but to be transformed into blood and muscle. It is in the natural order of things that the body should be thus used and exhausted; the unnatural and horrible thing is that the body should be worn out and yet the spirit remain un nourished.

People chatter endlessly nowadays about 'teaching' the young this or that. The problem is not so simple. For, while you all accept unquestioningly the scientific facts and theories that are offered you, and build upon them, you also take ethical and philosophical statements with a certain reserve, waiting for the sanctions of your own experience. I am far from being a defender of logic, but this is surely illogical.

As a matter of fact, ethics is far more stable than physical science. The latter has recently had occasion to revise its whole theory of matter, while the theory of conduct remains unchanged. *The Origin of Species* is already out of date, and monumental undertakings like the *Synthetic Philosophy* are disregarded, but the Ten Commandments and the Golden Rule remain intact and unassailable. They are being rediscovered daily, with much pomp, by those brilliant social investigators who were not brought up to accept them as basal.

How do we get our *obiter dicta* about life, you ask? My dear Peter, it is very simple; they are as much laboratory products as the rules about reagent bottles. Experience is the laboratory

of the spirit — that very experience which you are already finding so precious that you assert that the years can have no value without it.

You can accept the statements of thoroughly qualified elders about what life is and teaches as absolutely as you accept the statements of your chemistry professor about the reagent bottles. But first you must make sure that they have passed their examinations and taken their degrees *summa cum laude* in the schools of experience.

You will not have much trouble in assorting people with reference to their ability as spiritual advisers. The thing sifts itself down finally to the pragmatic test, efficiency for the end desired. Will it work?

Thirty-odd years ago your grandmother employed a German laundress, a shrewd, devout, hard-working widow. By the toil of her hands at the current wages of a dollar and a quarter a day, she acquired a comfortable home with an orchard, garden-patch, and grass for the cow, and brought up four children to walk through life with self-respect and industry. As a child I used to hang about the steaming tubs to hear her talk of the eternal verities, — her favorite theme, — for I knew blindly, as children do, that here was the real thing. I can see now the exultation shining in her face as she told us about 'my Charley who went to Chicago,' and found himself up against that particularly unholly portion of this wicked world. 'But my Charley, he is a good boy. He goes straight. An' he writes me an' says "Thank God we got a muder who taught us for why we live an' for why we work."

Her eyes were as those of one who says, 'Lord, now lettest Thou thy servant depart in peace,' for she had succeeded in passing her revelation on. Her children had seasoned their loaves with her leaven — and this is parental

success. She is living to-day, near ninety, an honored inmate in the home of 'my Mary who married the minister,' with grandchildren worthy of their blood.

When you find folk whose account of 'for why we live and for why we work' gets results that can be passed on in this way, it is perfectly safe to trust their *dicta*. Scrub-women or seers, they are masters of the only art that matters.

Few of us are so successful as this woman in transmitting knowledge. Daily there goes down to the grave unspoken wisdom enough to run the world a thousand years. Your fault, Peter, for how can we speak if you will not hear?

Think of the long procession of dull people that you pass daily on the street, noticing them only as the drab background for the young faces which, to you, shine out like stars. They seem unimportant folk, and you find them as stupid as babies do grown-ups — yet these are they who know the secrets of the Seven Stars and Plato's Year! They have solved the long problem of work; they have irrigated deserts, washed down hills, tunneled mountains, sailed strange seas, controlled vast engines. They have also fronted death fearlessly and been convinced of immortality. They have looked at Love aghast and found in themselves infinite springs of tenderness to quench the flames of lust and greed. They have created new bodies and new souls. Lying in king's houses or fouled in the mire, starved, gorged, scorched, frozen, lifted up to heaven, cast down to hell — from all this have they learned nothing?

Peter, the great process which is being completed behind these countless quiet faces is the same process which had begun in you when you told me shyly at fifteen that 'it was so interest-

ing to sit still and watch your judgment being formed.'

This was your way of saying that a sense of the many-sidedness of things was already born in you, and that you were beginning to weigh those contradictory aspects and find pleasure in the process.

Later on, as your education grew more interesting to you, you confided to me the gradual growth of a cosmic theory that had begun to outline itself in your brain. In this, everything you learned seemed miraculously to find a place, as if it were a great picture-puzzle whose fragments were doled out to you one by one. You observed how physics and astronomy and chemistry and ancient history, and even mathematics, fitted into one another's corners. You got fleeting glimpses of other men's cosmic theories, not alone in books, where they are least convincing, but in real life. Your professor of physics accidentally betrayed a deep-buried hope that ether might be the very substance of the Eternal, inclusive of all things. You heard and remembered an ardent mathematician saying that his science was 'the shortest cut to infinity — and God.' The little assistant in geology, of whom you thought patronizingly, flashed out one day and gave you a glimpse of all creation groaning and travailing through endless prehistoric ages to find and bring forth Man — on whom is laid henceforward the everlasting obligation to show himself no less than spirit and worthy the age-long struggle of his making.

And so, by this and by that, the picture grew. It was as if the vast tapestry of the cosmos swung in great folds before you. Dimly you discerned a pattern that was above your seeing. Flashes of wonderful color, fragments of great design, tantalized your vision. They excited and uplifted you, rein-

forcing all that you would soonest believe as to the Star-Builder. Never completed, still unfolding, in the immensities of a space that your mind could conceive neither as finite nor infinite, the universe held you expectant. All knowledge and speculation were absorbed into this great dim pattern, that was still more than they. For no matter how daring and how comprehensive our cosmic theory, we fall short of the audacities and subtleties of God.

Into that far-hung cosmic pattern you also tried to fit your individual life and your mother's faith. You did not, perhaps, try very hard; for at the same time you found most sermons dull and most dogmas unintelligible. The forms in which Christianity was offered you did not suit the shape of your mind. So, you did not very definitely connect your religious instruction with these other things it was thrilling you greatly to learn. Healthy, contented, clean, and only normally selfish, you have not as yet very greatly needed a religion that will stand the strain of life. But I cannot give you any satisfactory account of the connotations of middle age without talking about such a religion.

Don't lose patience with me at this point, Peter, because my sentences are getting long and my enthusiasm is mounting high. It's not so easy as you might think to put the deepest things one knows into plain words — for it breaks a law of being that almost all men keep.

Let us go back to your desire *to know*; it does not mean that you wish to be either a philosopher or a scientist. Either is admittedly unsatisfactory from the point of view of that cosmic outline you are so keen about. Scientists must confine themselves to facts and, tentatively, to such theories as may best

explain facts; philosophers have usually felt that they must be logical.

Because you are still at school to books, your respect for facts and logic is, deservedly, immense. But outside of fact and beyond logic there lies a domain of knowledge as irrefragable as the contributions of either to our consciousness, and more necessary to normal existence. There have always been things that the commonest man *knew*. When this knowledge is turned toward everyday matters we call it common sense, and it is the fixative that holds the charcoal sketch of civilization on the map; when it is turned toward the things of the spirit, it constitutes that natural religion which is the basis of all our supra-material life.

The common man has never based his life, his dogmas, his institutions upon anything told him by scientist or philosopher. He has based them upon these *things he knew*, these intuitions, these gifts of insight. There his heart is fixed.

These gifts of insight have had small philosophical recognition. However, you may now classify them under 'data of immediacy' if you like. In this guise they have recently acquired good standing. Bergson is officially best known as a philosopher by the romantic and exciting outline he suggests of a universe spinning its own future and its own God out of the perpetually changing stream of time-stuff, under the compulsion laid on it of a vital urgency. But one suspects that the real reason why *Creative Evolution* (which I recommend you to read and use as a basis for your speculations in a field which it does not enter) sold like a popular novel and was dipped into and tasted by thousands of readers usually indifferent to philosophy, had no connection with this exposition of duration. Its popularity is due, rather, to its rehabilitation of intuition, showing it

as equally authoritative with intellect. Bergson demonstrated the undeniable fact that our 'godlike intellect' is, after all, wrought out by the reactions of matter upon our perception, is built up, cell by cell, from our contact with the material world. It is, therefore, a wonderful instrument, indeed, but one which can be used to advantage only upon such stuff as it is wrought from. You may safely use logic upon matter, since matter shaped your thinking-machine. Upon spirit, it follows that you must use intuition, since only so is spirit apprehended.

At the back of his brain, the plain man has known this all along. Bergson, cogent and brilliant, has shown the philosophers that the plain man was in the right.

The common man is not born aware of all the things that he knows he knows. He stumbles upon them as he lives along. Typical experience runs in this fashion.

A youth is told that he has an immortal soul; that God made the world and cares actively for it; that a super-human exemplar came to rescue man. He accepts this teaching tentatively. He is conscious of something that seems to be a soul and hopes it was not made to die. The universe seems to demand a Creator who is an indwelling spirit — but to believe that God is indeed a Father seems to savor of conceit. He recognizes the value of the Christ-example.

He goes ahead, trying to be a fairly decent sort, sometimes having spiritual illuminations of his own and sometimes not, sometimes approximating Christian standards and sometimes not, hoping that God, if there is a God, will see that he is trying not to impede the Universal Will.

Life does not let him alone. Sooner or later the big experiences come. Perhaps one loved by him dies. Beside

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that still figure he suddenly perceives that death is not what he thought it. The peace in that quiet face is so absolutely the peace of clay which a spirit has ceased to inform, that it is a revelation. *He is not here, he is risen!* cries the heart with such authority that the youth believes — because he cannot do otherwise. He no longer hopes that the soul lives, — he *knows* with a certainty that, once felt, is never shaken. Every human being who has undoubting faith in immortality came to it thus. There is no other road to that assurance.

So it goes through the years. Each successive experience is equally a revelation; each, perhaps, equally a reversal of what he expects; each undoubtedly discloses how the soul is enmeshed with the body, eternity knit into the web of time.

It is impossible to over-state the authority, the overwhelming validity of the great experiences of life. Death — love — birth — work — creative effort — pain, above all, pain! — each adds something definite, precious, enduring, to the soul's stock of treasure. These are the things that shall not be taken away. They are the bricks we build into the House of Life; they are the foundation-stones of our Eternal City.

The quality, the character, of conviction that the great experiences bring is of such a nature as cannot be foreseen or imagined. As it is impossible to imagine a taste or an odor never sensed, so it is impossible to forecast these gifts of experience. They impinge upon consciousness, poignant and wonderful. They pass, and leave you with a conviction as much deeper than an intellectual assent as the emotions are older than the brain.

To tell you what each one of these experiences makes clear would be too long a task. But the whole structure

of society is reared on them. Examine the Family, the State, the Church, and see this for yourself. Man has put the gifts of insight into institutions and put them into dogmas.

Each generation revamps the outer garment of these vital things a bit, to suit itself. There is bound to be some misfit apparent between the style of any age and the taste of its successor. Therefore to youth, which lacks entirely the basal experience, all dogma appears blind and most institutions appear faulty. Wherefore youth would discard old doctrines and make the world over rapidly, in utter ignorance of the stuff it is handling.

Forgive me, Peter, if I bore you by talking about dogmas for a few minutes. Since I learned what they are, they have interested me madly. Before that, I was as indifferent as yourself. A dogma is something cryptic, a big experience crammed into a few words. If you are willing to put into its unravelling half the enthusiasm of an Assyriologist translating a difficult inscription, or of a naturalist putting together fossil remains, you will have your reward. You will find out that, whatever words the fathers used, they meant what we mean, but meant it more intensely. They were more passionately spiritual than we, those old dogmatists, and less given to expression. So they packed each word fuller of expression than it would hold.

Says a recent essayist, 'Unless the words "salvation by grace" had at one time stood for the most powerful conviction of the most holy minds, we should never have heard the phrase.'¹ It would be possible to give you the exact equivalent of that doctrine in our modern spiritual life, but I will spare you — to-day!

I must not protract my preaching,

¹ John Jay Chapman: *Non-resistance*.

but I would like you to know that something like this happens with reference to spiritual development: if you accept the fundamental statements of our religion in your youth, you will find life a long, painful and beautiful process of verifying and enriching them. If you put aside those statements in your youth and yet have the strength to live uprightly and deal justly, according to the moral code which Christianity has forced upon the world even as the sun forces spring on the earth, — in short, if you are a Christian in all but the name, and face life with an open mind, you will find it a long, painful, but wonderful process of evolving a religion which tallies in essentials with that which you put aside.

You may be willing to accept the religion that you make yourself; you may look askance at the claims of revealed religion; yet they are one and the same revelation. The Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world is no farthing candle but an illumination as steadfast as the sun.

Call yourself Christian or free-thinker, — your feet are within the Way while you accept life loyally and get out of it what it holds in trust for every man.

On this point Christ himself was explicit, and more liberal than his interpreters. 'If a man do the will of my Father which is in heaven, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be true or false.' In other words, salvation may begin at the 'works' end or at the 'faith' end — it may be proved as readily from one approach as from the other by those 'men of good will' to whom the angels sang.

Intuition and experience have built up institutions as well as doctrines. For a single instance: man felt the sacredness of procreation, the veritable ties of blood. From these perceptions resulted marriage and family. Only

when you look at those institutions from the outside do you believe the babblers who declare that they will crumble.

Seeing marriage as it can be with the eyes of your youth, a union fair and firm and sweet, the tale of its historical evolution may revolt you. It will not, if you have the key. From savagery upward, through brutal ages, blind with lust, the race has still been groping to express that basal perception of an enduring alliance for a wonderful end. Perhaps it is still done clumsily at best, but the profound intent is there.

Needless to expound to you all doctrines or institutions as they show themselves to me. The thing to make clear to you is that, one by one, as you climb the ascent of the years, these illuminations arrive; one by one you will accept them and fit them into that cosmic picture you have already begun to build so enthusiastically out of the gifts of intellect. The completion of that picture demands the deepest insights of your spirit as well as the keenest energies of your intellect.

Take it from me, if you can, that, at long last, a time comes when we are suddenly conscious that we have 'gone observing matters' so extensively and to such purpose that we have a certain vital and dependable knowledge of the pattern of the tapestry so far as this earth and our human existences are concerned. This does not mean that it is clear to us — but that it is perceptibly less obscure. Out of the mass of detail emerge the great principles, the salient things, the things that make the pattern. We have watched the honest man across the street and the scoundrel next door so long that we have actually seen with these eyes righteousness rewarded and iniquity in torment. Where we have seen a son disappoint parents who had a right to expect

much, we have also lived to see the grandchild who more than atones for his father's failure. The world begins to make sense.

This does not mean that if you have been submerged in the life of the senses for forty or fifty years, you will be rewarded by heightened perceptions of things spiritual. One finds what one seeks. It is the rule of the game that you must do your part. But if you question men and women among those roughly classified as right-living and right-thinking, you will find them aware of a time when their insight into all life is quickened and enlarged. The bread they have been casting on the waters begins to return. Harvest arrives. They not only see further into other lives, but they recognize that what has happened to themselves in the outer world has been but food for their spirits. They begin to see, also, that the events which have gone to make their life do not *in themselves* matter greatly. 'Cold and damp, are they not as rich experiences as warmth and dryness?' asks the sage. 'Richer!' replies the spirit that has learned the final lesson of wresting profit from pain.

Then — *then* the dry bones of the thousand axioms and platitudes which foretold these events arise, take on flesh, and go marching across the plains of life like a conquering army! It is a wonderful sight!

To read a face as you pass it; to predict the outcome of a life; to rest confidently in the moral order of things because you cannot disbelieve what you have seen, — the period when these perceptions begin to arrive is perhaps the most stimulating and exciting of our whole lives. For to most of us it is undoubtedly a surprise that the things that we have always believed are really true! We rub our eyes and look about us.

So—this is that despised and dreaded middle age! Even more than youth, it is the land of revelation. It is the Shining Country if you have chosen the better part that makes it so. I cannot exaggerate the wonder and delight of seeing things 'work out' as they inevitably do work out. This is the flowering of our slow years of struggle and of growth.

I climb, that was a clod;
I run, whose steps were slow;
I reap the very wheat of God
That once had none to sow.

Don't think me complacent if I tell you that the revelation of the middle years, 'knocking a window through to eternity' as it does, is a glory no less exultant than the glory of youth that you know so well. And to reach this point means that you immediately begin to look forward with confidence. There is restored to you that expectation which is youth's very heart.

With this in mind, do you see the import of what you said yesterday about not living after forty? You were unconsciously exhibiting the blind loyalty, even to the death, of young things to the conditions of their growth. If experiences indeed ceased just as you became able to interpret them richly, you would be justified in demanding that life, too, should cease. What happens is not that they cease, but that they pass more and more into the sphere of the life within.

Of those antiquated doctrines whose phraseology has become meaningless to us, the one I best understand is accounted the blindest of all—that of the Unpardonable Sin!

The common man is convinced from within of the foundations on which he builds him a world. All these data regarding God, the soul, the family, on which he builds, have been verified for him by the intuitions beyond price which accompany experience. In those

intuitions he so clearly feels the touch of spirit on spirit that to deny them in action is to defile them, and works out for him as literal destruction. He 'goes to pieces' before our very eyes.

Thus the Holy Ghost is surely the still, small voice that bides forever in experience. We shut ourselves off from it only by denying the validity of our deepest insights, and thereby automatically condemn ourselves to cessation of growth—which is death and damnation. The unpardonable sin, then, is not, as we childishly supposed, some irrational wrath of an offended deity but a logical necessity. You cannot fill the cup if you shut the faucet. The universe cannot compel you to grow if you will not grow. The thing is in your hands. But your refusal is irretrievable. Thus, for those who would *know*, it is 'worth while to be good' because their payment comes in cosmic gold—in increased perceptions, in deeper insights.

In your own phrase, life is no 'tight wad,' Peter, nor is experience a niggard. The years may give you nothing else, neither homes nor friends nor gold nor lovers, but they are lavish with the stuff from which wisdom is distilled. I gather from this that wisdom is the one thing nominated in the bond between Creator and created.

Now—the sermon is over. Have I made you understand anything of the attitude that lies behind wisdom and the meaning of middle age? How can one tell if one has 'put it across'? Perhaps my words convey to you—just nothing. The phrases and formulæ that seem luminous to me may be as far from fitting your mind as those of the old dogmatists and mystics.

Out of all possible aspects of middle age, this most vital one is that which your elders most desire you to understand. And with all my doubts, I feel

one certainty. Those who would know shall be satisfied. I do not know your path, but I know your goal, — for each man goeth to his own place. Your cosmic tapestry, woven, thread by thread, from the facts of science, from the conclusions of philosophy, from the intuitions of the race verified by your own contacts with experience, will content you at the end.

Most fundamental in the pattern,

most marvelous in color, most daring in design, will be such parts of it as are the gift of the plain man's insight. He has led the way. The dogmatists and mystics, the saints and seers, the preachers and teachers, are all merely aiming to express those things which the plain man knows but never tells. Sacred, unshared, unspoken, they lie at the core of being; they are the central flame.

HOW THE ARMY WAS KIDNAPPED

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON

I

'Huzoor!' said the corporal of the Treasury guard in that ridiculously squeaky voice of his, as he saluted with an air of respectful apprehension; 'the men of the Nizam Bahadur are at the door.'

'Very good,' I answered. 'Are we all ready for them, Babu?'

'Quite ready, sir,' said Dinanath Babu, the Treasurer.

We were seated at the table in the Treasury chamber, which was abominably hot and stuffy, strongly smelling of spider-webs and bats; abominably hot, though it was still only the beginning of April, and the hot season had nearly three months to run, through the gamut of hot, hotter, hottest, before we got to the hot wet blanket of the greater rains. Stuffy and dingy and abominably hot; not in the least suggesting Oriental treasure or the halls of Aladdin. Merely a big, grubby, ill-lighted room on the ground floor, that

looked as if it had been last whitewashed in the days before the Mutiny of 1857; — and, by the way, it was in these very barracks, ever since given up to civil uses, that the great Mutiny began.

Nothing at all to suggest Oriental treasure. Never a bowl of rubies or a cup of gold. But we had plenty of treasure there, none the less. There were eight huge sea-chests around the room, each with two big padlocks of different shapes. One key I had, as Treasury Officer; Babu Dinanath Chatterji, as Treasurer, had the other. It was the same with the outer door. So neither of us could get into the room or the big sea-chests, unless the other were present; and as I was not very likely to assist Dinanath Babu to loot, and as Dinanath Babu was not very likely to assist me, the paternal government felt reasonably safe.

Yet we had, as I say, plenty of treasure, well worth any man's looting. For in each sea-chest, stacked around its

cavernous inside, were thirty columns of little bags, made of closely netted whipcord, ten bags to the column; and in each bag a thousand silver rupees, like white fish glinting in the net. Ten thousand rupees to the column; three hundred thousand — three lakhs — to the chest; and eight chests in all. Nor was that all. We had also a sheaf of high-denomination notes, and a bag of gold mohurs; say in the neighborhood of three millions. And the men of the Nizam were at the door, heavily armed with service rifles, and determined to carry off a substantial portion of our treasure.

The corporal with the shrill voice, was, as I have said, apprehensive. Dinanath Babu was perfectly cool. I was not; far from it. I was abominably hot, in spite of a very light suit of tussore silk. Hot, and decidedly uncomfortable.

Yet the cause of my discomfort was not the presence of these ferocious armed Moslems at the door, nor my certain knowledge that they would never depart empty-handed, although that might seem cause enough. What really fretted me was that visitation of Providence called prickly heat, deployed in loose order on my shoulders and spine. Truth to tell, in the face of that armed force I was as little disturbed as Dinanath Babu himself; and even the timidly saluting corporal was nervous from quite other reasons. Suddenly wakened on guard, he had forgotten part of his accoutrements, and had come into the presence incomplete.

Discipline must be vindicated.

‘Corporal! Go and get your belt!’

He went, very shamefaced, and, returning, once more made the announcement, —

‘Huzoor! The men of the Nizam Bahadur are at the door.’

We were, as I have said, altogether

unafraid, even the corporal. We had expected them, and were prepared.

‘Bid the Nizam’s sergeant enter.’

The corporal saluted, withdrew, and immediately returned, escorting the Nizam Bahadur’s sergeant, in his curiously irregular-looking uniform: dark green tunic, whitish trousers, and white turban with a green tassel. Long, pointed shoes and a sword-bayonet completed his rig.

The sergeant stood before the table and saluted the Treasury Officer with grave dignity. He was magnificent in his huge, fuzzy whiskers and dark, serious eyes. The Treasury Officer fitly responded to the salute.

‘Huzoor!’ said the sergeant. ‘We have come for the money for the Nizam Bahadur.’

‘Very good, sergeant. You have the paper?’

He fished it out of his breast pocket. The paper demanded so many thousand rupees in notes, so many thousands in silver, and a few score in coppers, annas and pice: twenty thousand rupees in all, which should go to the up-keep, for the term of one calendar month, of the Palace, the Nizamat buildings and College, the maintenance of many younger brothers, nephews, nieces, sisters, cousins, and aunts of the Nizam. It was, in fact, the pension of His Highness, duly payable under treaty between his family and the paternal government. We paid it to him on the first of each month.

The counting of the money was a ritual in itself. We began it in this way: Dinanath Babu, going to one of the sea-chests, already opened by its two several keys, heaved forth one of the network bags. Bringing it to the table, behind which sat the Treasury Officer, and before which stood the Nizamat sergeant, he untied and unwound the string that confined its throat, and, turning it about, poured a little pile of

silver rupees on the table. Thereon the Treasury Officer stretched forth his hand, and took, first, the paper which contained the history of that particular bag, duly signed by himself, and then a big handful of rupees. From these, with the right hand, he counted out little piles of ten, each time taking just five between fingers and thumb, until five little piles stood on the table, the sergeant meanwhile following with alert, serious eyes.

Then a big pair of scales was set on the table, splendid in nickel and brass, and into one scale I put the counted fifty rupees, to serve as a weight, pouring rupees into the other from a loose handful, until the scale-pan just moved and remained evenly poised. That made our first hundred, which was then used as a weight, against which nine handfuls were successively balanced, until the first thousand was completed. Satisfactorily, it came out exactly even, tallying with what was written in the bag.

So we weighed out the remaining thousands required to be in silver, added certain thousands in high-denomination notes, — hundreds and fifties, — and topped off with a box of mint-new copper annas and pice, the former sixteen to the rupee, the latter, four to the anna. There is a still smaller copper coin, a tiny piece called a pie; of these we added a quart or so, to be given in largesse to the needy; for the Nizam Bahadur has a charitable heart, and giving is still one of the cardinal virtues in India.

Then the sergeant and the Babu and the corporal, duly recalled to that end, heaved the whole twenty thousand in their arms, and we went outside to load it on the bullock-wagon. As we appeared in the blistering sunlight, the army rose to its feet from the grass and saluted, all ten of it, with admirable discipline and alacrity. Its uniform

was like the sergeant's, lacking stripes and sword-bayonet, and with Enfield rifles and cartridge-pouches added. Altogether, an admirable little army, adequate to the responsible duty of convoying twenty thousand rupees up the long red road under the cocoanut palms to the Nizamat palace.

When the sergeant had signed the receipt in duplicate, with my own counter-signature and the Babu's pointed handwriting added in confirmation, the sergeant shouted, 'Tshun!' in his best English, followed immediately by 'Marsh!' and the bullock-cart, with five of the army on either side and the sergeant guarding the rear, set forth on its northward march, heralded by a frightful shriek from an ungreased axle; a horrid, blood-chilling shriek repeated with damnable iteration, though happily sinking to desperate feebleness through distance, as the bullock-cart swung around the corner under the big banyan tree and made its way along the Burra Lal Dighy, which is to say the Great Red Tank, red corresponding to the primitive ideal of beauty. I am well persuaded that, as soon as the civil station was out of sight, the whole army mounted on the bullock-cart, the fuzzy sergeant included, and that, thus arranged, the cortège crawled its leisurely way northward beneath the palm trees. I don't suppose the bullocks found this proceeding at all out of the ordinary, or to be resented. Their minds had never been disturbed by rumors of the Royal Humane Society.

As soon as things were fixed up in the Treasury, we turned the keys in our double locks; and, metamorphosed from Treasury Officer into Assistant Magistrate, I went off to another dingy room to try Abkari cases: prosecutions of blear-eyed, brown persons charged with distilling illicit rice-wine under the stark radiance of the Indian moon.

Tiffin made a pleasing interlude, and by five the day's work was done. Sundry malefactors were laid by the heels. Sundry others were let loose, and all was well.

I strolled over to the club, to watch the tennis, and found, to my joy, that the Collector Mem-Sahib was dispensing tea. A cup of her fine Darjhiling and a cigarette allayed the pang of mortality and even soothed my prickly heat, and, finding a cool seat on the veranda, I began a spirited flirtation with little Madge Paterson, youngest of the four Paterson maidens, and a particular friend of mine.

'Watch Molly!' she said. 'Is n't she playing splendidly! Golly! Look at that serve!'

Molly's partner was the little Maharaja of Ghorabazar, with sixteen summers to his credit, and a pedigree that went back to the Ramayana. We and the Colonnes and the O'Neills are all parvenus by comparison. A charming boy, with light golden skin, smooth as silk, beautifully formed hands, and bright, devilishly mischievous eyes. A ripping tennis-player, too, cool and quick and agile as steel. At receptions and parties he wore pounds of gold-lace strewn thick as treacle over his blue velvet tunic, with diamond buttons as big as filberts. But now he was in plain white, save for a jaunty little cap of cloth of gold.

He and Molly Paterson were knocking things about, all their own way. They were beating Jones, the Junior Police Sahib, and young Ali Mirza, a Nizamat nephew, into a cocked hat; and it was not the fault of Ali Mirza. In spite of his superb clothes, green satin trousers, scarlet satin jacket, and blue and gold cap, he was all over the court, a cross between a rainbow and a lightning-flash, but it was all no use. Young Jones — a conceited young ass, most of us thought him — fumbled

every ball that came his way, and lost more points than even his many-colored partner could make up. Watching that party-colored set, I fell a-musing.

Oh, most benevolent and wonderful British Indian Government, what a miracle of assimilation you accomplish here! — a Hindu prince whose family was old and splendid when Romulus founded Rome; one of the wild, conquering Moslems; a fine and haughty Briton like young Jones — a touch of irony here; and, fourth, a Eurasian girl. An awfully nice girl; everybody liked Molly; but a Eurasian. Her grandmother was a Bhootia woman; the dear old mother's high cheek-bones showed it; and Paterson too, with his nice gray whiskers and honest face, had at least 'a touch of the tarbrush.' Truly, a miracle of assimilation!

'I say!' Little Madge was speaking.
'Yes, Madge?'

'Don't they play well together? — Molly and the Maharaja, I mean. I say —?'

'Yes?'

Madge cocked her little, dark head comically on one side.

'Is n't it a pity he can't marry her?'

'Who can't marry who, Madge?'

'Why, I've just said! Molly and him, of course!'

'The Maharaja?' I was genuinely taken aback. What a fancy the child had!

'Of course!' she said; 'Molly and him. And then I'd be a princess, and live in a palace, and, oh, yes —'

'Well?'

'You could come and visit me, and — bring me sugar-plums.'

'Oh, but I could n't, Madge. For you'd be a Hindu princess, and you know they don't have visitors — except lady visitors, of course.'

'Yes,' Madge answered incisively.

'Is n't that such stuff! But Molly'd change all that. See if she would n't! And then you could come.'

'I've got an idea, Madge.' Madge, by the way, was ten.

'Yes?' she queried.

'I'm sure he's younger than Molly, and that, you know, would never do.'

'Oh, of course!' she answered. 'I never thought of that. As Shakespeare says, "Let the woman take —"?"'

'Just so, Madge. Now, supposing you married him yourself, instead of Molly. You'd be a real princess, then.'

'Now you're talking rubbish,' said Madge, severely.

It could not be denied. I was.

The set ended and we all dispersed, the station folk going to dress for dinner, while the visitors drove off. The little Maharaja had a high English dog-cart which he drove himself, and he went off at a spanking trot behind a big Australian horse — a Waler, as our phrase goes, from New South Wales. We saw him whirl off into the twilight as we turned toward our bungalows, some of us walking, others driving.

II

We dined that evening, as it happened, at the Collector Sahib's. The whole station was there, including Paterson and Molly. Paterson, by the way, was our Civil Engineer, of Rivers and Roads.

I sat next Molly, and was talking to her about Madge; also about the other two dark little dots, Milly and Meg, aged eleven and twelve, when we heard a horse come thundering along the side of the square at a hand-gallop, and stop sharply, with a rush of scuffling feet, at the Collector Sahib's door. We all stopped talking, and looked at the Collector Sahib.

His head chuprassi came in and,

bending down, whispered something to him in Hindustani. The Collector Sahib started.

'What?' he said. 'The deuce you say!'

The man repeated. The Collector Sahib rose, rather hastily for a man in general so cool and poised, and went out into the front room, a kind of informal office opening by wide doors on the veranda.

Two minutes later, he reappeared at the door of the dining-room. I caught his eye. He signed to me to come, and disappeared again. Hastily making my excuses to Molly and the Collector Mem-Sahib, I went to the front room, in no small wonder.

Was it a murder or a dacoity or an uprising? Anything may happen, anything may spring up to the surface of the still, dark river of Indian life that runs so unfathomably deep.

'I say!' the Collector Sahib ejaculated, in a voice for him very excited, though his tone was low. 'Here's a pretty pair of shoes! What do you think has happened?'

I ventured no guesses.

'The Nizam's pay has n't arrived! They waited two or three hours beyond the usual time, and then sent men out to look. Not a sign! So they've sent a fellow here.'

As Treasury Officer, I took that to heart. Short of the looting of the Treasury, nothing more serious could have happened.

'You got it sent off all right, did n't you? Who came for it?'

'The usual chap — Khoda Baksh, I think his name is. Yes, Khoda Baksh, the big up-country chap with the fuzzy beard.'

'I know. Well, he's gone. Sunk into the earth, and the whole Nizamat guard with him — to say nothing of the bullock-cart, and twenty thousand rupees. There were notes, of course?'

'Yes, about the usual amount.'

'Well, we must stop them at once. You can get the numbers first thing in the morning. But the silver — Better take my tum-tum and drive to the palace. See if you can find any traces — and reassure the old gentleman. I'll tell them to harness the tum-tum. Take these two chuprassis with you. Better take this, too'; and he drew a revolver from the drawer of the desk. 'Though it's inconceivable to me that there's been violence. You have your light overcoat?'

Within a quarter of an hour I was driving, as fast as the Collector Sahib's fine trotter could carry me, up that long road beneath the cocoanut palms, where the fateful bullock-cart had disappeared in the hour before noon. There was no moon, but the stars were gleaming in the purple night, big stars, like colored lamps, hanging down clear from the background of the sky. I drove almost directly toward the Pole Star, hanging low among the palm trees, covered, now and then, by a dark, waving frond.

It was an extraordinary drive. No one spoke. The bare fact I knew, and doubtless the Nizam's messenger had told it all, with such embellishments as might occur to him, to the chuprassis and syces. So we were all thinking about it tremendously, though no one spoke.

As I have said, short of revolution, nothing more catastrophic could have happened in that quiet district. Twenty thousand rupees gone in broad daylight! Even divided by twelve — allowing a share and a half for the sergeant, and a half-share for the bullock-driver — it would make the fortune of every man in the Nizamat army. Were they, with Khoda Baksh at their head, making their way across country, under cover of the night, toward the forests of the Santal Hills?

But those high-denomination notes — no one in his senses would try to make off with those! And for the life of me, I could not think of Khoda Baksh as a highway robber; no, nor those honest Moslems of the army either. In the way of loot, yes. But when it was entrusted to them, never.

Then what the mischief could have happened? A raid of wild Hillmen from across the railroad? They used to raid, in the old days. But could a sufficient band conceivably get right into the very heart of the district, without our hearing of them? And the Nizamat guard was fully armed, good Enfield rifles, with ten or twenty rounds of ammunition each; I knew the details, for I made out their licenses 'to have and carry arms.' To knock out ten men, well armed with rifles, even if a surprise volley had been poured into them, would mean something of a battle. And a battle like that, in broad daylight too, could hardly take place without some echo of it reaching us; indeed, it would instantly start a wild panic, a tornado. Yet, until the Nizamat outrider came, not a sound, not a whisper even, on the stillness of the Indian night! The whole thing was astonishing, inconceivable.

So the thing stormed around the chambers of my mind, as I sent the Collector's trotter along that arrow-straight road; red brick, pounded and rolled, what we call a 'pukka' road; 'baked,' that is, the Indian word for anything matured and authentic. It stormed about my mind; yet I remember that, just as the quiet heavens with the big, silent stars, looked down on us, very serenely, so there was that in me that looked down on the turmoil of thoughts and guesses, very serene: 'Why all this stir, little man!'

I made a change of horses at the half-way stable, drove past the big, heavy gates of the little Maharaja's enclosed

courtyard and palace, and presently entered the big, imposing doorway of the Nizamat buildings.

I noticed that the guard-house was curiously empty and still. It suddenly flashed into my mind: 'Of course! The army is gone!'

It was about ten by that time. Lights were moving among the buildings, and, hurrying up the main stairway, I found the great reception room brilliantly lighted. On the ivory-rimmed sofas and in gilded chairs, dark gentlemen, brilliantly clad, were seated, — inwardly perturbed, outwardly calm. In the midst sat His Highness himself, grave as always, pensive, rather pathetic, and, to-night, palpably discomposed.

The words of Arjuna in the *Bhagavad Gita* flashed into my mind — it was not so long since my Sanskrit 'exams': — 'I behold fathers, sons, and grand-sires, uncles, fathers-in-law, wives' brothers, kinsmen,' — the whole Nizamat family of the sterner sex. The sisters, cousins, and aunts, being zenana ladies, were naturally missing. Each gentleman, saving only the Nizam, had a little leather bag, like a Tyrolean tobacco-pouch, on his knee or in his hand. The scene was eloquent: they had come for their share of the monthly pay.

As I stood in the doorway, while, led by His Highness, they all ceremoniously rose, it suddenly flashed into my mind that I had been so busy guessing at the mystery, that I had not given a thought to what I was to say. It was, in effect, 'Do not be alarmed, gentlemen. You will get your money all right. Never fear!'

I was very much embarrassed in face of those serious dark gentlemen, the youngest of whom was several years my senior. And to this day I do not remember in what terms I made the explanations and assurances. One thing only emerged clearly: the army had not

arrived; the twenty thousand rupees were gone.

Even before I left the civil station, the Collector Sahib had set the police in motion throughout the district, and had sent a runner to the nearest telegraph station, which was fifteen miles away, to notify the Calcutta Treasury and the Bank of Bengal. For the Collector, the thing was serious in every way. He was answerable for everything within the district, and particularly for the financial side of things. And twenty thousand rupees meant a full year's pay. But it was inconceivable — yes, of course! But still the money was gone. That fact there was no getting over.

III

I got back to the station after midnight. Early the next morning, I set forth to try to get on the track of the missing army, a thing impossible in the darkness of the night before. I found it a horribly embarrassing thing to do. Of course it was all very easy to drive leisurely up the red road beneath the cocoanut palms, carefully scrutinizing the road and its sides for traces of a scuffle, or for wheel-tracks going off into the jungle. Off the pukka roadbed the ground was soft enough; the ruts and footprints would have been very conspicuous. But they were not there.

That part of it, as I say, was easy enough. But when it came to knocking at the door of a Bengali notable, and asking him if he had seen the missing army; asking this, in a tongue one spoke haltingly, of people with keen, sarcastic eyes, — that was a job that made me squirm.

Fortunately, most fortunately, I had the Collector Sahib's head chuprassi with me. He had all the aplomb I lacked. He was a Moslem. Bengali notables did n't bother him. Indeed,

his assurance, his self-confidence, was superb. He hammered lustily on doors, and when they were opened, cleared his throat with a resounding 'Ahem!' and slapped the brass plate of office — the *chaprash* — on his red shoulder-sash, and, brow-beating and bullying, he told his errand; each time with the air of accusing his interlocutor of direct complicity, or at least criminal knowledge of the theft. When I add that his manner to me was humbly deferential, you can realize what a comfort that knavish chuprassi was.

Well, we went carefully over the road, up to the Nizamat palace and back, and found never a trace. Later, we beat the by-roads throughout the district, meanwhile anxiously awaiting news from up or down the railway line. But not a word! Not a sign! The whole thing was gone, cavalcade and buffalo-cart and twenty thousand rupees, leaving no more trace than a stone dropped into deep water. We had the ripples on the pool when the rider galloped up, that first evening. But after that, never a word or a sign.

It was getting very serious for the Collector Sahib, and serious also for the rest of us, including the Assistant-Magistrate-and-Treasury-Officer. So we very naturally set about our remaining tasks with uncommon diligence and zeal.

For weeks I had had a detail of work: a visit to the Ghorabazar Maharani, the mother of Molly's young tennis-partner, about a disputed land-title. I had to go up and take her evidence. That, among other bits of postponed work, was now brought hastily forth and pushed forward.

So, once more, I drove up the red road beneath the palm trees and, preceded by my brazen-faced chuprassi, made my way into the reception-room of the Maharani's palace, a huge, splendid room, with costly, quaint furniture

and flat, highly colored Indian oil-paintings on the walls. A curtain hung across an alcove. There the Maharani was installed, it being etiquette that I might speak to her only through the curtain, not setting profane eyes upon her at all.

Even then, I might not speak to her direct. She might only whisper, and her son, standing half behind the curtain, caught her words, and repeated them aloud to me.

One of our Brahman deputy magistrates was there before me, to help out with the formalities, and we soon got to work, thrashing over the question of the disputed boundary. Her little ladyship, for so I judged her to be, by the moderate stature of her son and the mouse-like gentleness of her whispers, gave her evidence with astonishing lucidity, considering that she had never seen the outer world since the days when, a tiny maid of seven, she was married to the late Maharaja.

We had come to a halt, while I was writing down the details of her description, when, suddenly, above the squeaking of my quill, which was the only noise that broke the silence, there came the sound of a manly voice, muffled by distance, chanting some native song.

My ear caught it before my mind did, for I was wrestling with a difficult Bengali phrase, and I particularly did not wish to ask the Deputy Babu. It came again, that muffled war-chant, and I found myself associating it, in half-conscious thought, with the guard-house of the Nizamat palace.

The little Maharaja was watching me with half-closed eyes, his fine face as still as a god's; yes, just like a gold statue of Gautama Buddha. The Buddha, by the way, was a cousin of his ancestor's, so the likeness was natural enough!

Once more that muffled phrase of

song, and, as background, the mind-picture of the Nizamat guard-house. What the dickens did 'Barabaresku' mean in Bengali?

Suddenly I sat bolt upright, and looked the little Maharaja full in the face. His lips were slightly compressed. Otherwise he still wore the air of the Buddha in contemplation. Then, from behind the curtain, came the faintest, most ethereal giggle. The Maharani was laughing. My suspicions were confirmed.

'Prince,' I said rising, 'I am—greatly interested—in that song. Will you be so good as—to lead me to the singer?'

There was a little ripple of silvery laughter behind the curtain, and a sudden giggling whisper. The young Maharaja interpreted:—

'Sir, my mother says—my mother begs you—she says—it is only a boy's prank.'

'Come, please,' I said, trying not to smile. A prank, perhaps, but pretty serious.

We went along a passage and down a stairway, finally entering a huge hall, set with pillars, which seemed to fill the basement of the entire palace. It had no windows, and was dimly lighted by a few cocoanut-oil lamps, such as you might find in the tombs at Mycenae.

There, on the straw that covered the floor, I saw—the whole Nizamat army, evidently fuddled, the sergeant, stripped of his green tunic, dreamily singing that Urdu war-song that I had heard once, as we drove past the Nizamat guard-house. The two bullocks were there, snuffling about in the straw; the bullock-wagon also; and on it, to my great relief, I saw the box of money, its seals unbroken, evidently untouched.

I looked at the little Maharaja with some severity.

'How did this happen, Prince?'

The Buddha-like serenity of his face suddenly broke into a charming boyish smile, and his eyes were full of luminous mischief.

'Well,' he explained, 'they were just opposite my gate when I overtook them, and—they seemed so thirsty—and tired. So I asked them to come in.—I could not ask my guests to go again!'

'But where are their rifles?'

'I had them put away, for safety, while the men slept,' he explained, again with that delicious smile.

'How did they come to be asleep?'

'I wonder,' he said. 'I fancy—do you know, I think it was the sherbet!'

Further investigation showed that he had been quenching their thirst on iced punch made of green Chartreuse. No wonder their wits had fled.

Well, we got that army on its feet again, and I accompanied it to the Nizam's palace, making what explanations I could on behalf of the little Maharaja.

The dear old Nizam listened to me in wonder, then chuckled, then burst out laughing:—

'Tut tut tut!' he said, 'to give liquor to my good Mussulmans!'

We had the little Maharaja up before the Collector Sahib, for a wiggling, bearing in mind his little mother's plea. At first he was obdurate, his face firm as a gold statue.

'Did not his ancestors rob mine?' he asked, with good historic backing. Then suddenly the Buddha-face broke into that charming, irresistible smile.

'And besides,' he said, 'it was Saint April's day.'

PROSERPINA AND THE SEA-NYMPHS

BY GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

PROSERPINA

I TIRE of these embroideries.
Now I have gilded all my stars,
And plumed with light my ilex trees,
And made the moon and sun, there is
The sea to finish. Only this
Eludes my eager hand and mars
The beauty of my tapestry.
Which color of the changeful sea
Would she most love, my mother? Blue
Superbly shadowed like her hood,
Or blazing, like her peacock? — hue
Of dawn or wine, or purple silk
With foamy fringes white as milk?
There is a gray-green, much her mood
In early Spring. — Nay, I must go
And ask the sea-nymphs. They will know.

SEA-NYMPHS SINGING

Mother Ceres' daughter
Straying down the shore,
Brings with her a beauty
Never known before.
(Who had heard, until she came,
Such a ripple of a name?)

PROSERPINA

I hear them singing on the shore,
My little sisters of the sea!

Surely I can return before
The golden lonesome afternoon
Leans toward the dusk?

I shall come soon

*And weave a miracle for thee,
My mother, out of showered light
Upon great waters: and to-night,
Give thee my tapestry of dreams,
And sing thee what the sisters sing.*

— Too bright the sea! Unreal it seems,
And so aloof, I hardly know,
With all its glory changing so,
How I dare try embroidering —
Oh, they are there, all wet and cool
From out the foam, and beautiful!

SEA-NYMPHS SINGING

Is there any flower
Delicate as she?
Only tender-breathing
Sea-anemone.
(Maidens, was there ever heard
Such a little limpid word?)

PROSERPINA

Laugh, laugh again, for I so love
Your glittering laughter in the sun,
Like sudden wave-crests fashioned of
Bubbles and rainbows! Did you say
Nobody knew you came away?
Then I am not the only one
Truant along these yellow sands!
(How soft your little starfish hands!)
Now tell me, darlings, is it true
You travel far within the sea,
And drive the dolphins two and two?

And are there islands rooted deep,
That you must scale like mountains steep,
To find out what their names may be?
(*I* made an island, once, a shore
Dazzled with surf.) — Oh, tell me more!

SEA-NYMPHS

Fair the clustered islands,
Deep the coral wells!
You who bring us flowers,
Do you like our shells?
These, all jeweled, only grow
On an island that we know.

Who has felt its beauty
Cannot go away.
It is like a crystal
Irisèd in bright spray —
There is untold mystery
In the islands of the sea!

One is all a garden,
One has sands of gold.
One is built of silver:
One is very old,
Made of coral and most fair.
One conceals the GORGONS' lair.

Shells of many islands
Blossoming from foam,
See, they make a necklace!
Will you wear it home?
Asphodels are sweet, but ours
Are the everlasting flowers.

PROSERPINA

And I shall keep them evermore!
 But in the April-colored mead
 Beyond the crescent of the shore,
 There are such lilies! Let me get
 Enough of them, with violet
 And hyacinth as I may need,
 To make you each a coronal!
 You will not have to wait at all,
 They are so many, and so sweet!
 Throw me your little dripping kiss!
 Look, there are wings upon my feet,
 Wait for me! —

(Alone)

(Now, you asphodels,
Rose-lined and petaled like sea-shells,
Could any fate be strange as this —
The nymphs' green tresses to confine,
And plunge full fathom-deep in brine?)

I never thought to make them say
 The wisest color for my sea!
 Corn-flower blue it was to-day,
 And veined with topaz — If I go
 Much farther, now the sun is low,
 The sisters will not wait for me.
 But April only once a year
 Comes true! — What loveliness is here —
 These unknown flowers waxen-white,
 That glimmer in a starry crowd
 A-shiver with their own delight?
 Mother must tell me. — Are they real?
 Whence the sharp terror that I feel?
Dread Darkness — art thou god or cloud
Enfolding me?

My mother, oh,
Hear thou, and make him let me go!

SEA-NYMPHS SINGING, FAR AWAY

Do you see her coming?

Did you hear her call?

There is sudden menace

In the sky, and all

The bright waters have gone gray.

Little friend, we dare not stay!

THE FRIENDLESS MAJORITY

BY O. W. FIRKINS

IN these days any one with a pity for outcasts cannot fail to sympathize with the friendless majority. Emerson with his epochal 'Self-Reliance,' Renan with his victorious 'Caliban,' Ibsen with his scornful 'Enemy of the People,' have made abuse of the majority a favorite — almost a *popular* — recreation, and able speakers to-day find no difficulty in proving the unworthiness of the larger human aggregates to the satisfaction of from two thirds to nine tenths of the responsive audience. Personally, I always disliked the majority, as long as the crowd was on its side, but I find that it tends to grow interesting, almost sympathetic, in the hour of its rejection and abandonment. I still like to hear our nobler youth urged to rebel against the despotism of social usage or political inertia, but, as philosopher, I suspect that, in the great cyclic process of man versus men, the verdict is sometimes given a little too hastily and absolutely for the plaintiff. When Mrs. Grundy herself is sent to Coventry, human nature cannot repress a smile, but society at large is a

bigger thing than Mrs. Grundy, and the right of mankind to be heard in its own defense may be conceded by the most spleenful of individualists.

I wonder if the censors of the majority — commonly indebted to its homes, its schools, its churches, for the training of that intelligence and conscience with which they rule its institutions fore and aft — have ever stopped to imagine the consequences of the relaxing on all sides of that respect for the opinions of mankind which — let us frankly confess — so often obstructs and retards the progress of particular reforms. Genius would be liberated? Yes; if we are willing to compliment the majority to the extent of admitting its capacity to bridle even genius. But, conceding this capacity, let us remember that the fools would be liberated by the same act, and the proportion of geniuses to fools in this inequitable planet is not of a kind to confirm hope in the optimistic reformer. Open the doors of your penitentiary, and you may possibly release a Giordano Bruno or John Brown of Ossawatomie (though the

likelihood of such result is inappreciable), and you will very certainly cast out into the world some hundreds of forgers, embezzlers, and assassins.

If you wish to ignore that particular embodiment of social opinion which is called law and has clubs and gallows and electricity on its side, the case is quite as clear where the application of the social influence is merely psychological. Release a given social assemblage from adherence to the manners of the day, and, for one person in whom an original thought or generous act is set free, there will be fifty in whom the same license will unbind an act of greed, an ineptitude, a frivolity, or an impertinence.

These things are interferences with progress, obstructions to true life, and when we reflect that the normal effect of social disfavor is not to prevent but simply to defer the accomplishment of great reforms, it requires some courage to assert that the postponement of the good is too high a price to pay for the suppression of the evil.

Society need not follow the counsel of imbeciles. Granted: but the time lost in convincing them of the hopelessness of their projects is time that can be ill spared from tillage and shoemaking and leechcraft. You may be proof against the importunities of the sly agent, but if you had to walk to your threshold fifty times a day even for the purpose of shutting the door in his face, the consumption of your time would hurt your business. Nuisances are plentiful, in spite of all restraints; most of us would like to be 'cranks' if the social penalties were removed; and the one thing that keeps the breed from multiplying to ten times its present strength is the odium inseparable from the name.

The truth is that imitation, with the docility which is its source, secures to the dullards and the weaklings a vir-

tual participation in the good sense and right feeling of the wiser few. Men are kept orderly, clean, and decent through the strength of this obsequiousness to social opinion which the prophets of individualism are in such haste to deplore. The social code no doubt always involves much inadequacy, much stupidity, some hypocrisy, and some wickedness; but, taken by and large, the average of its prescriptions has probably been higher in every age than the average of undirected and unfettered individual impulse. Many of the things embodied in that wide-ranging, multifarious thing called the sense of the community are undoubtedly right, since they were once the distinctions of heroic minorities or the discoveries of fearless individuals.

It is the poor scoured majority indeed that supports the right of free speech, in the strength of which its ungrateful assailants address themselves to the task of its flagellation. While reformers are hot in affirmations of its stupidity, the purblind thing almost justifies their censures by the absurd magnanimity with which it protects their lives, defends their property, counts their votes, or transports their diatribes against itself with unerring precision in its hospitable mail-bags. The majority learns slowly, it is true, and the minority feels in its presence the same impatience which the bright lad in the district school exhibits when the sturdy bumpkin at his side spells out his words with stolid persistence from the tattered reading-book. But the bumpkin has an excellent memory, and may be pardoned for a little honest bewilderment when his teachers change their mind.

Men fail to see the value of consolidation in a race, a nation, or a party. The Germans love music as a people, the French literature, the English liberty, in the same way; the nationality,

the solidarity, of the support accorded to the chosen ideal reinforces its grip upon every individual. The love of music, of literature, of liberty, is fortified in each instance by that much-decried but mighty force, the love of agreement. Even reformers are glad to touch men on what we may call their corporate or federal side. The abolitionist, the single-tax man, appeals to *common* justice, to *common* humanity; he invokes not merely the voice of the individual conscience, but the immemorial concurrence of men in high principles, in the support of which their wish to stand well with one another is inextricably bound up with their personal loyalty to right and justice.

What is the first act of a revolting minority? To organize; that is, to profit by men's wish to stand together; the very principle which, incarnate in the unsympathetic majority, is for the moment defeating their own project. Indeed, the closeness of the tie which unites the members of small sects is commonly the force that nerves them to endure their segregation from the people at large. It is a curious fact that, to persuade men to rebel, the first step is, necessarily, to render them docile. Men are opportunist even in their vilifications of majorities. What recognition has the reformer for the individualism that *opposes* his measure? What censures has he for the gregariousness which rallies ultimately to its support? The propagandists view the mental independence of their fellows in the same light in which the United States viewed the independence of Texas,—as the needful preliminary to annexation.

The solidarity of mankind lightens the task of the reformer by simplifying the argument of his opponents. Here are fifty million people, possibly, committed to the repression of socialism: but among all the fifty millions there are not more than half a dozen reasons

and two or three feelings. It is clear that the paucity of objections greatly simplifies the intellectual problem of the socialist agitator. If there were fifty million reasons — the mind shudders at the possibility.

There have been periods in history such as the Stephen Marcel régime in France, the period of the Long Parliament in England, and the reign of Joseph II in Austria, when the bonds of precedent were relaxed and the facility and fecundity of reform were unexampled. What was the issue of this accelerated progress? The reforms disappeared with the celerity of a gamester's winnings. In these matters, you have to choose between the nail, hard to drive but practically irremovable, and the pin, yielding itself equally to insertion or displacement. The abolition of chattel slavery is fixed with adamantine permanence to-day by that very tenacity and solidarity of mankind which offered such stubborn resistance to its triumph. Cannot the opposition to the industrial slavery of the present hour well afford to undergo a similar probation in the foresight of an equal guarantee? Is not England, obtuse and obstinate but unshakable, better in these respects than France, responsive and plastic but unsure? Because removal from one dwelling-house to another is sometimes necessary and always troublesome, shall society live in a wagon? Do not be too impatient, O panting reformer, of the stupidity that postpones the victory of your plans; to-morrow it will be defending your conquest more effectually than your own wisdom!

There is another consideration which should temper the complaints which the meliorists direct against the inertia of society. In a social organism where all the parts were centrifugal, individuality would have no significance, no eminence, no prestige. The heretic should not cry out too savagely against

that orthodoxy which supplies him with a vocation. The leaven is more active than the dough, but it cannot decently complain of the dough, which provides both an occasion for its use and an advertisement of its power, without which indeed it would be nothing but an ineffectual and acrid ferment. If it objects that the dough is too tardy and backward in yielding to its solicitations, might not that good creature reply with some plausibility that this delay was the most caustic of comments on the effectiveness of the yeast? The kindlings are slow to ignite: may it not be the phosphorus instead of the shavings that is wet?

What is the inertness of the majority but a louder summons and more insistent challenge to the energy and constancy of the prophets of the truth? In an age of narrowing adventure and multiplying securities, would we remove, even if we could, any of those social rigors and asperities which constitute almost our sole remaining warrant that heroism shall not perish from the earth? Would we consent to obliterate at one stroke the long anguish and infamy of the anti-slavery conflict in the United States, if the act of effacement embraced in its sweep the mem-

ory of Garrison and Phillips, of Lovejoy and John Brown, of the Gettysburg Address, the 'Laus Deo,' and the 'Commemoration Ode'? Better obloquy with its attendant and compensatory glories than the listless neutrality which effaces both.

I am not fond of the companionship of majorities: they are massive, they are phlegmatic; in social intercourse they fail to shine. For personal delectation give me a rebel,—a species which I like well enough to feel kindly disposed toward the social conditions which insure his emergence and affirm his usefulness. I am angry with rebels only when they want to rebuild the universe on a plan which leaves no room in the edifice for their own accommodation. Look at the summary of the desiderata: namely, the virtual certainty of the ultimate success of any high cause, a virtual guarantee of permanence to that success, a degree of difficulty and delay which insures the elimination of those spurious reforms which fail to command the perseverance and fortitude of their adherents, and, lastly, a standing appeal to those capacities for heroism that lie dormant in mankind. What more could we ask, and what else do we have?

GRANDFATHER CRANE INVOKES THE AID OF SORCERY

BY VIRGINIA BAKER

I

GRANDFATHER CRANE sat beside the kitchen fire. It was a midsummer afternoon, but he was wrapped in a quilted double-gown of green and yellow chintz and wore a red bandanna handkerchief twisted about his head. His feet were encased in home-made moccasins of thick felt.

The walnut logs, piled high on the iron fire-dogs, blazed and sputtered merrily, filling the room with stifling heat. At one side of the fireplace a couple of eels hung from a stout hook driven in between the bricks. They were long, fat eels and, as they slowly roasted, they exuded drops of oil which fell into a skillet placed on the hearth beneath them. Every now and then Grandfather Crane leaned forward in his high-backed chair and turned the eels about.

'Hey, Ezry, what ye a-concoctin' now?'

A man thrust his body half-way through a window at the side of the room. He was a short, stout, elderly man with a ruddy, good-natured face. He peered at the skillet curiously.

'I'm a-tryin' eel grease fer my j'ints,' Grandfather Crane replied, moving his chair so as to face his visitor. 'I affirm I believe thath thar's vartue in it, Simyun.'

Simeon Sims raised his eyebrows.

'Land of Goshen, Ezry, I thought ye was rubbin' yerself with turkle ile,' he

said. 'Moses Spicer's young ones told me, a spell ago, that they was kitchin' mud turkle for ye by the dozen.'

'They was, but I've gin the critters up,' Grandfather rejoined. 'The turkle is a cold-blooded animile, an' I affirm his juices wasn't warmin' enough fer sech knees ez mine. I'm dretful stiff an' I need suthin' heatin'. I've jest begun ter try eels an' I think they're goin' ter prove some ben'ficial.'

Mr. Sims removed his hat and fanned his face briskly.

'By hicky, Ezry,' he ejaculated, 'ye're hotter'n Apollyon's brimstun porridge in thar. I dunno how Leander stan's it arfter workin' out in the sun all day. I dunno how ye stan' it, yerself.'

'I ain't never warm,' Grandfather answered. 'I got a woolen weskit under this gownd. Ez fer Leander, he's got ter stan' it. I trained him ter respect the weakness of ole age. I never cal'lated ter let him ride over my head. I affirm I begun a-dis'plinin' him when his payrents died an' he come ter live with me.'

'Oh, of course Leander'll put up with all yer notions,' Simeon responded. 'But hain't ye afraid there'll be trouble when he gits married? Gran'darters-in-law ain't jest like gran'sons. They're liable ter up an' change things round.'

'I ain't skeered of bein' bothered by no gran'darters-in-law,' Grandfather returned. 'Leander is bound ter be a

bachelder. He comes of stock that runs ter bachelors. Ye know yerself, Simyun, that out of five brothers I was the only one that did n't stay single. Ez fur back ez I kin trace there's alwuz ben a mess of bachelors in our fambly. Whatever sot ye ter thinkin' of Leander marryin'?

'Why, nothin',' answered Mr. Sims, 'only that I heered how he keeps a-goin' ter Freetown every week.'

'A-goin' ter Freetown!' Grandfather repeated. 'Why should n't he go ter Freetown? I've got wood-lots over thar an' folks hez ben a-cuttin' hoop-poles off'n 'em lately. Leander goes ter look arfter my propputty.'

Simeon whistled softly.

'Wal, I s'pose ye know best, Ezry, but, 'cordin' ter what I hear, he's lookin' arfter suthin' besides timber when he's over thar. He spares time from contemplatin' trees an' breshwood ter visit that Weeden gal at Assonet Four Corners.'

Grandfather suddenly sat erect.

'Weeden gal!' he cried sharply. 'What Weeden gal? I dunno nothin' 'bout her. None of ole Jed Weeden's stock is she?'

'Jed Weeden's gran'darter,' Mr. Sims replied. 'His son Rufe's darter.'

For a moment Grandfather remained motionless. Then he raised his clenched hands high above his head.

'He shan't marry her!' he shrilled. 'I won't hev nary one of Jed Weeden's breed in my fambly. 'T would be stoopin'! A wuthless tribe, all on 'em! Pore, an' lazy, an' shif'less! Leander hain't a-goin' ter throw himself an' my money away on no sech folks!'

'But r'port says this 'ere Lucreshy is ez smart ez the nex' one,' expostulated Simeon. 'I ben told that she kin turn off more work in a day than ary other woman in Freetown.'

'I don't keer nothin' about what r'port says!' cried Grandfather. 'She's

a Weeden an' that's enough. She'd starve us ter death with pore victuals. Them Weedens never sot a decent table. They dunno what good fodder is. Ole Jed uster kitch skunks, in the fall, an' salt 'em down an' bile 'em with cabbage all winter fer his Sabbath-day dinners. Biled skunk hain't fit ter eat, even when it hain't corned. The right way ter cook a skunk is ter bake it. In my young days, we fellers uster hev skunk suppers at Swansea Village, an' the skunks was alwuz baked. Ye can't tell baked skunk from chicken. I hain't a-goin' ter let Leander git dyspepsy eatin' of salt skunk meat. He shan't marry her.'

Mr. Sims shifted uneasily from one foot to the other.

'Lurdy, Ezry, I'm sorry I mentioned the gal,' he said. 'I should n't, only I kinder wondered ef ye knowed about her. I guess Leander won't thank me fer pokin' my finger inter his pie.'

'I hain't a fool, Simyun,' Grandfather retorted with some asperity. 'I hain't a-goin' ter let on ter Leander that I'm knowin' ter his doin's. How long hez he ben a-sparkin'?'

'Oh, not sech a turrible long spell,' Mr. Sims answered. 'I only heered of it larst week. Now I would n't git all riled up ef I was you. Jest look at things ca'mly.'

'Oh, I'll be ca'm,' said Grandfather. 'Ca'm ez a hornet in winter. But I'll keep up a devil of a thinkin' all the time. I got considerble cog'tatin' ter do in the nex' few hours.'

Mr. Sims withdrew his body from the window.

'Wal, I did n't come over here jest ter peddle gossip,' he rejoined. 'I come ter borry a scythe. There's one in the barn. I kin hev it, I s'pose?'

'Take ary thing ye need,' assented Grandfather. 'The hull kit an' bilin' of tools ef ye d'sire 'em. I'm mighty glad ye happened in ter-day. Fore-

warned is forearmed. Ef ye hear any more news let me know.'

'Sartin,' answered Simeon.

He nodded a farewell and trudged away in the direction of the barn.

As he disappeared from view, Grandfather pushed his chair back to the fireplace and sank into a brooding silence. For more than an hour he sat there, only moving once or twice to turn the eels mechanically. It was not until the clock struck five that he roused from his reverie, his face suddenly illumined.

'Thet's the thing ter do,' he cried exultantly. 'Why did n't I think of Hitty Sharp before? There hain't nothin' airthly kin holp me! I've got ter git afoul of unairthly things ef I don't want my ole age made misserble!'

II

At six o'clock Leander came into the house to prepare supper. He was a tall, stalwart young fellow, with a bronzed face that was pleasant to look at. He uttered an exclamation of surprise as he perceived that the tea-table was already set.

'Why, Grandfather,' he said, 'you must be feeling more comfortable than you did this noon.'

'I affairm I've ben ez chipper ez a brown thrasher all the arfnernoon,' Grandfather responded. 'Thet doset of eel grease I applied last night hez limbered me up a considerable. Ye done with the hay, Leander?'

'We got in the last load an hour ago,' the young man answered.

'I'm glad on't,' returned Grandfather. 'I want ye should go ter Ta'nton fer me ter-morrer. I'm goin' ter put that money I got fer that ma'sh land at Touiset inter the bank thar. I hain't a-goin' ter d'posit any more money in the Prov'dence banks at present. It hain't a good plan ter put all

yer eggs in one basket, I don't think. An' I want ye should do some tradin' fer me. I want some neckerchieves, an' some pins, an' some writin' paper, an' a mess of other things. I've got a list of 'em wrote down. An' I want ye should stop in Dighton, on yer way hum, an' call on Cousin David Jillson's folks. I ben hevin' some dreams 'bout 'em, lately, thet I don't like. I kinder think some on 'em is ailin'.'

'It'll be an all-day job,' said Leander hesitatingly. 'I was plannin' to mend the stone wall of the Gate Meadow to-morrow.'

'Thet wall kin wait a while,' Grandfather rejoined. 'T won't do ye no harm ter take a leetle ja'nt, Leander. Ye've ben stickin' ter work pretty clus all summer. I think ye look kinder peaked. An' I be worried regardin' them dreams. David Jillson is a-gittin' on in years. He's considerable older then I be.'

'Oh, of course I'll go,' Leander said hastily. 'Young Mose can do the chores, and I'll get Augusta to help you indoors. You must n't fret about your dreams, because —'

'I don't want Augusty Spicer in my kitchen,' Grandfather interrupted. 'She's slower then a snail, an' ez bunglin' ez a beetle. Ye speak fer Ann Julianna. Ann Julianna is a faculized young one. I want her ez airly ez she kin come.'

After supper Leander walked down to the Spicer farm, returning with the welcome intelligence that Mrs. Spicer would be able to spare Ann Julianna at six o'clock on the morrow.

Promptly at the appointed hour the following morning, Ann Julianna made her appearance in the Crane kitchen. She was a tall, bony child of eleven, with an elderly face and a soldierly carriage. Immediately after hanging up her sunbonnet, she charged upon the breakfast table and, in an incredibly

short time, had the dishes washed, wiped, and placed on parade in the closet. By eight o'clock every article in the house was under strict martial law, and Ann Julianna was seated on the porch steps grimly shelling beans as if she were moulding bullets.

In the meantime Leander had hitched the black colt, 'Yankee Doodle,' to the ancient, high-topped 'shay' rarely used except upon the Sabbath, and, arrayed in his 'meetin' clothes,' now started forth on his journey. From the kitchen window Grandfather watched the venerable equipage until it disappeared from view. Then he summoned Ann Julianna from her task.

'I want ye should go up ter Sims's place an' tell Simyun ter fetch his team here ez soon ez he kin,' he said. 'Tell him my need on't is urgent. I'm obleeged ter make a journey.'

If Ann Julianna experienced surprise at this command from the invalid she evinced none. She sprang to her feet, saluted, wheeled about with a click of her heels, and stalked down the steps carrying her folded sunbonnet under her arm like a *chapeau bras*.

Grandfather chuckled softly.

'I'll outwit them two turkle-doves yit, ef I be an ole codger,' he murmured.

Three quarters of an hour later Mr. Sims halted his ox-team at the gate of the Crane barnyard. Presently Grandfather came across the yard, followed by Ann Julianna bearing a kitchen chair. Grandfather wore a thick brown shawl pinned over his double-gown. His bandanna handkerchief, folded corner-wise, was tied beneath his chin and surmounted by an ancient hat of white wool.

Simeon mopped the perspiration from his forehead.

'Cal'latin' ter make a v'yage ter Greenland?' he inquired jocosely.

'I'll tell ye where I'm goin' arfter

we git started,' Grandfather returned. 'Set that cheer clus ter the cart, Ann Julianna. No, Simyun, I affairm I kin manage ter h'ist myself in without yer holp.'

'Why Lurdy me, Ezry, I sh'd hope ye could,' responded Mr. Sims. 'Ye ain't ole enough ter be holpless quite yit.'

Grandfather paused, one foot in the chair, the other in the cart.

'Ain't ole?' he cried indignantly. 'I guess ye don't study yer Bible, Simyun. That tells ye that the days of a man is three-score year an' ten. How fur off be I from that age? Ain't I goin' on sixty-nine?'

'Wal, wal, don't less quarrel,' said Simeon. 'Ef ye want ter 'magine yer Methusaly's twin brother I dunno ez I hev ary p'ticler objection.'

The invalid made no reply, but drew his other foot into the cart and seated himself upon the chair which Simeon lifted up to him. Dismissed by a wave of his hand, Ann Julianna again saluted and marched back to the house, where she at once commenced a deadly onslaught, with soft soap and a very stiff scrubbing-brush, upon the porch steps.

'Wal, now thath tha female minuteman hez gone, mebbe ye'll tell me where ye want ter travel,' observed Mr. Sims.

'I want ye should take me over ter Hitty Sharp's house,' said Grandfather. 'I affairm, ef anybuddy kin break up Leander's match, it's Hitty.'

Mr. Sims surveyed his passenger with a dismayed countenance.

'Hitty Sharp!' he repeated. 'Why, she's one third Nigger, one third Injun, an' t'other third devil. Ef ye want ter c'nsult a witch, why don't ye go ter Rehoboth an see Poll Jinkins? Polly's a white woman ef she does hev dealin's with the Ole Harry.'

'I ain't goin' a-nigh Poll Jinkins,' Grandfather replied. 'She ain't wuth

a bean ez a witch. When the Fiske boys quarreled 'bout the ole man's will, Jerry hired Poll ter cuss 'Zekiel's farm. But, Lurdy, she could n't do it. Ev'ry bit of gardin truck that 'Zekiel planted that spring growed like pussley. Then Jerry went ter Hitty an' she done the job fer him. Thar warn't a durned thing on his hull place that she did n't spile 'cept his onions. But Hitty owned up that thar hain't no magic known powerful 'nough ter kill onions. I tell ye Hitty onderstan's her business. She kin do anything.'

'I know she kin,' Simeon responded dubiously. 'Ole Ginaler Lyman, down ter Warren, asked her 'bout his brig, the Peggy an' Sally, which was overdue a fortnit, bein' she was becalmed in the horse lat'tudes. Hit tuk the figger of a bumble bee, an' off she went ter sea, raisin' a devil of a gale ter carry her along. Wal, the fust thing the crew of the Peggy an' Sally seen, arfter the hurricane struck 'em, was that monstrous insec' a-buzzin' in the riggin'. They reckernized Hit, ter once, by the whites of her eyes. She liked ter hev shipwrecked 'em with that storm. When the brig got back ter Warren, Cap'n Hill tolle the gineral that he would n't sail fer him unless he'd promise never ter send Hit humbuzzin' 'round the Atlantic agin. Ef ye'll hear ter me, Ezry, ye'll keep clear of Hit Sharp. She's a dangerous critter ter hev dealin's with.'

'Ye start them cattle up, Simyun,' Grandfather said calmly. 'I hain't scart of Hitty. I know she's a powerful sorc'ress, but that's the kind I need. Ef matches is made in heaven, it follers that it takes considerable inflorence from the other place ter break 'em up. Start them cattle along.'

Mr. Sims, with visible unwillingness, cracked the long cowhide lash of his whip and the oxen, obedient to the signal, began to move slowly down the

winding road. Grandfather settled back in his chair and surveyed the landscape. He had not ventured beyond the limits of his farm for three months.

It was a typical July morning. The leaves hung motionless on tree and shrub. Bees hummed drowsily among the wayside flowers. In the distance a solitary crow cawed discontentedly. The white road glared in the scorching sunlight, and little puffs of dust rose under the hoofs of the oxen. Grandfather drew his shawl more closely about him. He was afraid of taking cold.

Simeon trudged along, swinging his whip, and occasionally uttering an admonitory 'Gee,' or 'Haw.' The cart creaked and groaned as it lurched over the uneven ground. It was a rather lonely road, and the turnout attracted considerable attention as it passed the few farms situated upon it. Men at work in the hayfields paused and, leaning on their rakes, exclaimed, 'I swan! Ef thar ain't Gran'father Crane!' A round-eyed urchin, swinging on a gate, called excitedly to his mother, 'Ma, Ma, Ole King Cole is a-goin' by, settin' on his throne an' drawed by oxen!'

From the Crane farm at 'Luther's Corners' to the home of Hitty Sharp at 'King's Rocks' was a distance of several miles. It was past eleven o'clock when Simeon brought his beasts to a standstill before the humble cottage of the sorceress. Grandfather descended from the cart to the chair, and from the chair to the ground, and walked stiffly up the quahaug-shell-bordered path which led to the house door. As he reached the steps the witch appeared on the threshold.

She was a little, strange-looking old woman, with keen, beady eyes and a mysterious smile. She might have been seventy years old, but appeared scarcely less than a hundred, so wrinkled was her dusky face, so bent and withered

her figure. She beckoned to her visitor with one claw-like hand.

'I viewed ye in a dream last night,' she said solemnly, 'and so I know ye be in trouble. But fear not. I can give ye aid.'

'I'm mighty glad ter hear ye say that,' Grandfather replied in a tone of relief, 'fer I affairm, Hitty, I need yer help the wuss kind.'

He nodded reassuringly to Simeon and entered the house, the witch carefully closing the door after him. Mr. Sims sat down beneath the shade of a spreading oak tree on the opposite side of the road. Presently a large black cat established himself on the cottage steps and fixed his great yellow eyes on the ox-team and its owner. Simeon grew nervous under the animal's scrutiny.

'Now I wonder ef he's a-plottin' deviltry,' he muttered uneasily. 'Lurd! I never seen sech a stuny stare. I b'lieve the critter knows that I advised Ezry not ter c'nsult Hit.'

Mr. Sims tried to whistle carelessly and to become interested in the labors of a colony of black ants near by, but in vain. Like lodestones, the orbs of the cat drew his eyes away from other objects. For three quarters of an hour the man and the animal gazed at each other, the one sphinx-like and motionless, the other agitated and perspiring. Simeon was greatly relieved when, at last, Grandfather appeared in the doorway and the creature vanished around a corner of the house.

Grandfather bore a bottle in his hand. He shook it exultantly as he crossed the road.

'Hey, Simyun,' he cried. 'I got the stuff now! This'll stop the billin' an' cooin'.'

Mr. Sims looked suspiciously at the yellowish, transparent liquid with which the phial was filled.

'What's it made of?' he queried.

'I dunno what it's made of an' I

affairm I don't keer,' Grandfather replied. 'It's a philter ter make Leander hate, instid of love, that hussy over ter Freetown. Seven drops in Leander's coffee, three times a day, will do the job.'

'How d'ye know it won't p'ison him?' Simeon questioned doubtfully.

'P'ison be durned!' Grandfather retorted impatiently. 'Here, take a smell on 't.'

He drew out the stopper and placed the bottle under Mr. Sims's nostrils. Simeon sniffed at it hesitatingly. Then he sniffed again.

'Smells ter me like merlasses an' water,' he said.

'There is merlasses in it ter kill the scent of the other ingrejents,' Grandfather replied. 'I s'pose likely there's powdered toads, an' nightshade, an' sech stuff, but Hitty's fixed it so's it won't kill. Now less be gittin' hum. Ann Julianna'll hev a coonpion fit of them beans gits cold.'

He clambered into the cart, and Simeon cracked his whip loudly. The oxen immediately started off at such a brisk pace that their owner had difficulty in keeping up with them. They were young animals, not fully accustomed to the yoke. Moreover they were hungry and realized that their faces were turned homeward. Presently they began to trot. Simeon followed as rapidly as his heavy boots would permit, but he was quickly outdistanced, and his loud shouts only served to increase the excitement of the pair. Grandfather clung wildly to the sides of the cart as it lurched and bounced. Far ahead, the road made a sudden turn. On and on dashed the oxen, and, as they plunged around the curve, the chair and its occupant were hurled violently to the ground.

When Simeon, panting and terrified, reached the scene of the disaster, he found Grandfather seated by the road-

side. A comely, middle-aged woman and a fair-faced girl were bending over him. The woman was bathing his forehead with water, while the girl waved a fan of turkey feathers before his pale face. The oxen were nowhere visible.

'I affairm I hain't hurt a mite, Simyun,' Grandfather exclaimed. 'My gownd and shawl bruk the force of the fall. Whar them confounded critters be, I dunno.'

'It's nothin' less then a merricle,' declared the woman. 'T was his age saved him, I'm shore. Ef he'd ben an ole man he'd likely hev broke suthin'. Ole folks' bones is so brittle.'

'H'm,' said Grandfather. 'How be we a-goin' ter git hum?'

'You kin borry our hoss an' wagon,' the woman returned. 'Esther will hitch it right up. We live in that house down yander.'

The girl dropped the fan and started off in the direction of the house indicated. Mr. Sims followed her. He was anxious to discover the whereabouts of his team. When he and Esther returned with the wagon, they found Grandfather regaling himself with a generous plate of apple turnovers and cheese. Another plate awaited Simeon, but he was too greatly agitated to feel hunger.

'I'm shore I can't tell how much obleeged ter ye we be,' Mis' Clapp,' Grandfather said as he climbed into the wagon. 'I'll send back yer team jest ez soon's possible. I shan't fergit what good S'maritans ye an' yer darter be.'

He looked back with a farewell smile as Simeon gathered up the reins and clucked to the ancient sorrel horse.

'Who be they?' inquired Mr. Sims. 'I heerd that some women hed took the ole Dorman place.'

'She's a widder from Tiverton,' Grandfather answered, 'an' that gal is

her only child. Hiram Greene is a-runnin' the farm fer her on shares.'

'The gal's a mighty pooty little creature,' observed Simeon.

'H'm,' returned Grandfather. 'I affairm the mother must a-ben some considerble harnsomer in her young days. A mighty pleasant-spoken, sensible woman.'

'Wal, she did n't take ye fer none of Methusaly's kin,' said Simeon dryly.

Grandfather made no reply to this remark, and Mr. Sims's thoughts reverted to his team.

'I swow I b'lieve that cat of Hit's bewitched them cattle,' he suddenly exclaimed. 'He sot an' eyed 'em all the time you was parleyin' with her. I bet she sent him ter punish me fer talkin' agin her ter you.'

'Like ez not she did,' Grandfather asserted. 'Injun blood is revengeful. But don't ye fret none. Ef ye s'tain ary loss on my account, I'll make things right. I affairm I'd ruther spend my larst dollar then hev Leander git spliced ter a Weeden.'

Mr. Sims's gloomy anticipations were, however, not destined to be realized. As he drove the sorrel horse into the Crane barnyard, Ann Julianna appeared, a stout cudgel, borne musket-wise, across her shoulder.

'They're down in the lane,' she said to Simeon. 'By the time they got here they was sorter tuckered out, so I headed of 'em off.'

'Is the cart broke?' Simeon asked anxiously.

'T ain't hurt a mite,' Ann Julianna responded.

'Wal, I snummy!' Simeon ejaculated. 'Lurd!' he said to Grandfather, as Ann Julianna withdrew, 'that young one is more than a match fer Hit Sharp. The idee of her tacklin' a pair of crazy cattle!'

'Ann Julianna is sartainly faculized,' Grandfather responded.

After Mr. Sims had departed with his now docile team, Grandfather and his assistant had dinner. Ann Julianna ate like a true soldier, preferring a tin cup and plate to china ware. She swallowed her food hastily, as if she expected to be ordered to strike camp and march at any moment.

'I'm a-goin' ter do the dishes,' Grandfather announced when the meal was ended. 'I want ye should drive thet rig back ter Mis' Clapp's. Ye kin hitch ole Whitey ter the waggin an' ride hum on her. An', now I think on't, I ruther guess we'd better not mention my journey ter Leander. He's liable ter worry ef he thinks I'm ja'ntin' 'bout, gittin' throwed outer teams, when his back is turned. An', Ann Julianna, ye kin carry a mess of rozbrys along with ye. Thar ain't nary rozbry bush on the Dorman place. An' be sure an' give my compliments ter Mis' Clapp.'

Ann Julianna, who had stood at attention while her commanding officer was speaking, now said abruptly, 'Husband's ben dead a year. Drincked himself to death. Folks says he was a good reddance.' Then, selecting a basket from a number hanging on the kitchen wall, she marched off to execute the commissions entrusted to her.

Grandfather began to clear the table. Suddenly he paused before a looking-glass that hung above the dresser. For some moments he surveyed critically the reflection of his face.

'Wal, I dunno ez I do look my full age,' he murmured as he turned away. 'I've got my front uppers and unders, an' e'en a'most the hull of my ha'r. I b'lieve the widder did take me fer a youngish sort of spark.'

Leander returned home late in the afternoon, bringing various purchases, and, also, news of cheer from Dighton. David Jillson was hale and hearty, and

all the members of his family were enjoying the best of health.

'I declare, Grandfather, I believe it does you good to have me out of the way once in a while,' the young man said smilingly. 'You look twenty years younger than you did this morning.'

'Eel grease! Eel grease!' Grandfather returned. 'I hain't shore thet I shan't git ter be ez spry ez ever I was ef I keep on usin' of it. I affairm I might hev an'nted myself with turkle ile a year an' not got a quarter ez limber ez I be arfter tryin' eels these two days.'

III

A fortnight elapsed ere Mr. Sims again visited the Crane farm. Various things conspired to detain him at home. First his hired man was taken ill, next some relatives from 'down east' paid him an unexpected visit, then he was obliged to shingle his hen-house. When at last, one warm afternoon, he looked in at the door of Grandfather's kitchen, he could scarcely believe the evidence of his own senses.

No fire blazed on the ample hearth. Grandfather's armchair was drawn up beside an open window, and Grandfather, in his shirt-sleeves, was softly whistling 'Money Musk' as he sat busily engaged in sorting gayly colored pins into little piles on the window-seat.

'Wal, dance my buttons!' ejaculated Simeon. He leaned against the door jamb overpowered by the spectacle before him.

Grandfather looked up.

'Hullo, Simyun,' he exclaimed cheerfully. 'I begun ter think thet Hitty's cat hed kerried ye off ter the infarnal rejins.'

'What on airth be ye doin'?' Simeon inquired. 'Goin' ter sot up ez a tailor?'

'I'm goin' ter fix a lemon fer luck,' Grandfather answered. 'My gran'mother alwuz uster keep a lemon stuck

full of colored pins ter fetch her good luck. I affairm it's handy ter hev one on 'em in the house.'

Why, ain't thet charm workin'?' inquired Mr. Sims.

'Oh, Lurdy, yes,' Grandfather replied. 'Jest like a merricle. I hed n't gin Leander but three dosetins afore he up an' said thet he was n't goin' ter Freetown no more. Said he'd made 'rangements ter hev Tim'thy Lake, over thar, notify him of them thieves cut down any more hoop-poles. I told ye Hitty'd fix things fer me.'

Mr. Sims opened his mouth and then suddenly closed it. Again he opened it, only to close it once more.

Grandfather surveyed his visitor's strange facial contortions with surprise not unmingled with impatience.

'What be ye champin' yer teeth that-a-way fer?' he demanded. 'I affairm I should think thet I was a mush-rat an' yer jaws was a trap a-tryin' ter kitch me. Hev ye got a jumpin' mill-tooth?'

'My teeth is all right,' Simeon returned in some embarrassment. 'I was goin' ter r'mark thet ye don't seem ter be any wuss fer yer upset.'

'Me wuss?' Grandfather chortled blithely. 'I'm a durned sight better'n I've ben in twenty years. Eel grease, eel grease, Simyun! It's a-makin' of me young agin.'

'I'm glad 't is,' said Mr. Sims. He turned abruptly. 'Wal, good day, Ezry. I'm on my way ter the blacksmith's shop. Thought I'd stop an' see how ye was farin''. Not waiting for a reply, he walked quickly away.

Grandfather shook his head as he looked after him.

'Should n't wonder ef he'd hed a slight sunstroke,' he murmured. 'Never knowed him ter act so durned narvous afore. Whar in tarnation is Ann Julianna? She's an almighty long time makin' the trip ter-day.'

Mr. Sims, after his hasty departure, did not return to the highway by which he had reached the Crane farm; but, passing through the barnyard, struck into a 'cross-lot' path which led him over a couple of meadows to a tract of woodland. As he reached the edge of this tract, he heard the sound of voices and, peering through the underbrush, beheld Leander and Ann Julianna standing side by side beneath a clump of pine trees.

Simeon was about to continue on his way when Ann Julianna discharged a volley of statements which, piercing his comprehension, held him transfixed with amazement.

'I jest come from Mis' Clapp's,' said Ann Julianna. 'Kerried her yer gran-father's best snuff-box. The one with Gin'ral Washin'ton's pictur on the kiver. Thet box was full of love-snuff. I got it, yesterdy, from Hitty Sharp fer him. Could n't git a chance ter tell ye 'bout it las' night.'

Leander bent forward eagerly.

'Did she accept it, Ann Julianna?' he demanded.

Ann Julianna gave a sniff that sounded like the snap of a trigger.

'Accept it? I ruther guess she did! Took a pinch of it ter once. She knowed what 't was well 'nough. Any woman, 'specially a widder woman, knows thet when a man gives her snuff it's gin' rally love-snuff.'

Leander knitted his brow thoughtfully.

'He probably won't pop the question till he thinks the snuff has had time to work,' he said.

'Hitty allowed 't would take a week ter git from the head ter the heart,' rejoined Ann Julianna. 'But bless yer stars, Leander, Mis' Clapp don't need no witch-work ter make her fancy yer gran'father. She's ben ready ter marry him ever sence them cattle dumped him an' his kitchen cheer head over

heels at her feet. Ter-morrer I've got ter go ter Hitty agin. This time it's fer a charm ter make ye fall in love with Esther. Yer gran'father's sot on hevin' her fer a step-darter an' a gran'-darter-in-law, too.'

Leander gazed at his companion in astonishment. Then he burst into a peal of hearty laughter.

'Sh-h,' cautioned Ann Julianna. 'I've ben gone a long time an', like ez not, he's out lookin' fer me. I better go now.'

As she spoke she began to creep cautiously along a narrow foot path, peering through the bushes with the wary eyes of a scout. Leander smothered his mirth and, shouldering an axe that lay on the ground, strode away in an opposite direction.

Mr. Sims sank down on a fallen tree trunk.

'I knowed it!' he exclaimed hoarsely. 'I knowed thet ef Ezry hed ary dealin's with Hit Sharp she'd cut him a caper. I warned him, but he would n't hear ter me a secont. Massiful George! Ter think of him a-plannin' ter marry Mis' Clapp. Eel grease! Sweet ile of widder's tongue is the name of the rem'dy thet's made him young agin.'

He drew a handkerchief from his pocket and wiped the beads of perspiration from his forehead.

'What'd I oughter do?' he ruminated anxiously. 'I come nigh a-tellin' ter-day, an' I should ef I hed n't ben afeered Hit an' her cat might do me a harm. When I thought how mad they'd be, my tongue cluy ter the ruff of my mouth. An' yit, here's Ezry a-stannin' right afoul of a turrible dangerous pit, an' there don't seem ter be nobuddy ter yank him off'n the aidge but me. I dunno what I be a-goin' ter do.'

He rose heavily to his feet and again plodded on his way.

During the following week Simeon

Sims was a very unhappy man. His appetite deserted him and sleep refused to visit his pillow. Mrs. Sims, considering that he had 'a tech of hypochondry,' brewed various doses of 'arb drink,' all of which he swallowed uncomplainingly, for not even to his wife could he unburden his tortured soul. But a reaction came, at last, as it usually does come. On the sixth morning, after a restless, nightmare-haunted night, he arose, pale and haggard, but with the exalted look of a hero on his face.

'I'm a-goin' ter tell him,' he exclaimed. 'T ain't neighborly, ner Christian-like, ter keep silunt. An', ef Hit injures me, I got ter stan' it like ary other martyr.'

Leander had just started down the road to pasture the cows when Simeon reached the Crane barnyard. Long before he opened the gate he was startled by the deep bass tones of Grandfather's voice as they boomed melodiously upon the still summer air.

'Ef a buddy meet a buddy
A-comin' thr-rough the rye,
Ef a buddy kiss a buddy
Need a buddy cr-ry ?'

'Gosh all hemlock!' murmured Simeon, 'I'm afeered I'm too late.'

'Ev'ry lassie hez her laddie,
None, they say, hev —'

The ballad ceased suddenly as the spectre-like face of his visitor appeared before Grandfather's vision.

'Cricky!' cried the startled singer. 'What's the matter? Is your barn burnt down?'

Mr. Sims walked into the kitchen.

'Ezry,' he said solemnly, 'I think it's my duty ter tell ye suthin' thet hez laid like a stun on my mind ever sence I heered it. I tried ter tell ye las' week, but I was helt back from doin' it. Yer tryin' ter spark the Widder Clapp. Wal, the Widder Clapp is ole Jed

Weeden's youngest darter. She come here from Tiverton because she married a Tiverton man. An' her darter Esther is the gal that Leander's ben a-wantin' all along. Folks said he was arfter Rufe Weeden's darter Lucreshy, but they was mistaken. He was runnin' over ter Freetown ter see this Esther who was visitin' Lucreshy. I proph'sied that Hit Sharp would work more evil than good on ye, an' my proph'ey hez come true.'

Grandfather began to beat up some batter in a bowl that stood on the table.

'Much obleeged ter ye, Simyun, I'm shore,' he replied, 'but I knowed all this before.'

Simeon sat down in a chair suddenly.

'Knowed all this before!' he repeated. 'Knowed all this before!'

'Sartin,' said Grandfather calmly. 'Esther come an' told me four or five days ago. A mighty nice gran'darter-in-law I affairm she'll make. She see that me an' her ma was kinder carstin' sheep's eyes ter one another, an' she knowed, from Leander, that I did n't favor the Weedens none. Leander knowed I never had no opinion of ole Jed. So she come over ter see me, on the sly, an' up an' out with the hull story. Would n't practice no deceit even ter kitch Leander.'

Simeon rubbed his bewildered eyes.

'An' yer a-goin' ter marry Jed Weeden's darter?' he cried.

'I be,' Grandfather answered, stirring the batter briskly.

Mr. Sims groaned.

'Ezry, yer bewitched,' he said huskily. 'Hit Sharp hez d'luded ye with magic. Bimeby ye'll be b'wailin' ter me that she's made a fool of ye.'

'I'll resk it,' Grandfather responded. 'Clarissy — that's 'Mis' Clapp, Mis' Crane that is ter be — is ez fine a woman ez ye'll find in all Bristol County,

or out on't. We're goin' ter hev a double weddin', an' I want ye should come, bein' ez ye hed a hand in makin' the match.'

Mr. Sims made a final effort to break the spell which he was convinced surrounded his friend.

'Ezry,' he said, 'what be ye a-goin' ter do ef yer wife should set out ter bile corned skunk?'

'Taste on't an' see how I like it,' Grandfather returned promptly. 'Clarissy says she thinks I'll relish it. Ann Julianna et some, once, an' she admired it.'

Simeon's righteous wrath burst forth.

'It's a true sayin' that that ain't no fool like an ole fool,' he exclaimed, springing from his chair. 'Hit, an' Leander, an' that Ann Julianna hev all on 'em manouvered ye jest ez they wanted ter. That that Ann Julianna is ez desatiful a little critter ez ever I run across. Ye think she's ben a-workin' in yer in'trust, but I kin tell ye that she was a-holpin' Leander along all she could.'

Grandfather chuckled.

'Ann Julianna is the most faculized young one that I ever see,' he answered. 'I wisht I could send her over ter Europe ter tackle ole Bonnyparty. I ruther guess that she'd out-gin'ral him. Ye don't understand her gifts. An', ez fer Hitty, ef she hain't fetched me good luck I dunno what —'

'I'm a-goin' hum,' interrupted Simeon grimly, 'an' the nex' time that I mix er meddle in ary ole wid'wer's love messes ye jest lemme know it. I'm done with 'em.'

Grandfather followed him to the door.

'I affairm, Simyun,' he said, 'that's the most sensible idee that I've heerd ye advance this mornin'. Wal, good-bye. The weddin' is sot fer the fust day of October.'

LAISSEZ-FAIRE IN RELIGION

BY WASHINGTON GLADDEN

I

I HAVE been greatly interested in an article with this title in a recent magazine,¹ in which the writer seeks to show that there is a glaring logical inconsistency in the conduct of those who favor a large measure of social control in economic affairs, and are less disposed to submit to such control in matters of religion.

He points out that the change from mediæval feudalism to modern industrialism was a change 'from a social concept of life to an individualistic concept of life,' — in Sir Henry Maine's phrase, 'from status to contract.' With this was evolved the doctrine of *Laissez-faire*, enunciated by the economists of the first half of the nineteenth century. Parallel with this he discovers a similar tendency in religion. 'When the rest of thought became individualistic in this way, religion, as one who perceives the unity of life might expect, became individualistic, too. . . . The man who thought that he ought to be allowed by society to do as he saw fit, also, as a matter of course, thought that he should be permitted to believe as he saw fit.'

It may perhaps be questioned whether the tendency to individualism in religion was an outgrowth of the economic tendency. The Reformation considerably antedated the French Revolution, and it might be maintained that the movement in the world of thought was the cause rather than the

effect of the movement in the industrial world.

Not to insist on this, however, it is true that both these movements were taking place simultaneously; that the individual found his importance greatly enhanced, in both the economic and the religious realm, at the end of the eighteenth century. It is also true that this has resulted, in the religious world, in a great multiplication of sects; but the report of this process which the essayist offers is not accurate. 'The one thing,' he says, 'which held people together was their devotion to a common fetish-book, the Bible. When at length modern scientific criticism had torn the Bible from its fetish-throne and restored it to its proper place, the state of religion became plain as a state of anarchy.' The historical fact appears to be quite otherwise. The devotion to a common fetish-book has been the principal cause of the multiplication of sects. They are all based on Biblical interpretation, and all assume Biblical infallibility. Since modern scientific criticism has begun to get a hearing, the tendency to division has been checked, and movements toward unity have been gaining strength.

It is also true that within the last quarter of a century this individualistic philosophy has been subjected to sharp criticism by economists and publicists, and that *Laissez-faire* has ceased to be regarded as a panacea for all social ills. It is becoming evident that the individual does not come to himself in isolation; that, in truth, he

¹ See the *Atlantic* for May, 1914.

lives and moves and has his being in the social group. The philosophy which makes him central is seen to be a defective explanation of the facts of life. For this reason there has been a movement toward a larger measure of social construction. That function of the state which in the preamble of our national constitution is described as the 'promotion of the general welfare,' has been greatly accentuated. In our closely packed urban populations the fact is recognized that not only health and education, but many of the economic needs of life such as water, light, and transportation, are common needs, and can best be supplied by the co-operative action of the community. There is, no doubt, a strong tendency to increase the amount of economic co-operation; this is the socialistic tendency. That there are limits to its successful extension is the belief of many; and if so, the great question of practical statesmanship is the question where the line should be drawn between social co-operation and individual initiative. But that the area of social co-operation has already been greatly extended, and is likely to be still more extended in the future, is not to be disputed.

This process is described as a reaction, — as 'a *return* to a social emphasis.' Is it a reaction? Is it a tendency toward feudalism? With Mr. Ruskin the revolt from *Laissez-faire* took that form; but is it true of those whose sympathies are with progressive or socialistic policies? I do not so understand it. I should doubt if the feudalistic state could rightly be characterized as putting a social emphasis on the facts of life. At any rate we are not going back to any such forms of social control as those which prevailed in Europe two hundred years ago.

The present social movement, as it looks to me, is not a reaction, but an

advance. We are not going back to something we have left behind, we are going forward to something better than we have ever known. Are we not, indeed, proving the truth of the Hegelian triad, — of a progress from simplicity, through complexity, to unity? The status of feudalism has been broken up by the individualism of contract, and that is now being superseded by the higher unity of a true commonwealth.

It may be that there are those among the Socialists who would establish a collectivism so rigid that all individuality would be suppressed; that indeed is the peril to which all socialistic schemes are exposed. That would be practically a return to the status of feudalism. But we may be sure that such a programme as this will not succeed; we shall never relinquish the substance of the freedom we have won. Instead of going back to the uniformity which was secured by the suppression of the individual, we shall go forward, *through the realization of individuality*, to the unity which is won by consenting wills. And the only way in which that unity can be realized, is by the free consent of individuals. It cannot be established by any kind of pressure. Neither the militant suffragettes nor the Industrial Workers of the World can show us the way to it. Their paths lead us straight away from it. Their methods would, indeed, drive us back to the bondage from which we have escaped; but we shall not return.

II

Such seems to me the rationale of progress in the economic realm. Is there, now, any analogy between the movements in this realm, and the movements in the religious realm? It is urged that whereas these movements ought, logically, to go forward *pari passu*, they are in fact failing to keep

step; and that this implies, on the part of those who are trying to keep along with both of them, either muddle-headedness or insincerity. I hear it said that while in economics there is a decided reversion to the principle of social control, in religion that principle is flatly rejected. I read, for instance, in a late periodical, these sentences: 'The strange, the almost startling incongruity about our modern situation is that *the same people who insist on the right of democracy to control all individuals economically, are the very ones who are loudest in their demands that the democracy control no individual religiously.*'

The italics are not mine. Let us consider this. I find myself correctly described as holding in substance both these sets of opinions, and yet I have been, hitherto, wholly unconscious of any incongruity between them, and was not aware that I was 'indulging in one of the most remarkable feats of mental gymnastics ever known in the history of man.'

I should desire, indeed, to phrase a little differently the demand first named. It may be that there are those who insist on the right of democracy to control all individuals in all parts of their economic action, but not many intelligent Socialists make any such demand. We all agree that the democracy shall control us all in some parts of our economic action. The democracy will insist on directing the methods by which some considerable part of our gains shall be spent. It will compel us to pay our taxes. It has always done so. We agree that it has a right to do so. And most of us agree that it may limit considerably the methods by which our gains may be made. It will not permit us to make money by counterfeiting or swindling, or highway robbery, or selling adulterated food.

It is true, however, that most of the action of the democracy referred to,

which touches our economic interests, consists not so much in controlling or attempting to control our economic action, as in providing ways by which we may coöperate, — by organizing for us methods of economic coöperation. The democracy provides for us light, and water, and schools, and parks, and sometimes transportation, at a very reasonable expense; it does not seek to control us in the use of these things; we are free to take them or leave them. Our individual rights do not seem to be in any way impaired by such provision. We are taxed, as I have said, to pay for them; but the tax is only a fragment of what we should have to pay if we provided them for ourselves. *Control* is hardly the right word to describe the action of the democracy toward its citizens in such matters.

Still, I have admitted that the democracy does control and must control a considerable part of the economic action of all its citizens. And I also demand explicitly and stoutly 'that the democracy *control no individual religiously.*' And I am not conscious of standing on my head when I make this assertion; I rather suppose myself to be standing on my feet as solidly as I ever stood. Neither the democracy, nor the aristocracy, nor the monarchy, nor the hierarchy, nor any other power, in earth or heaven or hell, has any right or power to control any man religiously. The right of every man to give account of himself unto God is a right which is not restricted to Socialists or Progressives or Modernists, but is claimed by the vast majority of intelligent people in all Protestant countries. There are few, indeed, of the rulers of civilized lands who do not freely concede this right to all their subjects. They expect to control every man, more or less, economically, but the wisest of them do not expect to control any of them religiously.

'The State,' says Bluntschli, 'is an external organization of the common life. It has organs, therefore, only for things which are externally perceptible, and not for the inner spiritual life which has never manifested itself in words or deeds. It is therefore impossible for the State to embrace all the ends of individual life, because many, and those the most important sides of that life, are concealed from its view and inaccessible to its power. The natural gifts of individuals are wholly independent of the State, which can give neither intelligence to the fool nor courage to the coward, nor sight to the blind. The State has no share in kindling love within the heart; it cannot follow the thought of the student, or correct the errors of tradition. As soon as questions arise about the life, and especially the spiritual life, of individuals, the State finds both its insight and its power hemmed in by limits which it cannot pass.'¹

That principle is firmly impressed on the thought of the age, and is not likely to be disregarded. Whatever the democracy may do or fail to do in the way of controlling individuals economically, it will not venture on the task of controlling them religiously. Nor will it be possible to convince any fairly well-educated democracy that this action involves any serious inconsistency.

III

It is assumed by those who make this criticism that there is also a 'demand for the abolition of dogma,' and that this demand is not consistent with the demand for an increased social emphasis. If by dogma is meant simply a coherent and exact statement of religious truth, it may be questioned whether there is any demand among rational people for the 'abolition' of it.

¹ *The Theory of the State*, p. 304.

Such statements are always desirable, and all thoughtful men are interested in studying and comparing them. Even statements which disagree with our own opinions are valuable as giving the points of view of those who think differently.

If by dogma is meant a formulary of religious belief which is imposed on us by authority, and which we are required to accept under pain of censure or condemnation, then indeed there are many who demand its abolition. The imposition, under penalty, of forms of religious belief, is a procedure which ought always to be resisted, in the interest of a sincere faith. The belief which has been produced by compulsion of any sort is of no religious value. No faith but a spiritual faith can be of any use to any man, and 'where the Spirit of the Lord is there is liberty.' The divine mandate is, 'Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind.' The dogma which comes saying, 'Believe me or be damned,' is an intruder in whose face we may well bar our doors. That is not the divine way of leading men into the knowledge of the truth.

If by dogma is meant a system of religious truth which is fixed, final, 'irreformable,' that, too, is a pretender whose rule we must defy. No such final formulations are possible in a growing church. More light is always breaking forth from God's holy Word, and God's wonderful world, and the creeds must always make room for it.

The one thing which no religious man is justified in believing is that God is making a failure in the government of this world. If He is not making a failure, then the ages as they pass are coming into a larger knowledge of his truth, and

'The thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns.'

And if this is so, then the present age is the one in which his will is most

clearly revealed. Surely we ought not to assume that all that could be made known concerning him was made known in the first century or in the first three centuries, or in the sixteenth century; dogmas which were fixed at any of those dates must need restatement.

It is hardly needful to argue this proposition; a mere glance through the tables of contents of the eight volumes of Harnack's *History of Doctrines*, will make it evident enough that the ages have been constantly modifying the dogmas of the church. There is not one of them which survives to-day with the same significance that it had in the early centuries. And a robust faith rejoices in this splendid development of Christian doctrine, and is ready to make the most of it, and to welcome new manifestations of it, as the years increase.

For the abolition of the dogma which is an iron rule, or a petrified corpse, there is, no doubt, a strong demand to-day. And there is no more general desire to return to the unmodified beliefs of the early centuries than there is to restore feudalism in the economic realm. But I think that in the religious realm, as in the economic, that same triadic movement is in progress, — thesis, antithesis, synthesis, — the movement of religious thought from a uniformity imposed by authority, through a period of individualistic skepticism and denial, to a higher unity of the spirit in which the separated bands will come together with rejoicing. This higher unity will never be secured by a reimposition of the dogmatic formalities of the past; the faith of the new day will find its own forms.

IV

Yet that higher unity will never be achieved by a repudiation of all the pieties of the past. The substance of

the faith will be kept and cherished as a precious inheritance. The forms of the spiritual life change, but the fact abides. The generations are bound together by vital bonds. Radicalism without roots is fruitless. The modernism which has no use for the past is only a little less absurd than the traditionism which finds no revelation in the present. The man who does not know that God in times past spake unto the fathers, and who is not eager to hear the word that came to them, and to lay hold upon the truth which they treasured for us, is ill-prepared to take the truth which at the end of the days is spoken to us. To a mood so shallow and flippant no large revelation is likely to be made. A religion which lacks historical background is like a culture with the same defect; it is apt to be crude and conceited and undevout. The reverent mind is well persuaded

That all of good the past has had
Remains to make our own time glad;
Our common daily life divine,
And every land a Palestine.

On the other hand the religion of the past can never be set up as the Procrustean bed to which the religion of the present must be adjusted. This is the purblind project of most of those who shape the policy of our conservative churches. Not content with gathering out of the past the good which it has saved for us, and letting it blend fruitfully with the good which the present is bringing, they insist on making the thought-forms of antiquity the norm and the gauge of all our thinking; and the symbols by which piety found expression fifteen hundred years ago the standards to which all our utterance must conform. It is pathetic that religion should be subjected to such a crippling regimen. The past is entitled to our reverence, but when it seeks to dominate our thought and life, we are compelled to remember that the pre-

sent and the future also have their rights which must not be ignored, and their gifts which must not be despised. We are heirs of all the ages, and must claim our heritage.

'Is it not time,' we are asked, 'for some hardy souls who fear not popular clamor, to insist that the only kind of religion which is scientific is dogmatic religion, and that the reason that dogmatic religion is scientific is because it is based on the fundamental human law that the experience of the race is vastly more important than that of any individual or of any generation within it?'

This last sentence brings the whole truth into plain sight. 'The experience of the race is vastly more important than that of any individual or of any generation within it.' Nothing can be truer. The experience of the race surely includes the experience of the last century, as well as the first. If there are any who propose to base their religion wholly on the experience of the last century, ignoring those which have preceded it, they are not wise leaders; we need not heed them. But we may with equal wisdom turn a deaf ear to those who insist that the experience of the race was all gathered up into dogmatic formularies which were shaped many centuries ago. What is generally meant by 'dogmatic religion,' is a statement of belief which was fixed far back in the centuries, and ever since has been jealously guarded from change. In this crystallization of dogma the law of growth is ignored. The reason why what is commonly known as dogmatic religion is unscientific is that it sets at nought 'the fundamental human law that the experience of the race is vastly more important than that of any individual or any generation within it.' The experience of the race up to the time of Augustine or of Thomas Aquinas or Luther or Calvin was of

great value, and we are fools to ignore it; but the experience of the race since the last of these men passed to his reward has been of profound significance, and we must find room for it in the statements of our faith.

It is out of the social consciousness, as this argument rightly insists, that our theology must come. It is in and through the social consciousness that God reveals himself. And while the social consciousness of this generation is not sufficient unto itself, and needs to be corrected by the experience of the past, it is yet both reverent and reasonable to say that it is quite as well worth searching for indications of the will of God, as is the social consciousness of the generation of Augustine. There have been great and wonderful disclosures of the truth and love of God in all the generations since that day. The ethical standards have been wonderfully elevated and purified. The ideas of right and wrong have been greatly revised. An ethnic morality has given place to a universal morality. Justice has a connotation unknown to the builders of the ancient creeds. Is it not evident that the theology which was framed by men to whom the Roman principle of the *patria potestas* was a familiar idea is likely to need restatement in this generation?

Yes, by all means, let us gather into our statements of belief the experience of the race. Let us make them express what God has revealed in the growth of compassion, in the enlargement of liberty, in the spread of democracy, in the realization of human brotherhood. We shall not be content with the forms which sufficed for earlier ages, though we shall treasure these as testimonies of the centuries which produced them, and seek to appropriate the truth they contain. Nor shall we be able to dispense with statements of our faith. We shall need to put our common beliefs

and convictions into forms of words, which we may repeat together, in which we may rejoice to express the unity of our faith. But they will probably be very simple forms, because such will be the demand of a generation whose face is set toward unity.

The creeds of the past have largely been weapons of polemics. They have recorded the differences between those who adopted them and those from whom they sought to withdraw themselves. The period of differentiation is past, the period of integration has begun. Henceforth the significant expression of religious endeavors after unity must indicate a purpose to include and harmonize, rather than to

discriminate and divide. Instead of being treated as clubs to fight heretics with, they will be olive-branches to welcome believers.

Let no one imagine, then, that there is to be any reaction, in economics or in religion. In economics we are not going back from individualism to feudalism; we are going forward to the higher coöperations for which our training in individual initiative has prepared us. In religion we are not going back from individualism to mediaeval dogma and sacerdotal control; we are going forward to the unity of the spirit, and to that accord of consenting minds which can be won only through liberty.

OUR CULTURAL HUMILITY

BY RANDOLPH S. BOURNE

IT was Matthew Arnold, read and reverenced by the generation immediately preceding our own, who set to our eyes a definition and a goal of culture which has become the common property of all our world. To know the best that had been thought and said, to appreciate the master-works which the previous civilizations had produced, to put our minds and appreciations in contact with the great of all ages, — here was a clear ideal which dissolved the mists in which the vaguenesses of culture had been lost. And it was an ideal that appealed with peculiar force to Americans. For it was a democratic ideal; every one who had the energy and perseverance could reasonably expect to acquire by taking thought that

orientation of soul to which Arnold gave the magic name of culture. And it was a quantitative ideal; culture was a matter of acquisition — with appreciation and prayerfulness perhaps, but still a matter of adding little by little to one's store until one should have a vision of that radiant limit, when one knew all the best that had been thought and said and pictured in the world.

I do not know in just what way the British public responded to Arnold's eloquence; if the prophetic wrath of Ruskin failed to stir them, it is not probable that they were moved by the persuasiveness of Arnold. But I do know that, coming at a time when America was producing rapidly an enormous number of people who were

'comfortably off,' as the phrase goes, and who were sufficiently awake to feel their limitations, with the broader horizons of Europe just opening on the view, the new doctrine had the most decisive effect on our succeeding spiritual history. The 'land-of-liberty' American of the era of Dickens still exists in the British weeklies and in observations of America by callow young journalists, but as a living species he has long been extinct. His place has been taken by a person whose pride is measured not by the greatness of the 'land of the free,' but by his own orientation in Europe.

Already in the nineties, our college professors and our artists were beginning to require the seal of a European training to justify their existence. We appropriated the German system of education. Our millionaires began the collecting of pictures and the endowment of museums with foreign works of art. We began the exportation of school-teachers for a summer tour of Europe. American art and music colonies sprang up in Paris and Berlin and Munich. The movement became a rush. That mystical premonition of Europe, which Henry James tells us he had from his earliest boyhood, became the common property of the talented young American, who felt a certain starvation in his own land, and longed for the fleshpots of European culture. But the bourgeoisie soon followed the artistic and the semi-artistic, and Europe became so much the fashion that it is now almost a test of respectability to have traveled at least once abroad.

Underlying all this vivacious emigration, there was of course a real if vague thirst for 'culture,' and, in strict accord with Arnold's definition, the idea that somehow culture could be imbibed, that from the contact with the treasures of Europe there would be

rubbed off on us a little of that grace which had made the art. So for those who could not travel abroad, our millionaires transported, in almost terrifying bulk and at staggering cost, samples of everything that the foreign galleries had to show. We were to acquire culture at any cost, and we had no doubt that we had discovered the royal road to it. We followed it, at any rate, with eye single to the goal. The naturally sensitive, who really found in the European literature and arts some sort of spiritual nourishment, set the pace, and the crowd followed at their heels.

This cultural humility of ours astonished and still astonishes Europe. In England, where 'culture' is taken very frivolously, the bated breath of the American, when he speaks of Shakespeare or Tennyson or Browning, is always cause for amusement. And the Frenchman is always a little puzzled at the crowds who attend lectures in Paris on 'How to See Europe Intelligently,' or are taken in vast parties through the Louvre. The European objects a little to being so constantly regarded as the keeper of a huge museum. If you speak to him of culture, you find him frankly more interested in contemporaneous literature and art and music than in his worthies of the olden time, more interested in discriminating the good of to-day than in accepting the classics. If he is a cultivated person, he is much more interested usually in quarreling about a living dog than in reverencing a dead lion. If he is a French 'lettré,' for instance, he will be producing a book on the psychology of some living writer, while the Anglo-Saxon will be writing another on Shakespeare. His whole attitude toward the things of culture, be it noted, is one of daily appreciation and intimacy, not that attitude of reverence with which we Americans

approach alien art, and which penalizes cultural heresy among us.

The European may be enthusiastic, polemic, radiant, concerning his culture; he is never humble. And he is, above all, never humble before the culture of another country. The Frenchman will hear nothing but French music, read nothing but French literature, and prefers his own art to that of any other nation. He can hardly understand our almost pathetic eagerness to learn of the culture of other nations, our humility of worship in the presence of art that in no sense represents the expression of any of our ideals and motivating forces.

To a genuinely patriotic American this cultural humility of ours is somewhat humiliating. In response to this eager inexhaustible interest in Europe, where is Europe's interest in us? Europe is to us the land of history, of mellow tradition, of the arts and graces of life, of the best that has been said and thought in the world. To Europe we are the land of crude racial chaos, of skyscrapers and 'bluff, of millionaires and 'bosses.' A French philosopher visits us, and we are all eagerness to get from him an orientation in all that is moving in the world of thought across the seas. But does he ask about our philosophy, does he seek an orientation in the American thought of the day? Not at all. Our humility has kept us from forcing it upon his attention, and it scarcely exists for him. Our advertising genius, so powerful and universal where soap and biscuits are concerned, wilts and languishes before the task of trumpeting our intellectual and spiritual products before the world. Yet there can be little doubt which is the more intrinsically worth advertising. But our humility causes us to be taken at our own face value, and for all this patient fixity of gaze upon Europe, we get little reward except to be ignored,

or to have our interest somewhat contemptuously dismissed as parasitic.

And with justice! For our very goal and ideal of culture has made us parasites. Our method has been exactly wrong. For the truth is that the definition of culture, which we have accepted with such devastating enthusiasm, is a definition emanating from that very barbarism from which its author recoiled in such horror. If it were not that all our attitude showed that we had adopted a quite different standard, it would be the merest platitude to say that culture is not an acquired familiarity with things outside, but an inner and constantly operating taste, a fresh and responsive power of discrimination, and the insistent judging of everything that comes to our minds and senses. It is clear that such a sensitive taste cannot be acquired by torturing our appreciations into conformity with the judgments of others, no matter how 'authoritative' those judgments may be. Such a method means a hypnotization of judgment, not a true development of soul.

At the back of Arnold's definition is, of course, the implication that if we have only learned to appreciate the 'best,' we shall have been trained thus to discriminate generally, that our appreciation of Shakespeare will somehow spill over into admiration of the incomparable art of Mr. G. Lowes Dickinson. This is, of course, exactly to reverse the psychological process. A true appreciation of the remote and the magnificent is acquired only after the judgment has learned to discriminate with accuracy and taste between the good and bad, the sincere and the false, of the familiar and contemporaneous art and writing of every day. To set up an alien standard of the classics is merely to give our lazy taste a resting-point, and to prevent forever any genuine culture.

This virus of the 'best' rages throughout all our Anglo-Saxon campaign for culture. Is it not a notorious fact that our professors of English literature make no attempt to judge the work produced since the death of the last consecrated saint of the literary canon,—Robert Louis Stevenson? In strict accordance with Arnold's doctrine, they are waiting for the judgment upon our contemporaries which they call the test of time, that is, an authoritative objective judgment, upon which they can unquestioningly rely. Surely it seems as if the principle of authority, having been ousted from religion and politics, had found a strong refuge in the sphere of culture. This tyranny of the 'best' objectifies all our taste. It is a 'best' that is always outside of our native reactions to the freshesses and sincerities of life, a 'best' to which our spontaneities must be disciplined. By fixing our eyes humbly on the ages that are past, and on foreign countries, we effectually protect ourselves from that inner taste which is the only sincere 'culture.'

Our cultural humility before the civilizations of Europe, then, is the chief obstacle which prevents us from producing any true indigenous culture of our own. I am far from saying, of course, that it is not necessary for our arts to be fertilized by the civilizations of other nations past and present. The culture of Europe has arisen only from such an extensive cross-fertilization in the past. But we have passed through that period of learning, and it is time for us now to set up our individual standards. We are already 'heir to all the ages' through our English ancestry, and our last half-century of European idolatry has done for us all that can be expected. But, with our eyes fixed on Europe, we continue to strangle whatever native genius springs up. Is it not a tragedy that the American artist

feels the imperative need of foreign approval before he can be assured of his attainment? Through our inability or unwillingness to judge him, through our cultural humility, through our insistence on the objective standard, we drive him to depend on a foreign clientèle, to live even in foreign countries, where taste is more confident of itself and does not require the label, to be assured of the worth of what it appreciates.

The only remedy for this deplorable situation is the cultivation of a new American nationalism. We need that keen introspection into the beauties and vitalities and sincerities of our own life and ideals that characterizes the French. The French culture is animated by principles and tastes which are as old as art itself. There are 'classics,' not in the English and Arnolidian sense of a consecrated canon, dissent from which is heresy, but in the sense that each successive generation, putting them to the test, finds them redolent of those qualities which are characteristically French, and so preserves them as a precious heritage. This cultural chauvinism is the most harmless of patriotism; indeed it is absolutely necessary for a true life of civilization. And it can hardly be too intense, or too exaggerated. Such an international art exhibition as was held recently in New York, with the frankly avowed purpose of showing American artists how bad they were in comparison with the modern French, represents an appalling degradation of attitude which would be quite impossible in any other country. Such groveling humility can only have the effect of making us feeble imitators, instead of making us assert, with all the power at our command, the genius and individuality which we already possess in quantity, if we would only see it.

In the contemporary talent that

Europe is exhibiting, or even in the genius of the last half-century, one will go far to find greater poets than our Walt Whitman, philosophers than William James, essayists than Emerson and Thoreau, composers than MacDowell, sculptors than Saint-Gaudens. In any other country such names would be focuses to which interest and enthusiasms would converge, symbols of a national spirit about which judgments and tastes would revolve. For none of them could have been born in another country than our own. If some of them had their training abroad, it was still the indigenous America that their works expressed,—the American ideals and qualities, our pulsating democracy, the vigor and daring of our pioneer spirit, our sense of camaraderie, our dynamism, the big-heartedness of our scenery, our hospitality to all the world. In the music of MacDowell, the poetry of Whitman, the philosophy of James, I recognize a national spirit, 'l'esprit américain,' as superbly clear and gripping as anything the culture of Europe has to offer us, and immensely more stimulating, because of the very body and soul of to-day's interests and aspirations.

To come to an intense self-conscious-

ness of these qualities, to feel them in the work of these masters, and to search for them everywhere among the lesser artists and thinkers who are trying to express the soul of this hot chaos of America,—this will be the attainment of culture for us. Not to look on ravished while our marvelous millionaires fill our museums with 'old masters,' armor, and porcelains, but to turn our eyes upon our own art for a time, shut ourselves in with our own genius, and cultivate with an intense and partial pride what we have already achieved against the obstacles of our cultural humility. Only thus shall we conserve the American spirit and saturate the next generation with those qualities which are our strength. Only thus can we take our rightful place among the cultures of the world, to which we are entitled if we would but recognize it. We shall never be able to perpetuate our ideals except in the form of art and literature; the world will never understand our spirit except in terms of art. When shall we learn that 'culture,' like the kingdom of heaven, lies within us, in the heart of our national soul, and not in foreign galleries and books? When shall we learn to be proud? For only pride is creative.

UNION PORTRAITS

IV. GEORGE B. McCLELLAN

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

I

Good fortune seemed to wait on McClellan's early career. He graduated from West Point in 1846, just at the beginning of the Mexican War, and plunged into active service at once. In Mexico every one spoke well of him. He showed energy, resource, and unquestioned personal courage. He was handsome, thoroughly martial in appearance, kindly, and popular. After his return from Mexico he taught at West Point, took part, as an engineer, in Western exploration, then served as one of the government's military commission in the Crimea, and so acquired a technical knowledge much beyond that of the average United States officer. In the later fifties he resigned from the service and went into railroad management, which probably gave him practical experience more valuable than could have been gained by fighting Indians.

At the beginning of the war, in 1861, McClellan seems to have been generally looked upon as a most competent soldier. He was decidedly successful in his first campaign in Ohio and West Virginia, and when he was called to Washington to command the Army of the Potomac, it appeared as if a brilliant and distinguished future were before him. During more than a year he commanded that army, through two great campaigns. Then the President,

anxious and impatient for more decisive results, dismissed his subordinate to the obscurity from which, as a soldier, he never reëmerged.

In studying the man's career and his character in relation to it, it will be interesting to begin by getting his own view. This is easily done. He was one who spoke of himself quite liberally with the pen, though reticent in conversation. In his book, *McClellan's Own Story*, he gives a minute account of his experiences, and the editor of the book added to the text an extensive selection from the general's intimate personal letters to his wife. The letters are so intimate that, in one aspect, it seems unfair to use them as damaging evidence. It should be pointed out, however, that while the correspondence amplifies our knowledge and gives us admirable illustration, it really brings out no qualities that are not implied for the careful observer in the text of the book itself, and even in the general's formal reports and letters.

What haunts me most, as I read these domestic outpourings, is the desire to know what Mrs. McClellan thought of them. Did she accept everything loyally? Was she like the widow of the regicide Harrison, of whom Pepys records, with one of his exquisite touches, 'It is said that he said that he was sure to come shortly at the right hand of Christ to judge them that now had judged him; and that his wife do expect his

coming again'? Or had Mrs. McClellan, in spite of all affection, a little critical devil that sometimes nudged her into smiling? I wonder. General Meade says that she was a charming woman. 'Her manners are delightful; full of life and vivacity, great affability, and very ready in conversation. . . . I came away quite charmed with her *esprit* and vivacity.' Remember this when you read some of the following extracts, and you will wonder as I do.

But as to the general and his view of himself. He considered that he was humble and modest, and very fearful of elation and vainglory. There can be no doubt that he was absolutely sincere in this, and we must reconcile it with some other things as best we can. How genuinely touching and solemn is his account of his parting with his predecessor, Scott, whom, nevertheless, he had treated rather cavalierly. 'I saw there the end of a long, active, and ambitious life, the end of the career of the first soldier of his nation; and it was a feeble old man scarce able to walk, hardly any one there to see him off but his successor. Should I ever become vainglorious and ambitious, remind me of that spectacle. I pray every night and every morning that I may become neither vain nor ambitious, that I may be neither depressed by disaster nor elated by success, and that I may keep one single object in view—the good of my country.'

The self-denying patriotism here suggested is even more conspicuous in McClellan's analysis of himself than humility or modesty, and again no one can dispute that his professions of such a nature are absolutely sincere. However one may criticize the celebrated letter of advice written to Lincoln from Harrison's Landing, it is impossible to resist the impetuous solemnity of the closing words. 'In carrying out any system of policy which you may form

you will require a Commander-in-Chief of the Army—one who possesses your confidence, understands your views, and who is competent to execute your orders by directing the military forces of the nation to the accomplishment of the objects by you proposed. I do not ask this place for myself. I am willing to serve you in such position as you may assign me, and I will do so as faithfully as ever subordinate served superior. I may be on the brink of eternity, and as I hope forgiveness from my Maker I have written this letter with sincerity towards you and from love for my country.'

It is necessary to bear these passages—and there are many similar ones—in mind, as we progress with McClellan; for the leadership of one of the most splendid armies in the world through the great campaigns of the Peninsula and Antietam fostered a temper that often seems incompatible with modesty and sometimes even with patriotism. We must remember that he found the whole country looking to him with enthusiasm. We must remember that he was surrounded—to some extent he surrounded himself—by men who petted, praised, and flattered him. We must remember that in the war, from the first, he never had the wholesome discipline of subordinate position, but was one of the few generals who began by commanding an independent army. We must remember especially the fortunate—or unfortunate—circumstances of his earlier life. As Colonel McClure says, he would have been a different man, 'had he been a barefoot boy, trained to tag and marbles, jostling his way in the world.'

The explanation of many things is well given by a passage in one of his earlier letters. 'I never went through such a scene in my life, and never expect to go through such another one.

You would have been surprised at the excitement. At Chillicothe the ladies had prepared a dinner, and I had to be trotted through. They gave me about twenty beautiful bouquets and almost killed me with kindness. The trouble will be to fill their expectations, they seem to be so high. I could hear them say, "He is our own general"; "Look at him, how young he is"; "He will thrash them"; "He'll do!" etc., etc., *ad infinitum*.

Doubtless there are cool and critical heads that can stand this sort of thing without being turned, but McClellan's was not one of them. Even in his Mexican youth a certain satisfaction with his own achievements and capacity can be detected in his letters. 'I have work enough before me to occupy half a dozen persons for a while; but I rather think I can get through it.' In the full sunshine of glory this satisfaction rose to a pitch which sometimes seems abnormal.

Let us survey its different manifestations. As the organizer of an army it is generally admitted that McClellan had few superiors. He took the disorderly mob which fled from the first Bull Run and made it the superb military instrument that broke Lee's prestige at Gettysburg and finally strangled the Confederacy. In achieving this his European studies must have been of great help to him, as setting an ideal of full equipment and finished discipline. Some think his ideal was too exacting and involved unnecessary delay. He himself very sensibly denies this and disclaims any desire for an impossible perfection. In short, praise from others as to his organizing faculty would be disputed by few or none. Yet even on this point one would prefer to hear others praise and not the man himself. 'I do not know who could have organized the Army of the Potomac as I did.'

It has a strange sound. And this is not a private letter, but a sentence deliberately penned for posterity.

II

And how did he judge himself in other lines of military achievement? What was McClellan's opinion of McClellan as a strategist and thinker? From the beginning of the war he was ever fertile in plans, which, as he asserted, would ensure speedy success and the downfall of the Confederacy, plans involving not only military movements but the conduct of polities. He sent these plans to Scott in the early days, and was snubbed. Later he submitted them to Lincoln, and the last was snubbed, by silence, even more severely than the first had been. McClellan worked out these plans in loving and minute detail. Every contingency was foreseen and every possible need in men, supplies, and munitions, was figured on. As a consequence, the needs could never be filled — and the plans could never be executed. The very boldness and grasp of the conception made the execution limited and feeble. And the plans were so exquisitely complete that in this stumbling world they could never be put into practical effect. I have seen such men. And so have you.

On the other hand, the fact that the plans were never realized left them all the more attractive in their ideal beauty. 'Had the Army of the Potomac been permitted to remain on the line of the James, I would have crossed to the south bank of the river, and while engaging Lee's attention in front of Malvern, would have made a rapid movement in force on Petersburg, having gained which, I would have operated against Richmond and its communications from the west, having already gained those from the south.' Oh, the

charm of that 'would have,' which no man can absolutely gainsay! Or take a more general and even more significant passage: 'Had the measures recommended been carried into effect the war would have been closed in less than one half the time and with infinite saving of blood and treasure.' What a balm is in 'would have' for an aching memory and a wounded pride! And there is comfort, also, in repeating to one's self — and others — the acknowledgment of courteous enemies, 'that they feared me more than any of the Northern generals, and that I had struck them harder blows in the full prime of their strength.'

Well, a general should be a leader as well as a thinker, should not only plan battles but inspire them. How was it with McClellan in this regard? Those who fought under him have some fault to find. Without the slightest question of their commander's personal courage, they think that he was too absorbed in remote considerations to throw himself with passion into direct conflict. 'He was the most extraordinary man I ever saw,' says Heintzelman. 'I do not see how any man could leave so much to others and be so confident that everything would go just right.' With which, however, should be compared Lee's remark: 'I think and work with all my power to bring the troops to the right place at the right time; then I have done my duty. As soon as I order them forward into battle, I leave my army in the hands of God.' But McClellan himself had no doubts about his leadership. There can be no question but that his grandiloquent proclamations spoke his whole heart. 'Soldiers! I have heard that there is danger here. I have come to place myself at your head and to share it with you. I fear now but one thing — that you may not find foemen worthy of your steel. I know that I can rely upon you.'

In his belief that he had the full confidence of his men, McClellan has the world with him. They loved him and he loved them. One of the most charming things about him is his deep interest in the welfare of his soldiers, his sympathy with their struggles and their difficulties, though some think he carried this so far as to spare them in a fashion not really merciful in the end. When he is temporarily deprived of command and his army is fighting, he begs passionately to be allowed at least to die with them. When he is restored to them, he portrays their enthusiastic delight in perhaps the most curious of many passages of that nature. 'As soon as I came to them the poor fellows broke through all restraints, rushed from the ranks and crowded around me, shouting, yelling, shedding tears, thanking God that they were with me again, and begging me to lead them back to battle. It was a wonderful scene, and proved that I had the hearts of these men.'

The most singular instance of McClellan's excessive confidence in his own judgment is his perpetual, haunting, unalterable belief that the enemy were far superior to him in numbers. No evidence, no argument, no representation from subordinates or outsiders could shake him in this opinion. Send more men, more men, more men, the rebels outnumber me, was his unceasing cry. The curious force of this prepossession, as well as the man's characteristic ingenuity, shows in his reply to Lincoln's suggestion that as Lee had sent away troops, it must be a good time to attack. Ah, says McClellan, in effect, can't you see that if he has troops to spare, his numbers must be too prodigious for me to cope with?

This illusion as to numbers naturally made negative success seem triumph, and magnified really great things into even greater. The general

writes during Antietam, 'We are in the midst of the most terrible battle of the war — perhaps of history. Thus far it looks well, but I have great odds against me.' In fact, Lee's force was far less than McClellan's.

All of the general's undeniably great achievements are thus made much of, until impatient critics are strongly inclined to deprecate them. He announces that he has 'secured solidly for the Union that part of West Virginia north of the Kanawha and west of the mountains.' No doubt he had; but — Of the battle of Malvern Hill he says, 'I doubt whether, in the annals of war, there was ever a more persistent and gallant attack, or a more cool and effective resistance.' And again, 'I have every reason to believe that our victory at Malvern Hill was a crushing one — one from which he [the enemy] will not readily recover.' The last words McClellan wrote were a laudation of the Army of the Potomac — and its commander — in reference to the retreat from the Peninsula. 'It was one of those magnificent episodes which dignify a nation's history, and are fit subjects for the grandest efforts of the poet and the painter.' Hooker — to be sure, a somewhat prejudiced witness — says of the same event: 'It was like the retreat of a whipped army. We retreated like a parcel of sheep; everybody on the road at the same time; and a few shots from the rebels would have panic-stricken the whole command.' Finally, of his last battle, Antietam, the general says, 'Those on whose judgment I rely tell me that I fought the battle splendidly and that it was a masterpiece of art.'

I ask myself how the witty and vivacious woman who charmed Meade received such words as these. Did that little critical devil nudge her, or did she loyally 'expect his coming again'?

A commander who took this view

of what he had accomplished almost necessarily developed an extraordinary sense of his importance to the cause and to the country. McClellan was important. We should never forget it. Only, perhaps no one was so important as he deemed himself to be. His deep sense of responsibility is delightfully blended with other marked elements of his character in a brief telegram to Lincoln, shortly before Antietam. 'I have a difficult task to perform, but with God's blessing will accomplish it. . . . My respects to Mrs. Lincoln. Received enthusiastically by the ladies. Will send you trophies.'

Over and over again he repeats that he has saved the country. 'Who would have thought when we were married, that I should so soon be called upon to save my country?' 'I feel some little pride in having, with a beaten and demoralized army, defeated Lee so utterly and saved the North completely.' And in the solemn preface to his book he proclaims to an expectant world: 'Twice at least, I saved the capital, once created and once reorganized a great army.'

The most striking example of this self-exaltation, amounting almost to mania, is the letter written to Burnside, in May, 1862. 'The Government have deliberately placed me in this position. If I win, the greater the glory. If I lose, they will be damned forever both by God and men.' And the tone in which he continues shows that his situation had taken hold of him with an approach to religious ecstasy: 'I sometimes think now that I can almost realize that Mahomet was sincere. When I see the hand of God guarding one so weak as myself, I can almost think myself a chosen instrument to carry out his schemes. Would that a better man had been selected.'

It is no wonder that the bee of dictatorship buzzed in a brain so feverishly

overwrought. That it entered and was considered, if not entertained, there can be no question. Flatterers urged it, and circumstances, viewed as McClellan viewed them, seemed to suggest it. 'The order depriving me of the command created an immense deal of deep feeling in the army — so much so that many were in favor of my refusing to obey the order, and of marching upon Washington to take possession of the government.' The general is said to have remarked to one very near him, 'How these brave fellows love me and what a power their love places in my hands! What is there to prevent my taking the government in my hands?'

The man's own fund of native common sense was there to prevent it. But it is evident that he lovingly considered the possibility. Only, we must remember that such consideration was not prompted by personal motives, but by genuine patriotism. He says so and we must believe him. If no one else but he could save the country, it was his duty to save it. 'I receive letter after letter, have conversation after conversation, calling on me to save the nation, alluding to the presidency, dictatorship, etc. As I hope one day to be united with you forever in heaven, I have no such aspiration. I would cheerfully take the dictatorship and agree to lay down my life when the country was saved.'

III

All this time there was a government in Washington — existing chiefly to annoy him, so McClellan thought. The worst effect of the general's serene — or perturbed — self-confidence was that it bred an entire disbelief in the judgment of others. He was impatient with his subordinates where they differed from him, — did not seek their advice or trust their ability. 'In heaven's name give me some general offi-

cers who understand their profession,' he writes in the early days. With his superiors — his few superiors, Halleck, Stanton, Lincoln — and with the government they represented, he endeavored to be civil, but he felt that they knew nothing about war, and where they could not be coaxed, they must be disciplined. Among Lincoln's many difficulties none, perhaps, were greater than McClellan. The president argued patiently, remonstrated gently, reproved paternally, submitted to neglect that seemed like impertinence, kicked his heels like a messenger boy in the general's waiting-room, declared, with his divine self-abnegation, that he would hold McClellan's horse, if that would help win victory. In return, the general patronized his titular commander-in-chief, when things went well, satirized him when they went doubtfully, — 'I do not yet know what are the military plans of the gigantic intellects at the head of the government,' — and when they went ill, uttered unequivocal condemnation: 'It is the most infamous thing that history has recorded.'

Ropes's analysis of McClellan's attitude in this connection is so penetrating and so suggestive that I cannot pass it by. 'There are men so peculiarly constituted that when they have once set their hearts on any project, they cannot bear to consider the facts that militate against their carrying it out; they are impatient and intolerant of them; such facts either completely fall out of their minds, so to speak, as if they had never been heard of, or, if they subsequently make themselves felt, they seem to men of this temper to have assumed an inimical aspect, and, what is worse, inasmuch as it is impossible for any man to get angry with facts, such men instinctively fix upon certain individuals whom they associate in some way, more or less

remote, with these unwelcome facts, and whom they always accuse, in their own thought, at least, of hostility or deception. Such a mind we conceive to have been that of General McClellan.'

It is only thus that we can explain the extreme bitterness of a nature otherwise kindly and generous. The perturbed and anxious spirit saw enemies everywhere, magnified real hostility and imagined hostility where there was none. Political opposition becomes malignant hatred. 'You have no idea of the undying hate with which the abolitionists pursue me, but I take no notice of them.' Anger with Halleck and Stanton was perhaps natural. Many men got angry with Halleck and Stanton. It is not the place to judge either of them here; but it will be generally admitted that their different ways of dealing with subordinates were not such as to inspire a happy frame of mind. Certainly they did not in McClellan. Yet it may be questioned whether either Stanton or Halleck considered the general an object of personal spite or quite deserved the fierce abuse which he showered upon them freely. 'Of all the men I have encountered in high position Halleck was the most hopelessly stupid. It was more difficult to get an idea through his head than can be conceived by any one who never made the attempt.' And to Stanton, 'who would say one thing to a man's face and just the reverse behind his back,' was addressed probably the most impertinent sentence ever written by a soldier to his military superior. 'If I save this army now, I tell you plainly that I owe no thanks to you or to any other persons in Washington. You have done your best to sacrifice this army.'

But the same bitterness was manifested toward men much less deserving of it than the commander-in-chief or the secretary of war. Few of the North-

ern generals were more hardly used by Fortune than McDowell, and impartial judges declare him to have been a soldier and a gentleman. McClellan tries to treat him well, but finds it hopeless. 'He never appreciated my motives, and felt no gratitude for my forbearance and kindness. . . . I have long been convinced that he intrigued against me to the utmost of his power.' Burnside, again, was McClellan's devoted friend and admirer, until, apparently against his inclination, he allowed himself to be forced into McClellan's place. This is what he gets for it. 'I cannot, from my long acquaintance with Burnside, believe that he would deliberately lie, but I think that his weak mind was turned; that he was confused in action; and that subsequently he really did not know what had occurred and was talked by his staff into any belief they chose.'

To such an extent can a sturdy confidence in self poison minds of a really noble and magnanimous strain.

IV

So we have examined carefully McClellan's own judgment on his own career and achievements. Now let us see what others thought of them. If the discrepancy at times is startling, we can remember the remark of Lee to a subordinate who was trying to draw him out about another subordinate. 'All I can say is, if that is your opinion of General —, you differ very widely from the general himself.'

Not all critics agree in their judgment, however, in this, any more than in other cases. McClellan has many admirers who speak almost as enthusiastically of what he did and what he might have done, as he could. The less discreet of these are not perhaps always very fortunate in their commendation, exonerating their favorite at the expense of others whom we do not care

to have abused. Thus, George William Curtis asserts that 'from the President down, through the various ranks of politicians and soldiers by whom he was surrounded, all knew in their hearts that the only reason why McClellan had failed to reach Richmond, and been obliged to execute his flank movement to the James, was because McDowell had been arrested by express orders from Washington on his march to effect a junction with McClellan's right.' And Hillard declares that 'General McClellan's communications to the President were generally in reply to inquiries or suggestions from the latter, whose restless and meddlesome spirit was constantly moving him to ask questions, obtrude advice, and comment on military matters, which were as much out of his sphere as they were beyond his comprehension.'

But McClellan has defenders of more weight. The Comte de Paris, influenced no doubt partly by social relations, but clear-sighted in all his judgments, holds decidedly that his friend would have achieved far more if the government had not thwarted him. Lee, a generous adversary, declared with emphasis that McClellan was the best of the generals to whom he was opposed; and an impartial judge of the highest standing, von Moltke, is said to have remarked that if the American commander had been supported as he should have been, the war would have ended two years sooner than it did. Best of all friendly judgments are the sober and discriminating words of Grant. 'It has always seemed to me that the critics of McClellan do not consider this vast and cruel responsibility—the war a new thing to all of us, the army new, everything to do from the outset, with a restless people and Congress. McClellan was a young man when this devolved upon him, and if he did not succeed, it was because the

conditions of success were so trying. If McClellan had gone into the war as Sherman, Thomas, or Meade, had fought his way along and up, I have no reason to suppose that he would not have won as high distinction as any of us.'

Even those who are inclined to find fault, find much to praise. As to the general's organizing faculty there is but one verdict. Only genius of the highest order in this line would have made of the Army of the Potomac the magnificent instrument which others were afterwards to use so effectively. Further, both Ropes and Henderson, though feeling that McClellan accomplished much less than he should have done with the means at his disposal, are inclined to agree with him in the belief that he was unduly hampered and thwarted by the Washington authorities; and Palfrey, who, beginning with enthusiastic admiration, was forced in the end to recognize his chieftain's many faults, yet declares that 'there are strong grounds for believing that he was the best commander the Army of the Potomac ever had,' and that 'a growing familiarity with his history as a soldier increases the disposition to regard him with respect and gratitude, and to believe, while recognizing the limitations of his nature, that his failure to accomplish more was partly his misfortune and not altogether his fault.'

It will be observed that most of the praise is in the form of apology and lacks entirely the trumpet tone with which McClellan proclaims his own feats of arms. Much of the criticism of him has no flavor of apology whatever. Nor is this confined to the later reflection of cool military judges. At the height of his popularity, when the army and the country idolized him, outsiders like the grumbling Gurowski refused to believe in his gifts, or his

judgment, or his future. W. H. Russell, meeting him in September, 1861, foresaw, with singular acuteness, that he was not a man of action or not likely to act quickly, and felt that he dallied too much in Washington, instead of being among his troops, stimulating them in victory and consoling or reprimanding them after defeat.

Among the general's own subordinates there was anything but a concert of enthusiasm about his person or his achievements. Fighters like Kearny and Hooker were naturally dissatisfied. The latter did not hesitate to express his opinion freely at all times, telling the Committee on the Conduct of the War that the Peninsula campaign failed simply because of lack of generalship in the commander. While Kearny wrote, in August, 1862, 'McClellan is the failure I ever proclaimed him. He will only get us into more follies — more waste of blood — fighting by dribbles. He has lost the confidence of all. . . . He is burnt out.' And Meade, a far saner and more reasonable judge, expresses himself almost as strongly. 'He was always waiting to have everything just as he wanted before he would attack, and before he could get things arranged as he wanted them the enemy pounced on him and thwarted all his plans. There is now no doubt he allowed three distinct occasions to take Richmond to slip through his hands, for want of nerve to run what he considered risks.'

This contemporary judgment of Meade's may be said, on the whole, to anticipate the conclusion of nearly all historians. Some dwell more than others on what might have happened if McClellan had met with fewer difficulties; but there is general agreement that the result of his efforts is as disappointing when viewed now calmly in the light of all known facts as it was to Lincoln and the country in 1862.

Swinton, certainly no personal enemy of McClellan, sums up the matter in fairly final fashion. 'He was not a great general; for he had the pedantry of war rather than the inspiration of war. . . . His talent as a tactician was much inferior to his talent as a strategist, and he executed less boldly than he conceived.'

So we recur to the remark of Lee. 'Well, if that is your opinion of General —, all I can say is that you differ very widely from the general himself.' For what is of interest to us is not McClellan's generalship, but McClellan's character.

v

Thus, after our review of criticism and hostile judgments, we ask ourselves, what impression did all this make on the subject of it? He heard the criticism. He was well aware of the judgments. Did they produce any effect on him? Did he say to himself, after all, I may be mistaken; after all, I may have blundered? Did he have strange doubts and tormenting anxieties, as to whether, possibly, a great opportunity may have come to him and he may not have been equal to it? I have read his writings carefully and I find nothing of the sort. There were moments of trouble, as when Cox noted that 'the complacent look which I had seen upon McClellan's countenance on the 17th [of September] . . . had disappeared. There was a troubled look instead.' There were moments of anguish. 'Franklin told me that McClellan said to him, as they followed Lander's corpse, that he almost wished he was in the coffin instead of Lander.' Moments of self-distrust there were not, or they left no traces.

It is true, as Mr. Rhodes points out, that with adversity McClellan's letters, even to his wife, grew somewhat humbler and less assured; yet in his

book, written twenty years later, the tone is much what it was at first. It is true that in many places he recognized generally that he was human and that humanity is always liable to err. He even goes so far as to admit — generally — that ‘while striving conscientiously to do my best, it may well be that I have made great mistakes that my vanity does not permit me to perceive.’ But as to particular action in particular circumstances, he cannot feel anything but thorough contentment. His much-complained-of delays he justifies entirely. ‘Nor has he [the general is using the third person], even at this distant day, and after much bitter experience, any regret that he persisted in his determination.’ His most singular error, that as to the numbers of the enemy, was probably never shaken, to the end. In short, one brief sentence sums up his complicated character in this regard with delightful completeness: ‘That I have to a certain extent failed I do not believe to be my fault, though my self-conceit probably blinds me to many errors that others see.’

Not satisfied with impugning McClellan’s generalship, his enemies went further and attacked his loyalty. His known dislike of radical abolitionism, and his long-cherished hope that the war might be ended with little bloodshed, constantly suggested charges of indifference to Union success. It was said that he delayed purposely. It was said that he showed traitorous friendliness to Southerners. It was said that he did not wish the war to come to a too speedy close. Lincoln himself, in a moment of despair after the second Bull Run, said to a member of his household, ‘He has acted badly towards Pope; he really wanted him to fail.’ And the sum of all these charges is given in the remarkable scene between President and general which has been recorded for us by McClellan himself.

On the 8th of March, 1862, McClellan was in the President’s office and Lincoln intimated in very plain terms that he had heard many rumors to the effect that the general was removing the defenders from Washington for the purpose of giving the city over to the enemy. The President concluded by saying that such a course would certainly look like treason.

Lincoln must have been deeply moved indeed when he took such a step as this, and no one can blame McClellan for resenting it bitterly and demanding an instant retraction, for we know, as well as he did, that the charge was utterly and preposterously false. Whatever dispute there may be about McClellan’s generalship, however one may question the wisdom and even the propriety of his conduct toward his superiors, no one who has read his intimate letters can doubt for a moment that he was thoroughly and sincerely patriotic, desired only the welfare of his country, and worked in the very best way he knew for the complete and speedy restoration of the Union. His way may not have been Lincoln’s way, may not have been the best way; but such as it was, he was ready to give his life for it. ‘The unity of this nation, the preservation of our institutions, are so dear to me, that I have willingly sacrificed my private happiness with the single object of doing my duty to my country. When the task is accomplished, I shall be glad to return to the obscurity from which events have drawn me.’

VI

Such words have been written by others, not always with entire sincerity. But the whole tenor of McClellan’s life bears witness to his truth in this matter. He was not only a patriot, he was a man of singular purity and elevation of character. He was not only ready to

talk about great sacrifices, he was ready to do what is far harder, make little sacrifices without talking about them. Even discounting the enthusiasm of a biographer, we must recognize the force of such testimony as the following: 'Of all men I have ever known McClellan was the most unselfish. Neither in his public life nor in his private life did he ever seek anything for himself. He was constantly doing something for some one else; always seeking to do good, confer pleasure, relieve sorrow, gratify a whim, do something for another.'

His unfailing courtesy toward high and low is universally recognized, and it was not the courtesy of indifferent ease, but was founded on genuine sympathy, a quick imaginative perception of the situation of others, and a desire to adapt himself to that situation so far as was compatible with greater needs and duties.

In short, the man's life throughout was guided by fine feelings and high ideals. That, as a candidate for the presidency against Lincoln, in 1864, he was influenced by no thought of personal ambition is difficult to believe. If so, it was probably the first and the last case of the kind in the history of that office, Washington perhaps excepted. But I do believe that McClellan sincerely thought that the country needed him and his political convictions, and that he would never have surrendered one jot of those political convictions for political success. In his later years he became governor of New Jersey, and in that office so carried himself as to win the respect and esteem of persons of all parties. A competent and impartial critic remarks that 'A study of his messages and other State papers will show that the vital questions he ever held in mind were those connected with the welfare of the people, while those relating to

his own political future were absolutely non-existent.'

Also, back of all these admirable qualities was a religious faith as simple as it was sincere. Russell thought the general's extreme anxiety for Sabbath observance in the army a little inappropriate, if not a little puerile. But no one can call puerile the high ideal of Christian restraint in warfare set forth in the Garrison's Landing letter to the President. 'All private property taken for military use should be paid or received for; pillage and waste should be treated as high crimes; all unnecessary trespass sternly prohibited, and offensive demeanor by the military towards citizens promptly rebuked.'

It is undeniable that Sherman, working on the 'War is hell' plan, accomplished more immediate results, but there were after-effects, also, of a less desirable character.

The charm of McClellan's personal religion, as it appears casually in all his writing, is very great. Perhaps it is nowhere greater than in the simple and touching letter written to a friend in later years.

'I fancy, Sam, that we will never reach that land where it is all afternoon in any ship built by mortal hands. Our fate is to work and still to work as long as there is any work left in us; and I do not doubt that it is best, for I can't help thinking that when we reach that other and far better land we shall still have work to do through the long ages; only we shall then see as we go on that it is all done for the Master and under his own eye; and we will like it and never grow weary of it, as we often do here when we don't see clearly to what end we are working, and our work brings us in contact with all sorts of men and things not pleasant to rub against. I suppose that the more we work here, the better we shall be trained for that other work which after all is

the great end towards which we move or ought to be moving.'

These are winning words; they show a winning and a simple soul, the soul of one who was assuredly a fine type of the Christian — and we are proud to add, of the American — gentleman.

I say 'winning' advisedly; for as yet I have dwelt little on McClellan's wonderful power of winning men. As a fighter he may have failed. As a leader, at least so far as the faculty of gaining absolute devotion goes, he assuredly succeeded. It is true that not all his officers were faithful to him. In his treatment of them he was led astray by flattery and by the intoxicating influence of his overwhelming position. But his power over the common soldier of the Army of the Potomac, even after comparative failure, is so wonderful as to be hard to believe and so touching as to be impossible to resist. No general in the war, on either side, unless Beauregard, who curiously resembled McClellan in many ways, evoked such instantaneous and entire enthusiasm.

The subtle causes of this would be difficult to trace. Perhaps the love of popularity counted for something; but human sympathy and kindness assuredly counted for much. As to the effects there can be no dispute. 'Let military critics or political enemies say what they will, he who could so move upon the hearts of a great army as the wind sways long rows of standing corn, was no ordinary man,' writes General Walker. And one who witnessed the passionate outburst of the troops when their leader was temporarily restored to them in September, 1862, describes it in a way never to be forgotten. 'The climax seemed to be reached, however, at Middletown, where we first caught sight of the enemy. Here, upon our

arrival, we found General McClellan sitting on his horse in the road. . . . As each organization passed the general, the men became apparently forgetful of everything but their love for him. They cheered and cheered again, until they became so hoarse they could cheer no longer. It seemed as if an intermission had been declared in order that a reception might be tendered to the general-in-chief. A great crowd continually surrounded him, and the most extravagant demonstrations were indulged in. Hundreds even hugged the horse's legs and caressed his head and mane.

'While the troops were thus surging by, the general continually pointed with his finger to the gap in the mountains through which our path lay. It was like a great scene in a play, with the roar of the guns for an accompaniment. . . . General McClellan may have had opponents elsewhere; he had few, if any, among the soldiers whom he commanded.'

This magnetic power over the hearts of men is something great leaders — Wellington, for instance — have often lacked. It is something the very greatest leaders must have, if they would retain their hold. What a pity that McClellan, having it in such abundant measure, should not have been able to employ it for his purposes; that possessing such a great instrument, he should not have been able to use it to great ends. He himself attributed his failure to circumstances. This we cannot do. Others have wrung fortune out of far more unfavorable circumstances. Let us say, rather, that he was a man of really great ability given an opportunity too great for him. As an able soldier, a true patriot, and a loyal gentleman, he did what he could.

RECENT REFLECTIONS OF A NOVEL-READER

Is there any efficient substitute for religion in character-building? If so, what is it?

These questions have more to do with current fiction than casually appears. For the upheaval in the foundations of faith that affected many people between thirty and forty years ago is just beginning to show its appropriate results in literature. Character-building is quite as interesting and even more necessary than formerly, but it is not considered, in fiction at least, so directly a matter of divine concern. The struggling soul, like a drowning man, clutches at this and at that for support, at times laying hold of things fixed, at times of things floating.

This is vividly exemplified in three of the better new novels, one American, one English, one, to all intents and purposes, French: *Home*¹ by George Agnew Chamberlain, *The Business of a Gentleman*² by H. N. Dickenson, and *The Making of an Englishman*³ by W. L. George. Attacking the problem from standpoints differing as the nations differ, these three books furnish three apparently diverse solutions of the ancient question: What shall a man do to be saved? Each writer seems quite unconscious of any universal solution to this problem, which each works out in his own way.

Says the author of *Home*, in substance, 'Let him be born of good stock, preferably the old stock that laid the

foundations of our nation; let him be reared in an old home in the country, one of those homes that have grown with the growth of generations and fitted themselves to the habits of a family. Then, though he wanders in many a far country and lies with swine and feeds on husks, in the end the blood of his fathers will speak, the house of his fathers will call, and he will arise and go home, saved by the decencies that were bred in the bone.'

The book is a study in prodigals. Alan Wayne and Gerry Lansing, whose stories are most prominent, are sons of the Connecticut Valley. But to make the application broader there are others, notably an embezzler from Pennsylvania and a cowboy from New Mexico. The embezzler builds him a palace in Pernambuco which he fails to enjoy because for fifteen years he has been remembering the lay of the wood-piles and the color of the wallpapers at his father's house. The cowboy, who starts out to look for the 'pu'ple cities' that are the haunts of dream, takes to orchid-hunting and learns that 'ceptin' in a man's mind, the 'ain't no pu'ple cities. What a man's got to find ain't pu'ple cities but the power to see one when he's got it.' *'Home'* says the exiled embezzler, struggling with that loneliness which seems to blot out one's very being, '*is the anchor of a man's soul. I want to go Home.*' Wayne and Lansing, being more highly sophisticated, do not phrase the conclusions of their bitter wanderings so tersely, but at the end their souls drop anchor in the desired haven. They can do no better than to be what their fathers were, and dwell where they also dwelt.

¹ *Home*. By GEORGE AGNEW CHAMBERLAIN. New York: The Century Co.

² *The Business of a Gentleman*. By H. N. DICKENSON. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

³ *The Making of an Englishman*. By W. L. GEORGE. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

In *The Business of a Gentleman*, Sir Robert Hilton, better known as 'Bobby,' is fully saved before he is born, because he is born on land that his ancestors have tilled before him for generations, and held for generations as a trust. After the moderate percentage of Bobby's income necessary to pay his taxes and keep up his house in a comfort adequate to the dignity of the demesne was spent, the rest of it went back to the estate 'in whatsoever manner best increased the amenity and productivity of the land from which all drew their living and for which Bobby was responsible to his own honor.' His grandfather taught him that he had no right to his own dinner unless all the people on his land had their dinners in peace and comfort. He believes himself responsible for his own people, and the author believes fully, and perhaps truly, that he took much better care of them than they could take care of themselves.

His unformulated creed is not to flinch from the strong, or trouble the weak, or turn from a dependent or a friend. He finds it creed enough to keep him busy, especially after his wife inherits a manufacturing plant and he is thereby brought into direct contact with industrial unrest, riots, labor agitation, selfish fomenters of class-hatred, and social theorizers of all kinds. He applies the old principles to the new problems with results which are, at least, better than those obtained by other methods. Perhaps the author is not wholly fair to those 'intellectuals' who stick a finger into everybody's pie in the name of social justice. Surely they cannot all be as pestiferous and desolating as Miss Baker, Mrs. Hope, and Mr. Trevannion. The agitator-woman, Miss Baker, tells Bobby, 'If you had made your sacrifices in the days of the great Mr. Cobden, we should have had no Mr. Cobden then

and no Socialists to-day. But you missed your opportunity, and now your class has rotted and you will keep the sheep no more. . . . Ichabod, your kingdom has passed to those who have the brains to govern.'

'I thought the kingdom was passing to people with votes who have n't got brains at all,' said Bobby.

'No — it is passing to people like myself.'

All of which is entirely true, though generally unobserved as yet.

The Making of a Englishman is an extraordinary and brilliant performance, though it is safe to say there are few English writers who would care to be responsible for it. Lucien Cadorelle, the hero who tells his own story, is a French lad, son of a shipbroker of Bordeaux. With his dawning intelligence there develops in him a passionate enthusiasm for England and the English. After military service Lucien becomes a clerk in the London house his father founded, and the rest of the book consists in the reactions of England upon a vivacious and perfectly Gallic mind immensely predisposed in favor of that country. The English are power and order to this youth; they are dignity, reason, restfulness; they are sanity and generosity. 'You are the splendid people of the earth for me!' he cries. 'You're the handsomest race. You're strong and yet gentle. You never swerve from your purpose. You never know when you're beaten, yet when you're beaten you take it well. You're truthful, honourable — I want to be like you!' In comparison, his own people with 'their perpetual French talk' seem to him futile marionettes.

We are shown the whole inner life of a typical temperament conscious of its racial defects and desiring to replace them by the weightier virtues of a more substantial nation. Lucien begins with hats, boots, neckties, for he

would resemble his Sacred People in all things. He accepts hints from Hugh Lawton, who is Apollo and Galahad in one. Certain things 'are not done' and Lucien strives to leave them undone. He too will be 'silent, self-reliant, purposeful, in brief, Olympian.' He learns to take chaff without offering a duel; he gets a glimmer of the value that may be set upon physical purity as well as cleanliness. Hugh Lawton tells him that 'a man can't be big unless he's straight.' It does not occur to Lucien, as it well might, to correlate this with his own clear perception that the sensuous French are merely revolutionaries, never being creative save in art, while the English are fundamentally constructive. However, he perceives that Hugh's ideals have a value, 'the samurai began to struggle with the voluntariness in his heart' and sometimes triumphed, for, he asked himself, 'what's the good of being an Englishman unless you can be an English gentleman, too?'

The book is brilliant because it is written by one for whom, in Gautier's well-worn phrase, the visible world exists. Everything that is seen at all is seen with immense lucidity and described with immense vigor; the book is also extraordinary because it actually does set forth the English qualities entirely from the outside. This keen and perpetually coruscating perception applied to an alien people, strongly suggests Taine. Had he written fiction instead of criticism it would have been silkier and more suave, indeed, but otherwise might have resembled this.

Lucien is a clear-cut personality, essentially Gallie throughout. He is especially so in dealing with his intrigues, his intimate degradations, when he falls into the gutter after he is rejected as Edith Lawton's suitor. The English gutter has found its de Maupassant at last. It has never been described, an-

alyzed, criticized after this fashion. Simply, 'it is not done' in English fiction. Lucien masters the problems of English neckties and hats, English business and politics, but the English reticences will remain forever a sealed book to him, — yet give him credit for what he achieves. To Lucien Cadoresse, the man who would be saved must become an English gentleman. Confessedly this Lucien has no religion, no ideals, and few principles save this of being as good an Englishman as he can; but because he holds this one desire with passion, it does work out; it does produce salvation of a sort.

I said that these three books furnish apparently diverse solutions of the problem of salvation for the man who has no religion. But careful scrutiny shows that these solutions are finally identical. The author of *Home* throws his characters back upon their good inheritance for rescue; the author of *The Business of a Gentleman* exhibits a man so entirely redeemed by ancestral virtues that he needs no further help; the author of *The Making of an Englishman* shows a youth so obsessed by the virtues of an alien race that they re-create him. All derive their virtues from those stronger ones who have gone before. But, the reader asks, what made strong those Puritans on whose blood the Lansings and the Waynes of to-day rely? What shaped those honest English squires who were Bobby Wilton's forbears? What, finally, gave the English people such ideals of chastity, endurance, and uprightness that the mere contemplation of them sows the seeds of these qualities in a man of different race?

Perhaps it would be still more to the point to ask — for how many generations can we be redeemed by dilutions of our fathers' faith? How long will salvation by legacy endure? Is the modern world, which boasts of having

everything, so truly poor that it can work out no salvation of its own?

Certainly there are no faintest traces of anything like salvation in such a typically modern character as *The Titan*.¹ In this book Theodore Dreiser pursues the history of Frank Cowperwood, introduced to us in *The Financier*. The latter was absorbing and indubitably great; its continuation is neither. One does not make out whether this is partly Mr. Dreiser's fault, or wholly that of his hero. *The Financier* was kinetic. Cowperwood developed before our eyes from a shrewd lad into a financial magician. He rose, then fell, melodramatically, into prison, only to rehabilitate himself again. The author scorned the element of contrast, and gave us no character to admire or love, but he took infinite pains to show the zest of youth and crescent experience. What feeling the book contained was genuine and strong, though lawless and primitive.

The Titan is static. Here Cowperwood is an established magnate, an established libertine. He but adds million to million and seduction to seduction. In both cases the details are infinitely dreary. Like taking candy from a child is the process of diverting other men's gains to his own purse, while the wives and daughters of his associates are such easy captives of his magnetism that it becomes nauseating. Were there, then, no virtuous women or able men in Chicago? As Cowperwood becomes less and less human, the reader becomes more and more impatient. The framework of the story rises to an appropriate climax, but the reader's imagination refuses to rise with it. We are asked to believe that Cowperwood at fifty conceives so disinterested a passion for a young girl that he considers her an *objet d'art* and is will-

ing to house and provide for her indefinitely as such. After living for some years upon his bounty she chooses to come to him with the offer of her heart and life in the hour when he has just met his most serious financial defeat.

Here is sentiment, not to say sentimentality. Probably Balzac, with the French genius for 'slush,' could have made us feel the situation sympathetically. But Mr. Dreiser is not in such thorough accord with his hero as to be able to do this. He knows perfectly that Cowperwood's heart has by this time about the freshness and value of a sucked orange-peel kicking about the dusty street, and he knows readers do not yield sympathy to sucked orange-peel. Therefore he does not, perhaps cannot, try his hardest to convince. What he tells may be entirely true to fact, but it also fails entirely of that deeper reality which alone holds our interest. So we come back to the query — is Cowperwood or Dreiser to blame?

On the one hand, Cowperwood's historian is certainly a little afraid lest he be caught moralizing, or deviating from a tolerant, man-of-the-world attitude toward his subject. Now, the artist must not be moralist first or chiefly; nevertheless a failure in moral perception is ultimately a failure in both psychology and art. No writer, realist or not, can afford this.

On the other hand, could any writer possibly make the middle age of a Cowperwood appetizing? The inner life of the strong man who takes for motto '*I satisfy myself*' lacks that element of struggle which the dullest audience demands in its drama. How make a hero of a monster? Here is no success other than the success of a gorged animal in obtaining its prey. However, *The Titan* is only the second volume of a proposed trilogy. It is too soon to speak with finality either of Cowperwood or his chronicler.

¹ *The Titan*. By THEODORE DREISER. London and New York: John Lane Co.

Mr. Dreiser may refuse to the end to draw ethical conclusions — it is his right if he cannot see life as ethic — but there are others more clear-sighted, even if less able and painstaking. The author of *Horace Blake*¹ does not lack spiritual insight and acuteness, and her book is remarkable in that it presents a thoroughly bad man and a genuine religious experience. These simple phenomena, once so popular, have entirely lost favor of late years, and few writers have any longer the courage to affirm or the skill to depict them. Mrs. Humphry Ward's first success was based upon her able handling of the second element, but one hardly knows where to turn for satisfactory rendition of the first. In *Horace Blake* Mrs. Wilfrid Ward courageously assails both propositions at once, with a success the more remarkable because the workmanship of the book does not always escape mediocrity.

Horace Blake is a dramatist — reared in the Roman Church. Under the influence of his father-in-law, a high-minded, well-balanced materialist, he frees himself not only from his early religion, but from all moral or even decently human restraints. He breaks all laws, blaspheming as he breaks them. The reader never doubts for a moment that this most unpleasant person is thoroughly a genius and thoroughly bad.

Through it all his wife remains devoted and loyal, serving his genius; in which she believes fervently. Facing death at last, he offers her the final insult by going away to die without her, and takes with him the illegitimate daughter whom Kate, the wife, has brought up as her own. She had so feared the influence of his debased mind and character upon this girl that she had, long before, claimed his promise to let his child entirely alone. How-

ever, there is no convention she will not violate for his sake; so Horace, Trix, and Roberts the nurse, settle themselves in Brittany, where Blake with one tremendous effort finishes his last and most sacrilegious drama. After this comes reaction,—physical torture, mental anguish and, finally, strange peace before death in the church that shaped his early years.

This may sound like the crude outline of a Sunday-school book, but the tale itself seems invincibly real. Blake, repentant, writes commanding his wife to burn the play which he sent her to publish, but she, believing him to be mentally weakened and played upon by priests, pays no heed to the order.

Some months after his death there is sent her a notebook in which he made entries during the final weeks of his life. The objective account of his conversion as it appeared to his daughter, the nurse, and the *curé*, was perfectly convincing of its kind, but these few pages where the keen mind analyzes itself and its experiences, rehearsing point by point the subconscious preparation it underwent for the final mutation of spirit, constitute a wonderful piece of writing. How Mrs. Ward arrived at it, or acquired it, one can only guess. It is no more invented than any of the world's great confessions. It has the ring of the veritable human document. We see a man marshaling, piece by piece, the evidence that proves to him that a greater Spirit has sought to touch and salve his own. This is breathless action, *this* is drama, if you like!

If Mrs. Ward had seen the other characters as clearly as she saw Horace Blake and Providence, this would have been one of the religious novels that break all records. For the reading world is not weary of religious experiences. Only it will have the real thing or nothing. And small blame to it!

¹ *Horace Blake*. By Mrs. WILFRID WARD. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The foregoing are distinctly serious-minded books, and there are yet more of them. Reformers all are the authors of *The Flying Inn*,¹ *The Goldfish*,² *The Congresswoman*,³ *Idle Wives*,⁴ *Vandover and the Brute*,⁵ and even *What Will People Say*.⁶ Each assails the thing that to him is anathema with such wit and adroitness as his brains allow. One is bound to say it seems a good sign that a third of these books are directed against unwise reform. If you ever sicken, as you sometimes must, of national prohibition, woman suffrage, Montessori, vegetarians, white slavers, eugenics, and the simple life, take refuge in Chesterton's delicious diatribe, *The Flying Inn*. Shall not a man take his ease in his inn? There are those, it seems, in England, who would abolish the ancient friendliness of that institution by making it a place where man may no longer gossip over his mug of stout. Chesterton's quiver is full of arrows. Pseudo-Buddhists (under the thin guise of Mohammedans) and vegetarians receive a few of the flying shafts. G. K. C. is for roast beef and brown October ale forever. As usual when he argues, he talks like an angel from Heaven and an imp from Hades; he coos and roars, chortles and cajoles, argues, storms, laughs, blasphemers. Also, he sings, and it is impossible to be sad when he sings such drinking-songs as that ascribed to Noah in flood-time:—

I don't care where the water goes, so it doesn't get into the wine!

The problem of alcohol is more acute

¹ *The Flying Inn*. By G. K. CHESTERTON. London and New York: John Lane Co.

² *The Goldfish*. New York: The Century Co.

³ *The Congresswoman*. By ISABEL GORDON CURTIS. Chicago: Brown & Howell Co.

⁴ *Idle Wives*. By JAMES OPPENHEIM. New York: The Century Co.

⁵ *Vandover and the Brute*. By FRANK NORRIS. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

⁶ *What Will People Say?* By RUPERT HUGHES. New York: Harper & Bros.

in our own country, where the question is one of entire prohibition. The average citizen feels confusedly that cocktails tend to combativeness and highballs to a red nose; he has read *John Barleycorn* and Dr. Williams on alcohol and efficiency. But he also knows how lobster Newburg should be made and has experienced the inconvenience of living in a dry town and smuggling in the family invalid's alcohol-rub and the brandy for the mincemeat. His attitude may not seem heroic when he says, 'Well, it's blamed uncomfortable sometimes, but if it's for the good of the race, I'll try to put up with it.' Yet this and no other is the attitude that may eventually make national prohibition possible. This meek acceptance of the entire elimination of alcohol is perfectly compatible (so illogical are all really good citizens) with glorying in Chesterton's raid on temperance sharps! It is a gallant raid, and as for the raider he is gorgeous beyond description. While G. K. C. is left to literature and humor to humanity, this world cannot become wholly a museum of cranks and quacks.

Its gentle humor is one of the pleasures of *The Congresswoman*, a peculiarly satisfying story of woman in public life. Cynthia Pike, who succeeded in going to Congress, but failed both in politics and home-making while in Washington, returns to Oklahoma to marry a man who ran for Congress five times without success but has the incomparable gift of making any old house feel like home. This sane and diverting tale should be carefully studied by all the clubs in the General Federation.

There is no humor in *Vandover*. Written when Frank Norris was a college boy, it is little more than a medico-moral treatise of the school of Brieux. In its present shape it is too mediocre to be efficient or interesting, save as

showing the writer's bent from the beginning.

Neither is *Idle Wives* humorous. There are strong evidences that Mr. James Oppenheim has a perfectly good talent for something, but it does not seem to be novel-writing. Yet this is a clearer-cut and better-written novel than his first. The 'idle wife' deserts her husband and family to do rescue work in the slums, chiefly because she is jealous of the influence of the nursery governess over the children. There might be a woman so foolish as to discharge herself from her own job under these circumstances, instead of ousting the governess and caring for the children herself; it is conceivable — you can imagine anything about human nature especially when you aim to reform it — but it is too improbable to make good reading except for the artless.

The Goldfish concerns the disadvantages of wealth. The anonymous author says he is a New York lawyer who finds living on \$70,000 a year impossible, though he admits that more than half this sum adds nothing to comfort. 'The economic weakness of the situation lies in the fact that a boiled egg only costs the ordinary citizen ten cents and it costs me its weight in gold.' The book is crammed with common sense, though one may politely doubt if it is autobiography. For one thing, by the time Midas, or near-Midas, has impaired his health and spirits so that he finds his 'only genuine satisfaction' in the first flush of his afternoon cocktail and the preliminary courses of his dinner, he usually becomes inarticulate from fatty degeneration. Autobiography or not, the book presents squarely the fact that you can buy more life and joy for seven thousand or less than for seventy, if only you know how. This doctrine is not exactly new — see the Greek myth of Midas and

the Hebrew Proverbs — but *The Goldfish* brings it down to date with vigor and veracity. It ought to make converts — and yet, imagine *The Goldfish* preaching to *The Titan*! Nothing doing there, one knows!

Mr. Rupert Hughes as a reformer is clever, almost diabolically so. His book, *What Will People Say?* is all about a popular young woman who refuses to give up the prospect of diamonds, automobiles, yachts, at the call of love and a young lieutenant with 'two thousand a year, and forage.' But love proves stronger than she had expected, and the degenerate husband whom she married for money is ultimately justified in killing her with the carving-knife at the dinner-table. Now Mr. Hughes is in earnest as a preacher. He believes that one should scorn worldly considerations in marriage and mate for love when love's hour strikes, and his sermon is forcible and up-to-the-minute. But of what avail is it to preach if the tempted do not listen? Obviously none. So he proceeds to rival Robert Chambers in setting forth the emotional possibilities of luxurious philandering. As he is really sincere in his sermon, he 'catches them coming and going,' as the vernacular has it. For the sternest moralist cannot say that he is not in earnest, or that he does not hit from the shoulder, while the frivolous will find a distinct pleasure in having tango-teas and similar amusements of last winter so fully interpreted to them at the same time that they are reading a novel with a moral that smarts.

This is fighting the devil with fire. As a reformer, Mr. Hughes doubtless settled the advisability of this with his conscience before he began, and no one who has noticed the type of interest aroused by *What Will People Say?* will aver that his sermon did not reach its proper audience. Nevertheless — the author is obviously capable of per-

formances so much finer that the judicious are entitled to grieve a little over this one.

Robert Herrick also may be numbered among the reformers. If he did not so despise so many imperfect institutions,—American education, private property, and human nature among them,—he would be more efficient. Nevertheless *Clark's Field*,¹ a tale of unconsidered acres on a city's edge, is very good work indeed. It might count as the author's best if it were not for his perceptible reluctance to be interested in the fate of individuals. Adelle Clark, a strong, simple, self-willed character, overcomes her creator's prejudices against folks long enough to engage our interest in her salvation. *Clark's Field* saves her from poverty; unhappiness saves her from riches—and these are the great salvations. In the end, like Bobby Wilton, she gives her time and her money to 'those who live upon her land.' One hopes that Mr. Herrick notices how strongly his story implies that only the individual will ever really help other individuals.

By way of a change from reformers, it is good to consider *The Women We Marry*² and *Burbury Stoke*.³ Mr. Hopkins's pleasant, leisurely stories have more than one charm. They whimsically persuade the reader to use his own imagination, and they never introduce him to any one who, by any remote possibility, can need reformation. This latter virtue is especially grateful after prolonged saturation in, say, *The Titan*. To feel one's self in a world where the Titan could never come is, for the hour, enough of happiness! And Mr. Pier's characters inhabit the same world. It

is true that the 'women we marry' do, superficially and gingerly, lay finger upon the same temptation that brings Rupert Hughes's heroine to the carving-knife, but one is not disturbed for an instant by this approach to peril. Their characters so attenuate the temptation that it is powerless. They would be hopelessly out of it in any kind of misdoing, and will never be guilty of anything so alien. They are well drawn, with the faintly humorous affection that suggests Howells's mastery of the same attitude.

*The Precipice*⁴ is another careful study of women, this time of very modern type. Given as heroine one of the dozen women of a generation who are doing work that counts for social betterment in a large way; given as hero a man with work of his own; let her work lie in Washington and his in Colorado, and what is the answer? Shall the woman, as heretofore, follow the man? Mrs. Peattie's characters are fine, energetic, human people who need each other and know it; therefore they compromise. Kate will put the 'Bureau of Children' on its feet at one side of the continent, while Karl, unless he gets sent to Congress, will struggle with mining problems in the Rockies. They will meet when they can, and look forward to one roof and fireside when their careers admit. With this decision the story ends, but it needs a sequel, for the process of putting such a compromise through would surely be more illuminating than the process of reaching it.

Perhaps our readiness to accord Kate and Karl the importance they have for themselves is due to the writer's skill in handling the subsidiary story of Honora Fulham, an adorable girl with a clever mind who marries a rising biologist and sinks herself in his work. They live in the laboratory and all the

¹ *Clark's Field*. By ROBERT HERRICK. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Co.

² *The Women We Marry*. By ARTHUR STANWOOD PIER. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Co.

³ *Burbury Stoke*. By WILLIAM J. HOPKINS. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Co.

⁴ *The Precipice*. By ELIA W. PEATTIE. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Co.

house is chilly and austere, save only the nursery where a competent woman mothers the twins. Honora neglects clothes, coquettices, and domestic atmosphere to help David win the Nobel prize. Comes a cousin of Honora's own physical type who does not overlook these matters. Presto! Honora is a deserted wife and David an exile. Honora has the insight to see and the courage to say that it is all her own fault. The undeniable, though often denied, fact that woman is man's complement, not his supplement, could not be shown more precisely. Mrs. Peattie holds no brief for or against the modern woman, but she knows that some things can, and some cannot, be done. This simple fact is entirely overlooked by the feminists.

There is much agreeable matter for those who would take their reading more lightly still. For instance, Booth Tarkington has 'come back.' *Penrod*¹ is about a real boy, and it is unremittingly funny from first to last. For light-hearted people who desire to remain so, it is perhaps the best book of the summer.

There are numerous open-air stories, and you can choose the summer climate that suits you best. *The Light of Western Stars*² portrays the deathless lure of the great Southwest. *Overland Red*³ does the same thing for the eternal charm of California, not the California of towns and cities and smug boulevards, but the real California of the ranches, the canyons, the hills. Besides this, *Overland* is a 'two-gun man' scrapping with sheriffs and shooting up towns. *Cross-Trails*⁴ has to do with a

¹ *Penrod*. By BOOTH TARKINGTON. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

² *The Light of Western Stars*. By ZANE GREY. New York: Harper & Bros.

³ *Overland Red*. New York and Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

⁴ *Cross-Trails*. By HERMAN WHITAKER. New York: Harper & Bros.

Hudson Bay Company's logging-camp, and *The Forester's Daughter*⁵ dwells among the untrdden ways of the great Colorado peaks. The author of *North of Fifty-Three*⁶ is haunted by the free, unpeopled spaces of British Columbia. We meet improbable folk in some of these tales, but they all breathe oxygen, which is more than can be said for the characters in most realistic novels.

There is something about oxygen in the atmosphere that makes otherwise insignificant books acceptable. Conversely, the work of the wise and talented is often spoiled by the reader's consciousness that the writer has breathed too much soot and smoke, and walked too long on dull, depressing streets. Cities may stimulate talent, but they no longer nourish it. Rather, they poison the finer perceptions and check creative effort. It is slightly aside from the point, but I know a man who avers that if all editors were compelled by law to sleep in pure country air, the debasing sensationalism which has tainted all but the staunchest of American magazines in the last two years would be utterly impossible.

English authors are especially subject to city-dweller's melancholia. One suspects that many of them make the fatal mistake of writing in London. Miss Sinclair, for instance, who is always conscientious, sincere, and highly intelligent, is of late depressing with the depression born of too many urban contacts. *The Return of the Prodigal*,⁷ her new book of short stories, is interesting, for Miss Sinclair could not be otherwise, and full of acute perceptions, for the same reason; but it is far from helping one to feel better about

⁵ *The Forester's Daughter*. By HAMLIN GARLAND. New York: Harper & Bros.

⁶ *North of Fifty-Three*. By BERTRAND W. SINCLAIR. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

⁷ *The Return of the Prodigal*. By MAY SINCLAIR. New York: The Macmillan Co.

life. Uplift, of course, is not what we are entitled to demand of those who pleasantly tickle our intellects, but certainly we have the right to ask that the mental stimulus they give shall be such that we forget for the time being that we have other needs. The best work of Henry James invariably does this for the entranced reader, and most of Mrs. Wharton's short stories have a like power.

A perfect short story must be so good that it does n't matter in the least what it is about! Miss Sinclair's present deficiency in this magic may be partly because her talent needs space, needs room in which to turn, a thing the short story does not provide, but one is also obstinately sure that it needs more sun, and dew, and country air. See what a long vacation has done for Arnold Bennett! *The Price of Love*¹ has not the impressiveness or bulk of the *Old Wives' Tale*, but it has more of the zest and therefore the captivation of that book than anything the author has since produced.

On the other hand, the atmosphere of *The Duchess of Wrex*² is absolutely devitalized. We have a delirious vision of the unfortunate author, like a mouse under a bell-glass in the popular experiment, spinning and gasping for air. He has conceived the big idea of incarnating the Victorian era and the twentieth century and setting them to hate one another in his pages. In order to carry this out, it is rather necessary to know what the Victorian era was and what the twentieth century is, and to vitalize both. With all respect for Hugh Walpole's ambition and for his talent, he has not succeeded in a task at which better men might well fail. Such a book needs ten years of brood-

ing study, and then oxygen — and more oxygen.

An idea strikes me — can it be not so much London smoke as the shadow of H. G. Wells that glooms depressingly over the work of the younger Englishmen? Wells is gradually working his own way out of the gray cloud that cloaked so much of his earlier work, but it still lowers over his pupils, who probably admire him for his defects — as pupils have a trick of doing. Wherever in a young writer you meet mention of the 'hinterland' of our consciousness, or much talk of 'muddle-headedness,' you may know it is the brand of Wells on his brain.

Mr. Gilbert Cannan is another more-than-promising talent quite shrouded in what a Celt might term The Gloom. But about his work there is a definite maturity and independence both of conception and execution that forbids one to hope that he will cast the gray cloud aside. His new novel, *Old Mole*,³ is strikingly conceived and very cleverly produced, for Mr. Cannan's ability to write is unquestioned, but — but — well, it will never find any man where he lives, because so few men live on that street! If the average reader finds anything human alien to him, that thing is probably the inner life of an agnostic *intellectuel*. The audience of *Old Mole*'s story not only will not be very large, it will not be very enthusiastic. The book will arouse enthusiasm only in other agnostic *intellectuels*, most of whom are too busy writing books of their own to care much for this careful, competent study of one of themselves. The present critic's feeling about this admirable piece of work is clearly crude, but comes to this: Cannan's characters do not live. This seems to be because they have no souls. One does not know what the author can do about the matter.

¹ *The Price of Love*. By ARNOLD BENNETT. New York: Harper & Bros.

² *The Duchess of Wrex*. By HUGH WALPOLE. New York: George H. Doran Co.

³ *Old Mole*. By GILBERT CANNAN. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Probably nothing, as he obviously suspects souls of being a Victorian superstition. But they are, still, a necessary ingredient in compelling fiction. For there is a deep-rooted instinct in every reader that says to claimants for his attention, 'If you are n't going to live to-morrow, what do I care how you behave to-day?' In other words, the appetite for serious fiction is, really, rooted deep in a conviction of the fundamental significance and permanence of Man.

If Old Mole's hemoglobin is below seventy, that of Joe Munta in *Storm*¹ is one hundred plus. He once runs amuck for more than an hour with a hole in his skull the size of a half-dollar. The picture we get of a dark, troubled, slow-moving mind poisoned by a rage slowly mounting to white fury, is a little diffused but very impressive.

The theme is such a one as Joseph Conrad used to delight in. *Chance*² indicates that the latter is now choosing subjects somewhat closer to everyday life. He has been turning out admirable fiction for the last eighteen years or so, and is only now coming into his reward. Popularity tarried, because at first he wrote of elemental passions and strange lands with the psychological acuteness and complex style of Henry James. People who wanted adventure stories shied at his style and his psychology; people who wanted style and psychology shied at his elemental stage-settings, supposing them appropriate backgrounds for melodrama only. But the elect read him and rejoiced. It has just occurred to his publishers to advertise his new novel inside a halo of quotations showing what the elect think of him. The result is so satisfactory

from the counting-room standpoint, that one wonders they did n't think of it long ago. *Lord Jim* was a more astonishing piece of work than *Chance*, yet the latter is subtle, deft, and strong. It also takes the reader into the novelist's laboratory and shows him how the trick is turned. The myriad acute deductions from a few observed facts remind one of the sublimated guess-work of *The Sacred Fount*, but unlike that masterpiece of intangibility, they do not make one's head swim. The author's place is high among the half-dozen novelists of the era who offer intellectual stimulus rather than emotional relaxation.

The publication of *Vain Oblations*,³ Mrs. Gerould's first collection of tales, marks the formal entrance into our literature of a new and striking talent. The book demonstrates anew the extraordinary American gift for the short story as well as the author's personal facility in that difficult art. Not since Mrs. Wharton's first appearance in this field have we had anything so wholly satisfactory. Mrs. Gerould's style has the same carefully wrought complications, all tending to full and final illumination, which we note in Mrs. Wharton. That is to say, her work belongs to the school of Henry James, but it has great precision, definition, brilliancy. The brilliancy of Henry James is that of 'indirect lighting,' it is diffused and mellow; the author of *Vain Oblations* flashes the electric lantern of pointed phrase here and there upon her subject, picking out its saliences with vivid lightnings. As yet her perceptions are largely ironic. One says 'as yet' because, while many writers begin there, few of the first order cease their explorations of the universe in that particular frame of mind.

Mrs. Gerould's themes range from

¹ *Storm*. By WILBUR DANIEL STEELE. New York: Harper & Bros.

² *Chance*. By JOSEPH CONRAD. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

³ *Vain Oblations*. By KATHARINE F. GEROULD. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.

the bitter ironies of fate to the hideous malignancies of warped human nature. Stripped of their graces of style, her themes sound melodramatic enough. In one, a woman, hidden and remote, gloats over the headlines detailing the trial and execution of her hated husband for alleged murder of herself. In another, a man who romantically marries a woman that he may assist in her pious search for the grave of a *fiancé* killed in an African expedition, stumbles upon the lover still alive, just as the relations between his wife and himself have become vital. In the title-story, the ironic horror is too great to handle in any sentence of description. One might say that jungles obsess Mrs. Gerould's imagination: the actual jungles of Africa with their terrors for the body; the unillumined jungles of Chance with their fatal pitfalls; the impalpable jungles of the spirit where the hideous things of human nature lurk. Such subjects require sanity and balance in handling, and these our new artist has in such large measure as to quiet all apprehension concerning the satisfactory evolution of her talent. She has, if she so wills it, come to stay.

Another new writer whose work has the finer and more lasting qualities is Miss Margaret Lynn. *A Step-daughter of the Prairie*¹ is not fiction. It is biography touched with just that quality of perception which transforms the personal and fleeting into the universal and enduring. We have in it the picture of a prairie-child who despised her familiar prairies, looking elsewhere, as children will, for romance and interest. All the little incidents of childhood, amusing and adequate in themselves, fit into the development of her final consciousness of her life as springing from the prairie, colored by it, belonging to it, although that prairie dis-

¹ *A Step-daughter of the Prairie*. By MARGARET LYNN. New York: The MacMillan Co.

pears beneath the plough and exists no more forever on the face of earth. This is the way Nature makes the child her own; this is why the country child has stamina and character that the city child will always lack. Out of her own early experiences Miss Lynn develops a fundamental race-truth delicately and delightfully. It is not an easy thing to do.

Merely as an educational measure, is there no way of compelling young novelists to read one another's books? It is well known that usually they have n't the time and don't care to take the trouble, yet, granted a certain patience with one another, they could thus accumulate really priceless information. Here, for instance, is a heap of tales — *The Milky Way*,² *Gray Youth*,³ *The Salamander*,⁴ *The Masques of Love*⁵ — whose writers might advantageously confer together. All these books are about what used to be called in the middle eighties 'the revolting daughters.' We thought we knew something about them then, these bachelor-maids, these damsels-errant who scorn domestic duties and set forth to see life for themselves, like their brothers; but thirty years ago they were namby-pamby, unenterprising, level-headed creatures compared with their sisters of to-day. At that time no publisher's reader would have passed favorably upon *The Milky Way*, not because the heroine is so daring but because she is so foolish.

Out of respect for that much-written-about object, The Child, Miss Viv Lovel, wandering artist, picks up a stray one, casually, — in a boat-accident to be exact, — and tucks it under her

² *The Milky Way*. By F. TENNYSON JESSE. New York: George H. Doran Co.

³ *Gray Youth*. By OLIVER ONIONS. New York: George H. Doran Co.

⁴ *The Salamander*. By OWEN JOHNSON. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

⁵ *The Masques of Love*. By MARGARITA SPALDING GERRY. New York: Harper & Bros.

arm as she travels. In the same casual way she annexes a 'pal' named Peter Whymperis, and a half-witted maid. The maid is necessary because as 'Viv' must wander hand-in-hand through Provence with the 'pal,' making sketches for a book he is to write, some one must occasionally wash the adopted baby's face. The half-wittedness is equally necessary, as an ordinary intelligence would find itself painfully out of place among these light-hearted reformers — for they are all social theorizers of course.

Now, if Miss Tennyson Jesse could have read *Gray Youth* before writing *The Milky Way*, she might even have left it unwritten. Oliver Onions knows a surprising number of things that are really true, none of which have yet occurred to this very, very young great-grand-niece of Tennyson — to whom be dreamless peace in his deep grave! For instance, he knows that people who talk too much, especially art-students, 'end by not knowing a word they have been saying,' and by becoming unable to do any work worth mentioning; 'word-sodden' is the way he describes this alarming and rather prevalent condition.

Perhaps also if Owen Johnson had read *The Masques of Love* before writing *The Salamander*, he might have realized, for he is quick and clever, that he was not representing the heroine of that sensational story as she saw herself, even when intending to give her point of view. The two books present, one a masculine and one a feminine view of a girl who seeks to go on the stage because she wants to 'taste life.' Mr. Johnson, while admitting in his title and his preface that his heroine goes through fire unscathed, concentrates upon the fire, how hot and how red it is, how nearly it scorched her and how passing wonderful it is that she emerges, like the three Children of

Israel from the fiery furnace, with no smell of smoke upon her garments. The author of *The Masques of Love* has very little to say about the fire. She gives a pleasant story of a nice girl who gets some hard knocks and a good deal of enlightenment, but it remains a pleasant story of a nice girl throughout. In tasting life she takes only ladylike bites, though her behavior at times is rather unconventional. In comparison Mr. Johnson's Doré seems to gobble and choke. And yet one suspects that if a real Doré told her own story instead of having it told for her by an outsider, a mere man, she would not represent herself as a sensational Salamander, but rather as a twin to the heroine of *The Masques of Love*. For it is precisely because she sees herself as a nice girl that any Salamander walks through furnaces unscathed. That is the amulet, that is the shield. So long as the nice girl cannot see herself otherwise, she cannot be otherwise, and it is greatly to be hoped that she will retain that vision through all her scorching experiments.

People who know what they think about the world may excuse themselves from reading any of these tales; people who don't know what they think may be helped to illumination by *Gray Youth*. Mr. Onions is not only the cleverest, he is also quite the most advanced of the younger English novelists. He sees that the next step forward is a long step back. For most talk is futile, and most theories are trash. The Conventions, and Duty, and Goodness, all those Victorian notions, are due to come in again. They will shortly be the mode in moralities, the very latest thing. If there were no other reason, — but the author of *Gray Youth* knows all the reasons, — they are absolutely essential to a colorful and interesting life, and youth without them is drab indeed.

LIFE'S NON-SEQUITURS

BY LUCY ELLIOT KEELER

THAT afternoon over the teacups we talked of the first foreign phrases which had imposed upon our vernacular, and an amusingly incongruous assortment was let loose. Only a few, we felt, were authentic, most of them being offered because of lack of time to recall the actual from the misty deep. The *je vous aime* of our first valentines, family and school mottoes, some phrase mother or nurse had sung, were however, interrupted by one given in no uncertain inflection, — 'Non-sequitur.'

'It does not follow!' we translated in chorus.

'Does n't it!' was the speaker's retort. 'Try it and see!'

She had risen and pulled on her gloves as she launched that laughing challenge, and would neither expiate nor be detained; and by a curious turn of fate none of us ever saw her again. It followed as the night the day that as the phrase had (as we afterward found) punctuated and influenced her whole life, so it could not fail in some small way to sway ours. My own vocations had more and more drifted into the gentle and devious streams of inconsequence, but now I deliberately sent my thoughts questing into quiet pools of literature and sparkling eddies of conversation, over the shallows of the merely ridiculous, down the foaming rapids of life, trusting for an outlook at last over the ultimate sea. You must therefore bear with me (a pretty non-sequitur!), with me and my *vade mecum*, for it is not paradoxical to claim that what did not follow might cannily ac-

company me. So would have borne with me the good New England woman who was heard to thank her Creator for placing all the great rivers beside the great towns; so would the sympathetic soul who, hearing of a man having the small-pox twice and dying of it, begged to know if he died the first time or the second; so would Wackford Squeers, whose injured legs prevented his holding a pen; so would the curate whose voice was so thin that it was good only to read fine print; so would the man who got into the theatre without a ticket by the simple process of walking backward, which made the ticket-taker believe he was going out.

The non-sequitur that I know myself, — so inevitably does it follow that the phrase becomes a substantive, — admits only a collateral kinship with the muddle-headed. I may not act according to logical sequence or the law of reason; I may defy the reasonable inference; I may be, I certainly am, illogical, unreasonable, inconsequent, irrelevant; but I have no doubt in my own mind that I shall arrive. This the muddle-headed person seldom does. Instance the woman who pitied the people living before the Christian era because of the inconvenience they must have had in being obliged to count the years backward. The distinction is fine, I admit, and beg Stevenson to help me: 'How I arrived at his conclusion I do not know. A man with a cold in his head does not necessarily know a rat-catcher.' The opening words show that Stevenson got

there. Little Tommy was not muddle-headed when he said that if the fire alarm had struck four the fire would have been in his district. He went to the crux of the matter as directly as did Mrs. Carlyle when she declared that *Frederick the Great* was a terrible piece of work and she wished that Frederick had died when a baby.

I brush, in passing, a third class, far too clever to be dubbed muddle-headed, far too forthcoming to be non-followers, — unless by their superlative quality of non-sequiturness they lead the procession, like many another leader, from the rear. This class expresses the opposite of what it says. Bergson cites one instance: 'My dear boy, gambling on 'Change is very risky, you win one day and lose the next.' — 'Well then, I'll gamble only every other day.' Variations which occur on every comic page include the man who being assured that with a certain kind of stove he could save half his fuel, decided to buy two stoves and save it all. The expressions of defeat on the face of the father and of the stove merchant testify that the respondents were not of the illimitably inane. The incursion of these actors into this leafy maze thrusts home upon me the fact that the non-sequitur is no passive but an active non-follower. Sidney Lanier, exasperated by the strange methods of a brother poet, said that as far as he could make out, 'Walt Whitman's argument on Democracy was that because a prairie is wide therefore debauchery is admirable; and because the Mississippi is long therefore every man is God.' A clear conviction of what to avoid necessarily influences the wanderings of even the most unarriving non-sequitur.

The twentieth century is responsible for the rise of many a vagary, but the quality of non-sequiturability is not one of them. Eighteen centuries ago Seneca wrote, 'There are inconsequen-

tial studies as well as inconsequential men. Didymus wrote four thousand books wherein he is much concerned to discover where Homer was born; and some people are very anxious to know how many oars Ulysses had. Am I the more just, moderate, valiant or liberal for knowing that Dentatus was the first man who carried elephants in procession?' Juvenal laughed at those who affect the principles of the Curii and live like Bacchanals. They have their counterparts, however, in the French of to-day who, Rolland assures us, are too clever to bring their literature into practice. 'These Diderots are in private life honest citizens.' Many of us know women of the hour whose ruthless feminist theories combine, in Conrad's happy phrase, with a blameless conventionality in domestic practice. One of the most remarkable non-sequiturs in history is the case of Nietzsche, who denied our present moral values, or at least traced them to sources hitherto unsuspected, and yet himself fulfilled all the loftiest demands made by the morality now preached among us.

'What! You a hare and hunting for game?' runs the old Latin proverb. Decidedly, yes. I have come, like my friend over the tea-cups, to watch eagerly for this subtle something 'which does not follow,' never quite content till it appears and can be used as a conservative working factor in the subsequent proposition. When I catch Shakespeare nodding, — why, — that proves it is Shakespeare and not some smaller artist racked with the insomnia of omniscience. When I see the historian lingering intently over events and characters which are only supposed to have happened or wrought, I know that with a seer's eye he has discovered what has influenced and will truly influence men and nations. When I begin Montaigne's essay on *Lame People*, and find it a dissertation on miracles,

I am diverted but not surprised. When I see parents seeking for their daughters the best educational advantages and then launching them no less eagerly into a life that discounts intellectual endeavor, the contented heart and clear-eyed perception of values; or when I hear fathers 'citing Polonius to their sons and calling it Shakespeare,' I am surprised but not diverted.

Rabindranath Tagore, after hours of brooding and remembering that his life had once a different shape, said: 'Many an hour have I spent in the strife of the good and the evil, but now it is the pleasure of my Playmate of the empty days to draw my heart on to him, and I know not why is this sudden call to what useless inconstancy,' — and from his wisdom, in my most perplexed moments, I take heart of expectancy.

The current idea of evolution is that it has taken place not continuously but by jumps. Many of us attained our stature so — for years just up to mother's shoulder and then, in a few months, above her. The salvation of children is that parents cannot make of them just what they wish ('another you? oh, no: one is enough!'). Our most valuable chemicals are the unexpected combinations and residuums of the experimenter; our finest hybrid plants the sport-work of bees and humming birds.

Chicago promotes a great drainage canal to rid itself of noxious sewage; then suddenly the scientist says, 'Give me this sewage, and I will return you yearly the superior milk of a hundred thousand cows.' But the antecedents of the two conclusions were the same, — the desire for the health and wealth of the city community. Is the soot wasting from a million chimneys the sequitur or the non-sequitur of commercial conservation? Perhaps every proposition has two legitimate

conclusions which nevertheless contradict each other. That two and two make four is undisputed till some child puts her block figures side by side and proves to us that the result is twenty-two. When some one in Parliament sneered at Goethe's statement that the beautiful is higher than the good, John Stuart Mill broke the silence to offer his own interpretation that the beautiful is the good made perfect. It was he who begged us to be indulgent to the one-eyed: the votary of life's little non-sequiturs claims the same indulgence for even the two-eyed who see double.

If the years teach us any one lesson more than another, it is that we must not be dogmatic about results. We cannot say with impunity 'do this and that will follow: here is the theory, there the life, hence' — we laugh and turn away. 'What! is it done?' the much-belated wife of the minister asked him at the church door. 'No, my dear, it is said: it remains to be done.' Evolution, said and done, is gainsaid, yet ever doing. Inevitable old age is itself but a kind of non-sequitur in that it so often assumes a new and charming attitude toward the facts and problems and solutions of life.

We cannot confine so elusive a thing as a non-sequitur to a formula. There is one glory of the sun and another glory of the moon; there is one season of the northern hemisphere and another of the southern. It is a provision of nature for leaves to fall, platinudinizes the oak; the pine tosses its head and laughs aloud. Sleep, we say, is a natural thing. Some one has asked us to contemplate the consternation of a visitant from a sleepless sphere at seeing the whole world lie down dead for a third of its time. A young wife in China writes me that native Christians who saw her husband kiss her before a brief separation, gave the matter prayerful consideration

and finally begged him, for the sake of the cause, to desist from such practice, for 'if he does it to his wife what would he not do to other women!'—the only possible sequitur from the Oriental point of view.

Livingstone led some natives of the interior of Africa on a toilsome march to the sea. When they came in sight of the ocean the men fell on their faces to the ground. 'We were marching along with our father,' they reported afterward to their people, 'believing what the ancients had told us, that the world had no end. Then all at once the world said to us, "I am finished: there is no more of me." ' In such unsophisticated but lofty words, they expressed their conscious impotence before the unknown conclusion. We, to whom the sea is but a feature of the landscape, know that it is but a new point of departure for other *terra firma*. Other non-sequiturs that still frighten us may be but the simplest of axioms to the great initiated: harmonious, inevitable resolutions of earlier dissonances.

What influence do the non-sequiturs of life, whether they strike us on the funny bone, or pat us on the heart, or lead our thoughts to the shore of the infinite,—what influence do they exert over us? My earliest perception of them was as though I had been driving along a straight road and suddenly realized that the horse had wandered off into a meadow, and stopped beside a frisky little brook with everything around unfamiliar and delicious. Of course it was crazy, my getting there: I ought to blush; but oh, the fun of it! The digression was, as Sterne said, like sunshine. Somehow, just so my later non-sequiturs have become points of departure for golden dreams and silver realities: just so have I sometimes reached obscure souls on their secret paths.

If nothing more, the non-sequitur teases one into thinking it out, or into trying to think it out; the endeavor being more operative than the solution sought. Some one has said that the ten commandments are not authoritative because they are commanded, but because they are true. So, if the non-sequitur be true, it is both authoritative and influential.

Breasting the stream of the irrelevant is quite a different thing from the swimming in some folks' heads to which Socrates attributed the flux of the world. No one could play with words like Socrates, yet he laughed at Euthydemus's anger at himself for exacting precise statements where he had thought to catch the philosopher in a shower of words. 'When do you think, Theætetus,' Socrates might have asked that charming youth, 'when do you think the non-sequitur becomes the sequitur?' And how smilingly he would have led him along to some such conclusion as this: 'Set out vaguely for the non-sequitur, and the logical sequitur is bound to follow; while with a goal clearly proposed and manfully sought, the result, however seemingly syllogistic, will somehow prove a beneficent non-sequitur.' If we have watched over and cultivated and restrained body and mind and soul, their combinations, like those of a kaleidoscope, may astonish but can never humiliate us. If we have worked persistently toward certain results, our efforts may be no guaranty that we shall reach those particular results, but the non-sequitur will be odds in our favor.

How then shall we greet this inevitable non-sequitur in our lives, this illogical sequence of our former studies, of the influence of others, of environment, of circumstance, of the flux of the world? Be sure that we welcome it with a shout, interrogate it, react on it, do something to it. It may, as in

cat's cradle, come back with the next change of hands, to a familiar position with which we know how to deal, the little episode having served to lift the horizon for us; or, if not, lo, a chance to learn the solution of a new combination full of endless possibilities! Our principal business with the non-sequitur, as I see it, is just the grace to use it. Not to rebel and cry out for

unruled stars and a truth untrue,
but to accept the eternal law, finding
therein a firm if unexpected

footing for the soul;
Discern a height beyond all heights
A depth beyond all depths. —
For these, despair is like a bubble pricked.

It does not follow? Does n't it? Well,
as my friend said over the teacups, try
it and see.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA

BY FLORENCE T. HOLT

MOTHER and child! Though the dividing sea
Shall roll its tide between us, we are one,
Knit by immortal memories, and none
But feels the throb of ancient fealty.
A century has passed since at thy knee
We learnt the speech of freemen, caught the fire
That would not brook thy menaces, when sire
And grandsire hurled injustice back to thee.
But the full years have wrought equality:
The past outworn, shall not the future bring
A deeper union, from whose life shall spring
Mankind's best hope? In the dark night of strife
Men perished for their dream of Liberty
Whose lives were given for this larger life.

MEDITATIONS ON VOTES FOR WOMEN

BY SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS

I

THERE is an illuminating expression that is used now and then — 'When I come to think about it.' It is generally used when a controversy is over or an unwelcome truth at last admitted, and there is nothing more to be done about it. A person has had a very decided opinion and has expressed it with great vehemence. All his efforts have proved unavailing and the thing against which he protested has come to pass. Then, in a sudden burst of common sense, he resolves to sit down and think about it.

Why he did not adopt this meditative method in the first place he cannot exactly explain. Perhaps it is because in the struggle for existence man is compelled to be an active rather than a reflective creature. Thought is apt to come in the form of an afterthought. Wisdom is essentially retrospective.

The process of thinking things over in advance would save us from a great many antagonisms. Reflection has a soothing effect upon the mind if it is properly managed. We talk of Time as the great reconciler. This is true only when time is taken for fruitful meditation. The man described in the first Psalm, who was accustomed to meditate on the law of the Lord day and night, must have avoided many irritating conflicts with his neighbors. He had better things to think about. Marcus Aurelius, who was much given to meditation, saw that it was folly to 'Cæsarize.' Most emperors waste a great deal of time in Cæsarizing.

Meditation has an advantage over discussion. It takes two to carry on a discussion, whereas any one who is so disposed can meditate. Moreover in a discussion we are limited. We cannot contemplate the whole subject, but we must take one side while our opponent takes the other. We cannot look at the facts as they go about their ordinary business in the actual workaday world. They must be mobilized. They leave their peaceful avocations, hurriedly put on a uniform, and flock to the colors. When we review them we think of nothing but their fighting value.

However conscientiously we choose sides, we must reject or ignore some fact which in other moods we should recognize as having significance. We must sacrifice everything to efficiency. Sometimes we must assume something which is quite doubtful, for the sake of the argument. To change sides is an awkward and perilous manœuvre, like changing seats in a canoe. In order to preserve the equilibrium of the discussion we must keep our original place.

But in meditation we are free. We can consider one side and then the other without embarrassment. If we change our opinion because the weight of evidence has shifted, there is no one to exult over us and make us ashamed. If we recognize that we have been mistaken in our assumptions, there is no one to say, 'I told you so.' We quietly make the necessary adjustments to ever-changing reality, and go on with our business of thinking. We are not required to reach any predetermined

conclusions. We have no nervous anxiety to catch any particular train of thought, as we are traveling on our own feet, and are willing to put up wherever the night finds us. Hence it is that, while discussions go on with great vigor, and few are convinced except of the righteousness of their own cause, meditation often brings unexpected results. When we meditate we sometimes change our minds. This is a beneficent achievement, for it renders it unnecessary for us to spend all our strength in attempting to change the order of the universe and the whole direction of human progress, in order to get a sense of the fitness of things.

It sometimes happens that by relaxing our minds, and especially our wills, we get at possibilities of harmony between elements which seemed to be in hopeless antagonism. A contemplative attitude allows us to see the general direction in which things are going. On the evening of a national election we are more apt to get the news by staying away from our own party headquarters, where only one kind of news is promulgated.

Few subjects have of late been more vehemently debated than the extension of the right of suffrage to women. It seems to offer peculiar enticements to controversialists. So much can be said for and against it, and so easily. Moreover it is a debate which is peculiarly adapted to those of regular habits who do not care to go far afield in search of opponents. It can be carried on uninterrupted in the home circle.

Persons who love to discuss the different ways in which civilization is about to be ruined, and who evoke the various perils that threaten, are often embarrassed by the difficulty of visualizing the dangers that impend. The Yellow Peril, the Slav Peril, Pan-Germanism, Pan-Islamism, and the rest,

are foreign in their nature, and need the historic imagination to realize them. But a citizen who gets the notion that the Woman-Peril threatens to overwhelm all things holy, may see it smiling at him across the tea-table. It is no figment of the imagination that confronts him. And the Peril can always talk back when he cries *Avaunt!*

But while there is a great amount of serious—and less serious—discussion, there seems to be a lack of meditation. There is the strident cry of 'Votes for Women!' which is answered by negative voices not always as gentle as one might expect. There are the exaggerations which always accompany partisan discussion.

It would be a counsel of perfection to ask any one to meditate on Votes for Women with the same detachment with which one might meditate on the Passage of Time, the Beauties of Nature, or the Vanity of Human Greatness. But a certain amount of meditation is possible even to the most earnest. Meditation dwells on the obvious, on broad aspects of the subject that always form the common background of every discussion.

There are things so obvious that clever people never mention them: they 'go without saying.' It is, however, necessary now and then to say them just to remind ourselves that they are still going. Some of these obvious considerations may be suggested as profitable for some leisure hour when we are not anxious to convince any one, but only to clear our minds of prejudices which disquiet us.

II

That women have existed since the beginning of the human race, and have always taken part in human development.

This is a fact which seems to be ignored rather than contradicted by

eager disputants. Yet in reality it is very important and comforting.

In reading certain feminist literature one suffers from a nervous shock, such as comes when the fire-engines rush up to put out a fire in the kitchen stove. In fact there are two shocks — first, that which comes from the thought that there is a great conflagration, and then that which comes from the discovery that nothing has happened out of the ordinary.

There is an urgency as of some new and unheard-of power that has just come into the world. Heretofore this has been a man's world arranged for his convenience. Now Woman has appeared, open-eyed and armed, and all things are to be changed. Religion, the State, the Family, are to be reorganized according to a strictly feminist plan. If the ultimatum is not at once accepted we may look for that dreadful catastrophe, a sex war.

No wonder that the honest citizen awakened by the loud cry is not in the best of humor. And when he is called opprobrious names, like Victorian and early-Victorian, he is inclined to be surly. It is all so sudden. It appears that all the ideals of womanhood that he has revered are to be overturned and trodden under foot by cohorts of Amazons shouting, 'Down with the Home.'

Now, the honest citizen loves his home as he loves nothing else, and does not take kindly to the idea that it should be destroyed. There is a certain vagueness about the threats. Just exactly what the new plan is, he does not know. The only thing in the programme of revolutionary Feminism that he can get hold of, and that lies within the sphere of practical polities, is the demand for the ballot. Here is a limited battle-ground where the friends of the Home and of Christian marriage can make a stand. They can put up a

stout resistance till they can know what it is all about.

If the home-loving citizen would sit down and think about it, he would realize that this is a false alarm. The entrance of woman into the sphere of human action is no new thing. She has always been here, and has always been influential. Such civilization as we have is largely of her making. If civilization itself is a crime she has been accessory both before and after the fact.

We cannot treat half the human race as an altogether unknown quantity. That women can fight is no new discovery. Jael the wife of Heber the Kenite knew how to wield a hammer for her cause. Let any one who is alarmed at the advent of women in industry meditate on the business woman described in the book of Proverbs.

'She seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands. . . . She bringeth her food from afar. She riseth while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household and a portion to her maidens. She considereth a field, and buyeth it: with the fruit of her hands she planteth a vineyard. She girdeth her loins with strength, and strengtheneth her arms. She perceiveth that her merchandise is good. . . . She layeth her hands to the distaff, and her hands hold the spindle. . . . She maketh herself coverings of tapestry. . . . She maketh fine linen and selleth it; and delivereth girdles unto the merchant.'

Having taken over the woolen and flax industry with the business of spinning and weaving, having engaged in agriculture and dealt in merchandise and real estate, she superintended the general charities. 'She stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy.' There was nothing left for her husband but to sit at the gate and praise his wife.

Nothing in the modern situation is quite so one-sided as this ancient description of the sphere of women. But somehow men have survived.

I suspect that this bit of Feministic literature represented an ideal that was not always realized. It was the exceptional Hebrew woman rather than the average.

As to the present-day Feminism, we must remember that it represents a literary cult. It is a descriptive term like Realism, or Romanticism, or the Lake Poets.

When you attempt to read the literature of the Futurists you are not alarmed about the future. There is no danger that it will be like that. When the future comes, the present-day Futurists will seem not weird but only quaint. And when you read a Feminist book with its astonishing programme, you need not fear that that is what women will do when they get the vote. You are only reading what one woman thinks they would do if they were all as clever as she is.

You say that you are glad that they are not. You prefer the common sense and domestic feeling of the average women to these literary vagaries. Perhaps you are right. You may be interested in a simple little device by which the opinion of the average woman might from time to time be ascertained.

III

That while men and women have been a long time on the earth, it does not follow that new types may not be developed from time to time.

Though Feministic theories must not be taken too literally, they are yet suggestive of changes that are taking place. The essential thing is that many women are becoming conscious of what some women have always felt, that

some of the limitations which have been accepted as natural are in reality only conventional, and so can be removed.

The only way to determine what is natural and what is conventional is by the method of experiment. By pushing against every barrier women can force those barriers that are artificial to give way. In this struggle for freedom there must necessarily be evoked a challenging spirit which is not very gracious.

In a miracle play a veiled figure is introduced and walks across the stage. It is explained that this is Adam as he goes to be created.

Always among the completed characters that crowd the stage is the inchoate figure of the creature that is on the way to be created. The Old Adam is a well-known character, but the New Adam is an enigma. In each successive generation there is a conversation like this:—

‘How do you do, Adam?’

‘I do not do. I am not a creature. I am The About-to-be-Created.’

‘I wonder how you will turn out when you are created?’

‘I don’t know,’ growls Adam, ‘but I do not intend to be like you.’

This is ungracious and does not tend to endear the new candidate for existence to those whose self-esteem is wounded. But when the New Adam has been created there is more family resemblance to the Pre-Adamites than he is willing to admit.

The New Woman is inclined to scout all the ideals of womanhood that have gone before. She intends to be absolutely different. This is because she is on her preliminary walk across the stage. After the New Woman has been created the newness will gradually wear off and the ineradicable womanliness will come out. We may be quite sure of that.

IV

That theories are sometimes several sizes too big for their practical applications.

When John Knox was in the thick of his fight for religious, or rather for Presbyterian, freedom, he found that the fiercest opposition came from a few royal women. Margaret continued in the Netherlands the persecution which Isabella of Castile had carried on in Spain. Mary Stuart and her mother were implacable foes of the Presbytery, and Mary Tudor sat on the throne of England.

It was no wonder therefore that the fiery reformer made a sweeping generalization and identified feminine influence with Popery. He remembered the conflict of Elijah against Jezebel, and he blew the First Blast of the Trumpet against the monstrous Regiment of Women.

But before a second blast could be blown 'Bloody Mary' died and Elizabeth came to the throne. Knox was too good a Scotchman to give up a doctrine which he had once promulgated, but on the other hand he was too good a politician to insist on strict construction under the changed circumstances. He remembered that Jezebel was not the only woman mentioned in the Bible. There was Deborah who ruled Israel wisely. Of course Deborah was an exception. Elizabeth was a second Deborah, and therefore a second exception.

The predicament of Knox is that of all eager controversialists. A decent respect for the opinion of mankind induces us to put our contention on some broad grounds which mankind can appreciate. Issues that are in reality local and limited are discussed as if they involved the whole universe. There is always a satisfaction in believ-

ing that the stars in their courses are fighting for us. We try to identify the stellar orbits with our plan of campaign.

Suppose the question arises whether it is expedient that women should vote in the state of Connecticut. This is really a finite proposition. But when it becomes a subject of debate it expands into the infinite. It takes on a cosmic character. The biologists, the anthropologists, the physiologists, and the animal psychologists, all are called to give expert testimony. Even the botanists take a hand, in that their science also takes cognizance of the differences between male and female. Dire prophecies are uttered in regard to the race-degeneracy which would follow an unscientific amendment to the constitution of Connecticut.

The trouble with these scientific arguments is that they prove too much. If the analogy of plants and insects, and even of the higher mammals, is followed, the female of the species should not vote. Neither should she play bridge, or read a newspaper, or attend church, or play the piano. These activities are all without warrant from sub-human experience. It is doubtful if any of them are particularly good for the health.

The fact is that mankind has broken so many precedents, and taken so many risks, for the sake of moral and intellectual improvements, that it is inclined to go its own way. It asks what is right for human beings under civilized conditions. If animals and savages were not able to live in this way, so much the worse for them. The next step in advance is always dangerous. It involves a new adjustment, and the exercise of powers that have not been used. But the only thing to do is to meet the conditions as they arise, and keep as cheerful as possible while doing it.

v

That equal suffrage is not the first step in an impending revolution, but only a necessary adjustment to a revolution that has already happened.

During the last generation some things took place which were really revolutionary. The entrance of women into the colleges and universities, and into business and the professions, marked an advance of great importance. This was a new departure, at least in our modern world. Those who believed in a definite 'sphere' for women had reason to be alarmed at this new departure. It involved many social changes. But these changes did not involve political action, and so were quietly acquiesced in.

Now that the revolution has taken place, multitudes of educated women are in influential positions, moulding public sentiment and directing large institutions. All the functions of citizenship they actually exercise except that of voting at certain elections. We no longer find anything amusing in the term 'strong-minded' applied to a woman. What are colleges for if not to strengthen the mind!

And when our daughters come back from school and college, where their minds have been strengthened and broadened by modern discipline, they naturally seek to use the power they have acquired. Why not?

vi

That the lawless acts of certain English militants only prove that some women are no wiser than some men.

Some men are fanatics, and so are some women. Fanaticism has always accompanied progress, but this does not prove, as some people imagine,

that it is the cause of it. Railroad accidents accompany railroading, but do not add to its profits. From the manager's point of view, a train on the track is worth two in the ditch.

Every cause has had its fanatics, persons who in their zeal are willing to sacrifice all other interests to it without regard to the ordinary demands of justice and good fellowship. They demand 'direct action,' which usually means action that disregards the rights of neutrals. No one can tell when a fanatical turn may be given to a movement that has gone on peacefully. The question of the right way of administering the Lord's Supper has been the occasion of most cruel wars. The Anabaptists of the sixteenth century held views which most people in these days would think harmless enough, but then they became the occasion of all sorts of anarchistic outbreaks. There are multitudes of law-abiding people who look forward to the second coming of Christ, but in the meantime go quietly about their business. But there was a time when this expectancy took on a militant form. Wild-eyed Fifth Monarchy men proclaimed the reign of King Jesus, and to bring it in by direct action sought to take London and kill the Lord Mayor. Then it was time to call out the train-bands.

Usually these militant outbreaks can be accounted for, less by anything in the nature of the cause which is fought for than by the general temper of the times. They are evidences of a dangerous nervous tension.

We are able to understand the so-called militancy in England better than we could a short time ago. We see its relation to the movement for suffrage to be more or less accidental. Now that a great war has come, we see how feverish was the condition of the peoples who looked forward to it with suppressed passion and vague foreboding.

Not knowing just whom they were to fight, but feeling that fighting was inevitable, they conceived of everything in militant form.

There were to be wars, not only between Slav and Teuton, but between Celt and Saxon, class wars and industrial wars without number. Even the efforts in behalf of the public health were conceived of under warlike imagery. There were wars proclaimed against the fly and the mosquito and the germs of tuberculosis.

Earnest women, perceiving that they had been denied civil rights, and accepting the prevalent philosophy, imagined that when they were breaking windows and destroying works of art and setting fire to unguarded buildings they were making war. It was supposed to be that appeal to force by which all human rights have been won. Then suddenly, to those who were playing with fire, the great conflagration came. War grim and relentless is upon the world. All make-believe militancies shrink into insignificance.

Those who, carried away by a misleading analogy, thought that the suffrage for women could be obtained by threats, and by sporadic acts of lawlessness, must perceive that their tactics are not now effective. Nations which are fighting for their lives are not likely to be coerced by what are only petty annoyances. When the history of our time comes to be written, militancy will be seen to be a symptom of a disturbed state of the public mind, which preceded the great and terrible war. That women yielded to the nervous strain and for the time lost their balance is not to be wondered at. Men did the same.

VII

That a voter does not vote all the time, but is allowed a number of days off in order to attend to his private business.

This is a consideration that seems to be overlooked by those who insist that if a woman exercises the right of suffrage she must neglect her duties in the home. There is a certain force in this argument. Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, and we are told that if the conscientious citizen would outwit the machine politician and make good government to prevail he must always be 'on the job.'

But this counsel of perfection must be interpreted in the light of actual circumstances. The citizen who desires good government must also make his living, and to do this honestly requires considerable effort. There must be a reasonable compromise between public and private duty. The citizen cannot spend all his time voting on every question that comes up, for if he did there would be no one to earn money for taxes. So he makes use of various labor-saving devices, and selects persons to do most of his voting for him. This is the very essence of representative government.

Before representative government was invented, the objection just mentioned held. Popular sovereignty—which rests on the principle of limited liability—being unknown, one who exercised sovereignty had to give up all other business.

In the days of the Judges, Jotham shouted from the top of Mount Gerizim a pungent parable. 'The trees went forth on a time to anoint a king over them.' The useful trees declined the office because it interfered with their proper business. 'The olive tree said unto them, "Should I leave my fatness, wherewith by me they honor God and man, and go to be promoted over the trees?"' The fig tree would not leave his figs, nor the vine his wine 'which cheereth God and man.'

The representatives of the better elements having refused the nomina-

tion, it was offered to the bramble, who enthusiastically accepted, and announced his policy, which was at once to destroy the cedars of Lebanon.

If the trees had formed themselves into a republic instead of accepting a monarchical form of government they might have escaped from their dilemma. They would have planned some way by which the olive tree and the fig tree, while still bearing their proper fruit, might participate in the government of the grove, and safeguard their common interests. They might have no time to 'wave to and fro over the trees,' but they might do their share in more solid work.

It is along this line that improvements in government have been made. We must have a certain number of persons who give all their time to highly specialized forms of public work, but there is opportunity also for the private citizen to make his influence felt. Government by the people means that the man of science who cannot leave his researches, the artist who is loyal to his art, the farmer who will not leave his lands untilled in order to talk politics at the village store, all have a chance to influence the policy of their country. If they can find time for nothing else, they can at least vote for the party that comes nearest to their own ideas.

The home-keeping woman's business may make great demands upon her, but the demands are not greater or more insistent than those which come in other businesses in which public-spirited citizens are engaged. House-keeping is not an absolutely continuous performance, and neither is voting.

VIII

That women in expressing their opinions should be allowed to be as modest and unobtrusive as men.

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One cannot meditate always, one must sometimes consult the dictionary. The dictionary informs us that the word vote comes from the Latin *votum* — a vow, a wish, a prayer. The word suffrage has a similar religious meaning, as is indicated by ecclesiastical usage. The suffrage in connection with the Litany indicates the petition to the Good Lord to hear us.

The vote is therefore a kind of petition; it is an expression of personal desire and preference. In this primary sense there is nothing which the most careful person would object to as unbecoming in a woman. As a matter of fact, women always have expressed their preferences, often in the most decided manner.

But it appears that there is a secondary meaning. A vote is the method agreed upon by which a preference or desire may be expressed, as by voice, show of hands, balls, or ballot. It is to the expression of opinion in this orderly way that objection is made. Here we come to the taboo.

A woman may express her opinion in any way that is personal and obtrusive. She may write for the press, address public meetings, organize parties, canvass from house to house, or preach from the pulpit. She may make herself conspicuous as the advocate of any cause she adopts. In all this she is within her rights.

But one method she must not use — the secret ballot. It must be remembered that it is the secrecy of the ballot which distinguishes the voting of the present day from that of previous generations. The elections which Dickens describes were noisy affairs. Each elector had to declare his choice before the crowd. It was a trying performance for a quiet man who might find it hard to resist the pressure put upon him.

It was argued that the man who had

not the hardihood to stand up and declare his preference in the face of a howling mob, or under the scrutiny of his employer, did not deserve to have his opinion considered. But now it is admitted that the quiet man has his rights that must be safeguarded. He is allowed to express his opinion on public matters in an impersonal way and in absolute privacy. The polling booth is his castle, and no one need know how he marks his Australian ballot.

And it is the secrecy and the impersonal character of it that gives it its power. The one thing which the politician is afraid of is the 'silent vote.' After the shouting is all over,

and after all those who have ostentatiously 'stood up to be counted' have been counted, there is anxious waiting for another verdict. What do the quiet stay-at-home people who do no shouting think? The decision of great issues rests with them.

The woman who does not object to ostentatious methods has already ample opportunity to make her opinions known and her influence felt. But there are great numbers of women who are thoughtful but who shrink from publicity.

Why should not the quiet stay-at-home women have the same means of expressing themselves which are allowed to quiet stay-at-home men?

SCHOOL

BY SIMEON STRUNSKY

I

ILLNESS broke in upon the beginning of Harold's academic career. He did not get fairly under way until he was seven years old and over. That was not so long ago but that we can easily recall the warm flush of pride with which we received the formal notice that our son Harold had passed his Entrance Examinations for the Second Grade and was now qualified to take up the reading of ordinary numerals to 1000 and Roman numerals to XX, with addition through 9's, and the multiplication table to 5×9 , not to mention objective work in simple fractions and problems. The notion of Harold's 'entrance examinations' amused Emme-

line intensely. At least, she took occasion during the next two weeks to read the certificate out aloud to visitors, laughing almost spontaneously. But when visitors were not about she would sometimes pull out the printed card and look at it quietly, still smiling, but with no evident signs of hilarity. She said that mornings, after nine, it was very quiet in the house nowadays. It was delightful but strange.

If school brought any spiritual crisis to Harold he gave no sign of it. An extraordinary calm in the face of exceptional circumstances is one of the traits I envy him. Possibly this may be because nobody or nothing that presents itself to him from the outside can ever approach in interest the things that are

going on inside of him. He will be shy before strangers, but I am inclined to think that the Dalai Lama of Tibet would leave him unruffled. Kings and emperors have a logical place in Harold's world of ideas, whereas an ordinary visitor in the house needs to have his presence explained.

Harold's self-possession was shown in the manner in which he conducted himself during his entrance examinations. The questions were oral. He had just been asked to name the days of the week when he noticed that one of his shoe-laces had come loose. He stooped, adjusted his shoe-lace, and gave the days of the week correctly. The operation on his shoe was not completed when he was asked how much is three and four. He solved the problem while still in a semi-circular position. When Emmeline heard of his behavior during the test she was in despair. She foresaw the blasting of Harold's educational career at the very start. She was of a mind to call up the school authorities and let them know that the boy did not usually answer questions from the vicinity of his shoe-tops, and that probably it was nervousness. But the school authorities evidently knew better. They probably discerned in Harold an equanimity of the soul, a Spartan calm, which it is one of the main purposes of pedagogy to develop.

Harold's self-possession is never more conspicuous than during the two hours which intervene between his getting out of bed and his departure for school. The flight of time does not exist for him. He goes about his toilet with exquisite deliberation. If anything, he dresses and washes with greater leisureliness from Monday to Friday than he does on the other two days of the week. It is not an aversion for school. It is not even indifference. Harold does not creep like a snail to school. He goes cheerfully when we tell

him that he is ready to go. But while the business of getting him ready is under way he views the process objectively. It is as if some strange little boy were being washed and combed and urged through his breakfast until the moment when, everything being done, the spirit of himself, Harold, enters that alien body and propels it to school. As sailing master of his soul it is not for him to bother with loading the cargo and battening down the hatches. Only when the hawsers are ready to be cast off — it is ten minutes of nine and Emmeline's nerves are on edge — does the master ascend the bridge. Once outside the door of Belshazzar Court he makes excellent speed. I have warned him repeatedly, but he always trots instead of walking, and his manner of crossing the avenue gives us some anxiety on account of the cars and the automobiles.

Sometimes I think that Emmeline and I assume the wrong attitude towards Harold's leisurely ways between seven and nine in the morning. In our behalf it must be said, of course, that getting a boy washed and dressed and fed, with only two hours to do it in, is a task that calls for expedition. But in our anxiety to get Harold off to school in time we are sometimes tempted to overlook the boy's extraordinary spiritual activity during these two hours. It is then that the events of the preceding day pass in swift procession through his mind. At the dinner table the night before Harold has been silent as usual, and apparently indifferent to the conversation. Nevertheless, my remarks about the general European war have been caught and registered for fuller investigation. At the dinner table he is too busy balancing the books of his own daily concerns. In the morning he is a bottomless vessel of curiosity. In the morning, while brushing his teeth or over his egg-cup, he will demand a

detailed statement of the causes behind the present European situation. A stranger watching Harold in the act of pulling on his stockings might suppose that the boy is imperfectly awake. But I know that his stockings get tangled up because he is pondering on the character and motives of the Kaiser and other problems, which must be immediately referred to me who am busy before the shaving mirror.

On such occasions I confess that I frequently dispose of the European situation with a display of summary authority which President Wilson would never tolerate in a Mexican dictator. Or else I describe the Kaiser in a few ill-chosen and inadequate phrases such as naturally suggest themselves to one in a hurry before the shaving mirror. Later I feel that we are unjust to the boy, and neglectful of the educational opportunities he affords us.

If the secret of pedagogy is to find the moment when the child's mind is in its most receptive state, and to feed it with the information which at other times involves effort to absorb, it seems a pity that at 7.30 in the morning I should be busy with my razor and the boy should be driven back on his stockings and toothbrush. I have seldom encountered a human being so eager to be instructed as Harold is at twenty minutes of nine, with his glass of milk still before him. Some day an educational reformer will cut the ground from under the Froebelians and Tolstoians and Montessorians by devising a system of bedroom and bathroom and breakfast-table education. Under such a system all the instructor would have to do would be to follow the child about while he is getting ready for school, and answer questions. Fifteen minutes with Harold while he is lacing his shoes would give his instructor all the mental spontaneity and spiritual thirst he bargained for.

II

Our knowledge of what happens to Harold at school between the hours of nine and one is fragmentary. From the school syllabus we learn, of course, that besides being engaged upon the art of reading numbers up to 1000 and Roman numerals to XX, supplemented by the multiplication table as far as 5×9 , Harold is being instructed in English Literature, in Language, in History beginning with Early Life on Manhattan, in Nature Study, in the Industrial and Fine Arts, in Music and Physical Training. We have, too, occasional reports from the schoolroom regarding Harold's backwardness in concentration and penmanship, as opposed to his proficiency in Language and History.

Then there are mothers' meetings. But either such information is too theoretical to enlighten us concerning what actually goes inside of Harold at school, or else, as in the case of his deficiency in concentration and penmanship, it is too specific. Of the boy's mental growth in the round we have no way of judging except as he reveals himself spontaneously. And Harold reveals very little. His school life falls from his shoulders the moment he steps out into the street. If there were no syllabuses, mothers' meetings, and occasional reports, and we were left to find out the nature of Harold's curriculum from what he offers to tell, our ideas would be even more fragmentary than they are.

What we are compelled to do is to piece together stray remarks at table or while the boy is dressing or undressing, delivered with no particular relevance, or else, if relevant, uttered in a matter-of-fact tone, as having no very intimate relation to himself, much as I might throw out an item from the evening paper to fill up a blank in

conversation. Thus nonchalantly, spasmodically, and some time before I was impelled to consult the syllabus to find out what Harold is supposed to be doing at school, I did find out that he models in clay, that he sews his own Indian suit for the Commencement pageant, that he does practical gardening and folk-dancing. I am not sure about basket-work and elementary wood-carving. We know that he writes, because there has been some complaint about his lack of neatness, which his teacher is inclined to explain as arising from the broader defect of inadequate attention.

You must not suppose that Harold is an indifferent scholar in the sense of being a poor student or devoid of the sense of duty. Of his ambition I am not so sure. The fact remains that he passed his entrance examinations easily, and that at the end of the year, in spite of a month's absence on account of measles, he was promoted to Grade III. Harold is indifferent only to the extent that he does not bring his school away with him as I bring my own work home with me, to worry over. Harold's reticence is partly due to his highly developed sense of the sanctity and sufficiency of his private thoughts. Partly it is due to the capacity of every child to live in the moment and let it drop from him when he passes on to the next interest, whether it be from school to lunch, or from lunch to play, or from play to supper.

But on the whole I consider Harold's lack of conversation about school as in the highest sense a tribute to the efficiency of his teachers, and as evidence that he is happy with them. School has fitted so well into his scheme of life, has been accepted by him as so much a matter of course, that he no more thinks it necessary to refer to school than he would to the fact that he has enjoyed his supper. You have

seen children of Harold's age at the shore, rolling like little porpoises in the surf, as happy as it is given to us to be happy here; but I should never expect Harold to join in the porch comment on the temperature of the water and its effect on his appetite or his sleep. Because the truest happiness is that about which we do not babble, I assume that Harold is happy at school. He is helped to that by the fact that he is a normal child, armed against tribulation by a well-seasoned conscience and a sense of his own rectitude.

In conversation at table, Harold's teacher will come up with a sufficient frequency to show that she is a factor in his life. The mention of Harold's teacher will sometimes irritate Emmeline because the boy is in the habit of citing teacher as an authority on elementary truths which Emmeline has been at much pains to inculcate. By way of nothing in particular — Harold's disclosures of his school life are nearly always by way of nothing in particular — he will declare that his teacher said that to bolt food without chewing is bad for the digestion. Inasmuch as Emmeline has devoted several years to training Harold in that important physiological principle, she is rather vexed that a single statement by teacher should have assumed an authority which prolonged instruction on her own part has failed to attain. Or there will be a somewhat harassing dispute as to whether it is time for Harold to go to bed. The next morning while pulling on his stockings, Harold will declare — incidentally, Harold is always in a mood the morning after to confess that he was in the wrong the night before — will declare that his teacher said that boys who did not sleep enough had something or other happen to their chests and shoulders which prevented them from playing football when they grew up. I do not

mean to say that teacher's word will count as against Emmeline's. But it hurts to have the boy look outside for sanctions for a code of behavior in which he has been drilled at home. I imagine that it is in such moments that Emmeline feels the first pangs of a child's ingratitude. But it is a trait which has value and significance. When Harold, who has been drinking milk with his meals since infancy, observes that his teacher said that milk is good for children, it occurs to me that he is only experiencing that need for an external prop for useful habits which is at the basis of religion.

Not that there is in Harold's attitude to his teacher anything of religious awe. She is simply the exponent of the laws of his environment, laws which the boy knows cannot be violated as can so many of the laws enunciated at home which are subject to suspension and modification. To every child, I imagine, school is the place where the rule prevails, and home is the place where exceptions to the rule may be safely invoked. Here is the fallacy in so much modern speculation concerning parents and teachers which would confound the functions of the home and the school by injecting the rule of affection into the school and the rule of discipline into the home. If the home is to remain a little isle of peace for its members I fail to see why Harold should be less entitled than I to invoke its asylum. If I find in the home a refuge from the hard competitive conditions of my business life, Harold should rightly find there a refuge from the fairly rigid rules without which school is inconceivable. I disagree with the prevalent theory in being not at all sure that women who are mothers make the best teachers. And I am not sure that women who have taught children in class make the best mothers. In the externals of method and discipline they

may have the advantage. But it is absurd to suppose that the principles which guide a woman in charge of the little community of the classroom are the relations which should subsist between the mother and the handful of children of her own body.

III

An exceedingly complex subject, * this question of the freedom of the child. I am not sure that I understand it. Neither am I sure that the militant advocates of the freedom of the child understand it. At any rate, in so many arguments concerning the rights of the child, I find a lurking argument for the rights of the parents as against the child. The great implication seems to be that the modern way for a mother to love her children is to have the teacher love them for her. The modern way to train the child is to deny him the indulgences which he, as the victim of several tens of thousands of years of foolish practice, has learned to expect from his parents. The freedom of the child seems to demand that he shall be restrained in the desire for personal communion with his parents which may interfere with the latter's freedom to realize themselves in their own adult interests; whereas at school the child must not be restrained in going about the serious business of his life. There must be method and discipline in the matter of a child's sitting up after supper to wait for father from the office; but he must be allowed the utmost freedom in learning to read numbers up to 1000 and Roman numerals up to XX. No fetters must be imposed upon Harold's personality when he is studying the date of the discovery of America, but there are rigorous limitations on the number of minutes he is to frolic with me in bed or to interrupt me at the typewriter when I am engaged in

rapping out copy which the world could spare much more easily than Harold's soul can spare a half-hour of communion with me.

Am I wrong in thinking of the reorganized child-life *à la* Bernard Shaw as a scheme under which the schoolboy with shining face creeps unwillingly home and little girls do samplers saying, 'God bless our School'? Home, a phalanstery of individuals, mature and immature, with sharply defined rules against mutual intrusion. School, a place with no rules of conduct save those working secretly, — an anarchy saved from complete chaos by a concealed benevolent despotism *à la* Montessori. The advanced child-culturists puzzle me. In life they just adore self-realization in the face of adverse circumstances. In life they believe that character-building is attained by man's knocking his head against his environment, and love for liberty is nourished only under despotism. Why not apply the same logic to the child in school? What sort of mental and moral fibre is developed by having the child in conflict with nothing in particular? How can any one, child or adult, revolt against the mush of the super-Froebelian, super-Montessorian methods of pedagogical non-resistance?

I know that I am now skirting the edge of the familiar argument that Latin conjugations are not an end in themselves but a discipline. But I am not interested in that mental training which the modern individualists of pedagogy are inclined to dismiss as of little value, but in the formation of character which they are so intimately concerned with. If it is character reactions that they demand, how, I repeat, can a child react in the absence of opposition? It is Mr. Shaw's grievance against the English public school that it made him forget a good deal of the Latin he knew before he entered school.

This is, of course, a fatal argument. Any system which would have filled Bernard Shaw with Latin to the exclusion of the qualities which have given us¹ Shaw, would stand condemned. Whereas a scholastic system which set up in the boy exactly the same kind of Shavian reactions which are set up by the present social system in the author of *Fanny's First Play* obviously does not stand convicted of crushing the child's individuality.

So I reassert my suspicion that much of this clamor for the freedom of the child arises from the desire to be spared the trouble of regulating the child. We are more sensitive than the English parent who hands his boy over to the boarding-school, yet we are not prepared to shoulder the trouble of keeping the boy at home. So we still send him away, but insist that his school shall be home, that he shall receive from his schoolmaster the love we deny him, and that respect for his individual soul which it is impossible for any mass institution to realize, and which only the concentration of love and sacrifice in the home can develop.

Incidentally, I am disconcerted by the broad exceptions I am asked to allow to the epoch-making generalizations of the revolutionary educationists. If you will recall that Mr. Shaw, in his discourses on Parents and Children, demands a reconstruction of schools, of homes, and of parents, — in other words, a new world-order, — and all in the name of education, it is a setback to have one of his disciples remark that the master's statements are much more true of England than of America, where children are not whipped and are not so frequently sent off to boarding-school at the age of six. But what becomes then of the universal nature of the Shaw argument? After a powerful indictment against human and social relations, we are reminded

that the indictment will hold only for the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. The thought occurs that the trouble may not be with human nature but with the United Kingdom, and that instead of revising the home and parenthood and sex relations, we might revise the British educational system. It is as if I were to arise with uplifted arms to heaven and cry out, 'Make a clean sweep of the past, O my brethren; away with the superstitions of family and church and courts and the school. Substitute love and reason for law and reticence, and a glorious new age shall dawn for the people of the Twenty-second Assembly District in the County of New York!'

IV

I should be more vehement against the complicated and expensive machinery of Montessorians and Eurythmicians if I believed their methods to be really as efficacious as people would have me believe. I should then protest against the refinements of an educational system which were within the reach only of the privileged few. I am enough of a *sans-culotte* to grow angry at the thought of all those beautifully balanced systems of pedagogy, of education through music and the dance and rhythmic physical development, which demand elaborate plants, expensive teachers, and a leisureliness which the state and the city can never supply to the children of the masses. If I were a revolutionist of the ardent type, I should be content to make education difficult and expensive, and then insist that all children have it. But I am not a revolutionary optimist, and until the modern state is prepared to spend on its schools fifty times as much as it does to-day, I resent the tendency toward a double system of education, one of joyous and harmonic

development for the children of the rich and one of mechanical routine and hard practicality for the other nine children out of ten.

That is, I don't resent it. What I mean is that I should resent it if the advantages of the costly individualistic system of the Montessorians and Eurythmicians were really superior to the ready-made-store-clothes education offered to the children of the democracy. The expensive educational systems are not a cause but an effect. Any system adopted by the rich for the education of their children will result in the bringing up of sanguine, self-assertive, harmoniously developed thoroughbreds. As between the graduate of the Eurythmic schools of Jacques Dalcroze and the graduate of Public School No. 55, Manhattan, I admit that the former will approach much nearer to the Hellenic ideal of free-stepping, graceful, masterful individuality. But it is not Montessori and Dalcroze who make the child of the income-tax-paying classes a superchild. It is the habit of paying income tax that produces superchildren. The mediæval methods of Eton and Harrow have been turning out precisely the ideal product in the shape of the English gentleman, if poise, a rich appetite, and the assumption of one's own supreme worth are what you are striving for.

I am enough of a *sans-culotte* to have been rather cast down when it was decided to send Harold to a private school. There were reasons enough. The boy's health, upon experiment, was not equal to the strain of a school-day from nine till three in the afternoon (actually, Harold's school-day began at eight in the morning because of the part-time system enforced by the over-crowding of the classes, which Montessori will have to take into consideration). Harold's day now is from nine till one, with a brief recess for play and

an intermission for lunch if desired; and a schedule of physical training, nature-study, clay-modeling, basket-weaving, and pageant rehearsals hold out the promise that there will be no overtaxing of the child's mind. (Once more I fall victim to my antiquated prejudices, when I imply that modeling in clay and sewing Indian costumes do not involve a strain on the mind. I know that the newer psychology and the newer pedagogy have shown that there is more cerebration involved in cutting out paper patterns than in memorizing the multiplication table. But I am slave to the old vocabulary. The reader forewarned will make the proper deductions.)

Nevertheless I did feel a pang at separating Harold from the public school. Emmeline laughed and asked whether I was afraid that Harold would turn out a snob. Perhaps I was a bit afraid of that, but at bottom it was not fear that Harold would go to the bad in the private school, but that he would do very well there. In other words, it was the feeling I have just expressed, whether it was fair that Harold should be put into the way of having a very delightful time at school, with light hours under splendid hygienic conditions and work reduced largely to play, while so many children of his age cannot afford such advantages. That is, not advantages. As I have said, Harold will probably not get more out of his small, carefully guarded classes than the other children will get out of the overcrowded classes in the public school. But as a sign of social inequality the thing offended me. If you will, you may call this a gospel of envy. But in my heart I could not help taking sides with the children of the disinherited against Harold as a representative of the exploiting classes.

As to the fear of Harold's turning into a snob, that has long been shown to

be completely unfounded. On this subject Harold's itinerary from his school to Belshazzar Court is illuminating evidence. I have said that in the morning Harold trots to school. In the morning Harold probably gets to school in five minutes. Returning, it takes him half an hour. Emmeline has questioned him on the subject. It appears that in returning from school Harold maps a course due north by west by east by south, so as to cover every local bit of topography which comes within his knowledge during the play hours of the afternoon. He tacks around unnecessary corners. He beats his way up a hill in the park which is a favorite tourney place for the marble-players of the vicinity. He skirts the shore of several window-displays, to the contents of which he has turned the conversation at home on several occasions. For five minutes at a time he is totally becalmed against some smooth expanse of brick wall excellent for handball practice, or on a sheltered corner for a bit of preliminary knuckle exercises with his agates and his 'immies.' The White Wing flushing the pavement engages Harold's attention for as long as the work may seem to demand. Then, having assured himself that the world at one-thirty in the afternoon is very much as he left it at six o'clock the night before, he hastens to his lunch.

No, there is little danger of the boy's growing up an aristocrat. The fierce democracy of the Street has him in its grasp. He chooses his playmates by preference from the lower classes. He is like Walt Whitman in the way he singles out the dirtiest little boy in the block and says to him 'Camerado.' He takes the world of his fellow men as he finds it. When Harold was first sent off to school Emmeline was concerned to find a nice little boy for him to play with. She found one in a classmate of Harold's. We invited him to the house

and in half an hour a considerable portion of the wall-paper in Harold's room was hanging in fringes. But in spite of a common basis of taste and temperament the two boys were not much together, for the very reason, I presume, that their friendship had been to some extent imposed on them from above.

No; Harold's tastes go down straight to the foundations of our social structure. Without recognizing class distinctions, he would rather play marbles with the son of a retail tradesman than with the son of a college professor, with the son of a janitor than with the son of a store-keeper. If the janitor is a Negro so much the better. The Negro boys have an advantage over Harold in the matter of tint at the beginning of a game of marbles. But within half an hour Harold has overcome the handicap. If anything, his is the deeper shade of brown, though his color is not so evenly distributed. In such a guise I can recognize Harold by a sort of instinct. But the only way in which a stranger could tell the child of Caucasian descent from the child of the Hamite would be by measuring Harold's cephalic index.

v

It is a serious problem — the profits of democracy and the price we must pay. There are the obvious advantages: the boy's education in the sense of human fellowship without regard to caste and color; his education in the rough and ready but fairly equitable laws of the street; his gain in self-confidence and self-restraint in play; not to mention the extremely beneficent effect on his appetite and his digestion. I have watched the boy at his marbles in the park, more eager, more drunken with the joy of existence, than he is at school or in the house. I have seen him sprawl down on his knees and with the

pad of his palm and four outstretched fingers measure off eight or ten horrible hand-spaces in the dust from the hole to his opponent's marble. I have seen him rise from the earth like Antaeus, triumphant but horribly besmirched, with the blue of his eyes gleaming piratically through the circumjacent soil; I have watched him and rejoiced and had my qualms.

The price that Harold pays for democracy is in a slovenliness of speech which I find offensive and Emmeline finds utterly distracting. It seems a pity to have his school drill in phonetics and the memorizing of good literature vitiated by the slurred and clipped syllables of the street. Harold says, 'It is me,' and frequently he says, 'It is nuttin''. The final *g* of the participle has virtually disappeared from his vocabulary. He sometimes says, 'I ain't got nuttin''. While Emmeline is distracted I am merely offended, because I recall that there is a great body of linguistic authority growing up in favor of Harold's democratic practices in phonetics and grammar. When Harold says, 'It is me,' Professor Lounsbury should worry. By the time Harold grows up it will probably be good grammar to say, 'I ain't got nothing.' By the time Harold grows up, the Decalogue, in its latest recension, will read, 'Thou shalt not have none other gods before I,' and, 'Thou shalt not bear no false witness against none of thy neighbors.' I must not forget that whereas I was brought up on Matthew Arnold, De Quincey, and Stevenson, Harold is growing up in the age of John Masefield. If literature is to be racy of the soil — and for that matter if not only our speech and our literature, but our morals and our social outlook are to be racy of the soil — if in every section of life the cry is to be back to the land, to the primitive, to the unashamed, sex-education, untram-

meled art, democracy at its broadest, if — well, what I mean is that in any civilization based upon close contact with the soil Harold will not be lost. Soil is right in his line.

I am less concerned with the effect of the street upon Harold's vernacular because the boy seems gratefully immune against the more sordid aspects of the open-air life. His phonetics and grammar are deteriorating, but there is no trace of foulness in his speech or in his thoughts. The reason is that Harold's open-air activities are confined entirely to play. His democracy centres about the ball ground and the marble pit. His absorption in games is so complete — too complete to judge by the nervous exhaustion it sometimes brings — that it leaves no leisure or inclination for idle speech. His technical vocabulary of the game is complete. I sometimes marvel at the ease with which he has mastered the *patois* of sport — those cabalistic words which, shouted at the proper moment, signify that Harold prefers to let his marble rest and have his opponent shoot at him, or that he has chosen to mark off so many hand-spaces in the dirt and shoot at his opponent. But once the game is done he comes upstairs. He does not share in the peripatetics of the gang, and he knows absolutely nothing of the premature intimacies of street childhood with the bitterness of life. On the whole I find the balance is in favor of marbles and democracy.

Harold in the open air is an exceedingly important factor and a badly neglected one in present-day discussion of the child. The talk is either of the school or the home. If play is taken into account it is the regulated play of

the school-ground. Yet the street, as the citadel of the liberties of the child, is overlooked. Take the actual question of hours in Harold's day. He spends nearly twelve hours in bed, from seven to seven. He spends two hours, almost, at his meals. He spends four hours at school. He spends five hours, at least, in play. Under such an arrangement all talk about the despotism of school and the despotism of parents loses meaning to me. I have shown that the boy's school-life is happy. But even if it were not, even if his body and soul were subjected to the tyrannies Mr. Bernard Shaw calls up, those twelve hours of sleep and five hours of play are a reservoir of physical and spiritual recuperation which would make life more than tolerable to Harold. On the whole I think I am not less sensitive than Harold to pain and oppression. But if my employer were to let me sleep twelve hours in the twenty-four and play five hours and spend two hours at table, I should consider myself a very happy man.

I have reserved my confession for the very last. I find it difficult to take school at Harold's age — or for that matter at any age — seriously enough to grow extremely agitated over its problems. Montessori or Dr. Birch — the difference is not vast. Naturally I do not go as far as Mr. Squeers. School is just a ripple on the surface of the ocean of young life and feeling, and whether the ripple shapes after the Froebel pattern or the Montessori wrinkle, makes little difference to the depths below. I can make the assertion with confidence about Harold without any very precise knowledge of what are the depths in him.

ITALY'S POSITION

BY GEORGE B. McCLELLAN

I

THE Italian declaration of neutrality in the present war, coming as it did most unexpectedly, was received with varying emotions in the chancelleries of Europe. Germany and Austria, who had evidently counted on the active support of an Italian army, scarcely veiled their disappointment in an urgent although correctly worded protest made by their ambassador at Rome, while England, France, and Russia were almost hysterically delighted on receiving the news that they had one less enemy to deal with.

While the exact terms of the Triple Alliance have never been publicly announced, the German-Austrian protest was predicated on the assumption that under them any two of the allies were required to defend the third in the event of an attack upon the latter. Although Germany had declared war against France, it was held that certain alleged acts of aggression committed by France constituted an attack upon Germany within the meaning of the treaty of alliance.

To this protest the Italian Foreign Minister, the Marchese di San Giuliano, replied that the acts complained of had unquestionably been offset by similar acts on the part of Germany, and that, petty incidents aside, the vital fact remained that Germany had declared war against France, which in the judgment of the Italian government absolved Italy from taking any part in the war as a member of the

Triple alliance. Signore Giolitti, the former Italian Prime Minister, went even further than this, and was quoted by the Italian newspapers as saying that in his judgment Italy would have been perfectly justified as a member of the Triple Alliance in remaining neutral, even had Germany or Austria been actually and openly attacked.

Apart from the purely academic discussion as to what possible benefit to its members the Triple Alliance could have afforded under Signore Giolitti's interpretation, the chief interest of those concerned in Italian affairs has been confined to speculation on the probable cause of Italy's action. The present Italian government has on the one hand been accused of selfishness, and on the other hand has been praised for its patriotism and statesmanship. As a matter of fact both critics and admirers are partly right and partly wrong.

To any one familiar with Italian affairs and recent Italian political history, the underlying causes of the action of the Salandra ministry have been more or less obvious. Signore Salandra and his colleagues declared the neutrality of Italy because they believed such action to be for the best interests of their country, and because circumstances allowed them no option in the matter.

To understand their reasons, it is necessary to understand Italy's original attitude toward the Triple Alliance, which has probably been ended forever by the declaration of universal war.

More than fifty years ago Massimo d'Azeglio said, 'We have made an Italy, it now behooves us to make Italians.' The effort to make Italians, in other words to transform Italy from a geographical expression into a nation, has been the life-work of almost every government since the time of Cavour. Depretis and Minghetti, during their long years of power, kept Italy in the straight path of economic development, free from the entanglements and cost of world-politics. Crispi, who succeeded them, inspired by his Sicilian imagination, dreamed of making Italy a first-class power, the equal of the great nations of the earth, regardless of the fact that she was then only a poor and weak community, as yet not united into the Italian nation she has since become.

The immediate results of Crispi's policy were the Triple Alliance, organized just a quarter of a century ago, and the disastrous war in Abyssinia, which cost him his political life. The ultimate results were an ever-increasing burden of taxation for the army and navy, which her allies required Italy to maintain as the price of their support, and a disastrous panic.

The financial and commercial panic of 1887 was followed by a period of industrial depression which in its turn was followed by similar periods ten and twenty years later. Until quite recently the efforts of Signore Crispi's successors have been directed to furthering national development at home by means of industrial and commercial progress, rather than by political advertisement abroad.

The Triple Alliance was renewed when it expired, and in support of it a large army and navy were maintained at really great national sacrifice. Italy had assumed the obligations of a great power, without a great power's resources; but like a family of moderate

means associating with millionaires, she was ashamed to confess her poverty and find friends in her own class. She preferred to make every sacrifice at home, to pinch and skimp in her house-keeping, so as to make a more or less impressive appearance among her rich associates.

That Italy's wealth is rapidly increasing is undoubtedly true. During the last ten years her progress has been really extraordinary, and given another quarter of a century of peaceful development, she will undoubtedly become in fact the first-class power that many Italians already imagine her to be.

During the last decade her imports have increased steadily year by year, from Lire 1,813,416,108 in 1903, to Lire 3,637,770,589 in 1913; her exports from Lire 1,493,028,188 to Lire 2,503,913,622 in the same period; or an increase in both exports and imports during the decade of Lire 2,835,239,915, — 85 per cent. During the same decade the circulation of her banks has increased from Lire 1,236,030,000 to Lire 2,283,509,000, their reserves from Lire 862,629,000 to Lire 1,661,379,000, and their discounts from Lire 2,368,537,000 to Lire 3,899,857,000; while the amount on deposit in the Postal Savings Banks has increased from Lire 869,224,123 to Lire 1,948,561,882, and the number of depositors from 4,969,588 to 5,780,010. During the last seven years her railways have increased their passenger receipts from Lire 154,944,000 in 1906 to Lire 218,619,000 in 1913, and their freight receipts from Lire 246,115,000 to Lire 331,881,000; while from 1902 to 1912 her merchant marine increased from 68,876,772 tons to 113,724,221 tons.

In 1903, 275,339 Italians emigrated across the seas, while ten years later the number of trans-oceanic emigrants had increased to 444,780, of whom 23,835 went to Brazil, 107,048 to the

Plata, 310,991 to the United States, and 2906 elsewhere. It has been estimated that the Italian emigrants annually send back to the mother country some \$50,000,000, of which probably \$35,000,000 comes from the United States, while another \$25,000,000 is annually spent in Italy by foreign tourists.

Though the sulphur industry has not recovered from its collapse of some years ago, and is in a far from flourishing condition, the production of the lead, silver, and zinc mines has increased 50 per cent in ten years. Manufactures are in a most prosperous condition generally, showing large increases in the last decade. The output of silk has remained almost stationary, but the production of chemicals, beet-sugar, spirits, and beer, has more than doubled. Italy's lack of coal has been largely compensated by the development of her water-power, the number of ettowatt hours having increased from 454,634,034 in 1903 to 1,826,740,838 in 1913, or over 300 per cent.

Three years ago Signore Giolitti, the Prime Minister, deeming Italian economic conditions sufficiently satisfactory for his purpose, resolved to put the finishing touches to the structure of Italian nationality so carefully erected by his predecessors. Whatever may have been the immediate cause of the Italian-Turkish War, its underlying reason was undoubtedly the desire of the Italian government to complete the work of national unification by means of a fervid appeal to the patriotism of the people in calling upon them to fight for Italy. For the moment Signore Giolitti's policy seemed triumphantly successful. With Tripoli and Cyrenaica Italian colonies, Italians began to picture themselves embarked upon a career of world-conquest and of empire beyond the seas, with the glories of Imperial Rome reincarnate under the

egis of the House of Savoy. But the enthusiasm of victory and the dreams of military prowess were soon forgotten in the dull reality of paying the costs of conquest.

II

While Italy had been developing toward nationhood a revolution had been quietly taking place on Italian soil, which, scarcely noticed and hardly understood, had completely changed the form of Italian political life. Until recently, modern Italy, like all self-governing countries during the last half of the nineteenth century, had been ruled by a middle-class aristocracy, a bourgeois ruling caste, composed of merchants and shopkeepers, lawyers, physicians, and other professional men, who, by means of a limited franchise, were able to exclude the vast majority of the people from any share in government. But the proletariat, so long dormant, at last awakened to self-consciousness, and to a realization of its power, and the last Giolitti ministry was forced to grant universal manhood suffrage. The first election under the changed conditions was held last year, and inaugurated a new era in Italian history.

Despite the growing prosperity of Italy, the burdens of taxation have been constantly growing. The cost of the Triple Alliance has progressed greatly during the last ten years, and has made Italy one of the most heavily taxed countries in Europe, in proportion to her population. In 1890, the first year of the existence of the treaty, the total revenues of the kingdom were Lire 1,540,001,000, the total expenditures were Lire 1,617,241,000; twenty-five years later (1912-13) the revenue had increased to Lire 2,528,874,000 (about 40 per cent), and the expenditures to Lire 2,536,488,000

(about 37 per cent), while from 1901 to 1911, the population had increased only 6.6 per cent.

The increased cost of living, due to many causes other than increased taxation, coupled with a disproportionate small increase in wages, spread a spirit of great discontent throughout proletarian Italy, which found its first opportunity of effective expression at the first election held under universal suffrage. Dissatisfied Italians are nothing if not thorough in the means they employ in the effort to redress their grievances. There are four political parties in Italy which are frankly revolutionary and seek by varying methods to overturn the House of Savoy and the constitution. The Republicans and Socialists took part in the last election with the avowed purpose of using the present constitution for its own undoing: in other words, with the expressed intention of bringing about the social revolution by peaceful and quasi-constitutional means. The anarchists and syndicalists declined to go to the polls, preferring to follow a policy of propaganda by act; in other words, they seek to overturn society by any unlawful means, such as the general strike or open and active violence. These four revolutionary parties work in sympathy and harmony with one another, and probably include a large majority of the Italian proletariat.

III

At the meeting of the first Parliament elected under universal suffrage Signore Giolitti found himself confronted by a Chamber of Deputies containing more than a third of Socialist and Republican members, supported outside by a large, well-organized, and enthusiastic constituency, composed of all the revolutionary elements, and a constitutional majority composed of

several minority groups held together in a 'bloc' by the force of Signore Giolitti's personality, by gratitude for favors already given, and by the hope of favors yet to come.

Signore Giolitti is the most experienced, the most resourceful, and the ablest politician in Italian public life. He has been four times prime minister, and during the intervals between his ministries he has made and destroyed governments almost at will. For fifteen years he has been the dictator, or rather the 'boss,' of Italy. When he came back to power after the general election the problem before him was peculiarly difficult. His hold upon the Chamber, and therefore upon political life, was more precarious than ever in his career. For the first time he was confronted by a well-organized and uncompromising opposition, which refused to be pacified and declined to be bought. His own followers were frightened by the strength of their opponents, and like all middle-class politicians were inclined to compromise with the proletariat on the first trial of strength.

Two questions gave him the greatest cause for alarm. The first was the demand of the admirably organized union of the employees in the state railways for an increase in their pay, amounting to nearly Lire 15,000,000. The second was the necessity of meeting the deferred payment of the cost of the Turkish War.

It was generally recognized that the railway employees were pitifully underpaid; but with a deficit in the budget, and with the highest passenger and freight rates on earth, the problem of granting the demand of the men presented very serious difficulties.

The question of paying the price of victory over the Turks was even more delicate. Signore Giolitti's friends had made the boast that the war in Tripoli

was fought without borrowing a penny, and without increasing taxation. The statement was at the time generally believed, and Signore Giolitti acquired much fame as a remarkable financier. He naturally dreaded the repercussion upon his own fortunes of the discovery of the actual state of affairs. He and his supporters insisted that the sacrifice entailed by membership in the Triple Alliance had been more than compensated by the complaisance of Germany and Austria in keeping the ring while Italy and Turkey fought. These financial sacrifices in the past were, they claimed, the only cost of the Turkish War. As a matter of fact, while the Giolitti ministry borrowed no money abroad, it did borrow money at home by the issue of treasury notes to the amount of about Lire 250,000,000, which of course, have had to be redeemed. There has been a general impression among Italians that by some mysterious financial magic the Turkish war was paid for out of economies. It actually cost, from the beginning of hostilities up to December 31, 1913, Lire 1,149,758,000, or, roughly, \$230,000,000. In addition to this the new colonial budget, including the cost of the desultory war, which still requires the presence of 100,000 men in Africa, amounts for the present year to Lire 84,000,000, making the increase in the army budget for this year, in a time of nominal peace, the sum of Lire 250,000,000.

Signore Giolitti is no longer young, his health was not of the best, and he was tired of office. The problems before him, problems of his own creation, were more than he cared to attempt to solve, and quite unexpectedly he resigned. He shifted the burdens of power to the shoulders of Signore Salandra, a deputy, who had held office in a previous government. Signore Salandra retained three mem-

bers of the last Giolitti cabinet, including the Marchese de San Giuliano as Foreign Minister.

The Salandra government began its career by dodging responsibility wherever it was possible. The grievances of the railway servants were referred to a commission, with the promise to the men that some increase would be made in the rates of pay, while the increases in the budget were laid at the door of Signore Giolitti and his colleagues.

Signore Salandra was beginning to dream of a quiet and uneventful official career when the syndicalist general strike of last June rudely awakened him. The general strike disclosed the fact that the anti-dynastic and revolutionary forces in Italy are so well organized and so powerful that no government can afford to ignore them. For two days all Italy, and for a week Romagna and the Marches, lay at the mercy of the mob.

Speculation as to how a man of blood and iron might have dealt with the situation is of little interest in comparison with actual events. Signore Salandra appears to have been so fearful of losing his majority in the Chamber of Deputies that he permitted the strike to run its course, until the strike leaders in their own good time brought it to an end.

On the adoption of the budget, Parliament was prorogued and Signore Salandra, somewhat weakened in public estimation by his handling of the general strike, turned his attention to repairing the damage to his political reputation caused by a week of lawlessness.

IV

It was fortunate for Italy that when her two allies, Germany and Austria, went to war without consulting her and with an unexpectedness that has no parallel in history, she had at the

head of her Department of Foreign Affairs one of her few statesmen. The Marchese di San Giuliano is a Sicilian, the head of an old and wealthy family, whose estates are near Catania, on the northern slope of Etna. He was trained by Francesco Crispi, and has had wide experience in the Chamber of Deputies, in diplomacy, in the Department of Foreign Affairs, and in the Senate, where he now sits. More than almost any man in contemporaneous Italian public life, he has the faculty of gauging public opinion and of understanding just how far government can go with popular support. He has unquestionably been of the most vital service to his country, and to his chief, in solving the crisis precipitated by the declaration of war.

The problem which confronted the Salandra ministry was two-fold: first, what was its duty to the allies of Italy? second, what was its duty to Italy herself?

The first branch of the problem was of comparatively easy solution: neither Germany nor Austria-Hungary had been attacked, in fact they had deliberately and in cold blood brought on the war. Italy as a faithful ally was therefore left free either to join them or to remain neutral; and for reasons that will presently appear she chose the latter course.

The second part of the problem was far more complicated, but nevertheless was capable of only one possible answer, for the objections to her joining the allies were quite as obvious as were the advantages of neutrality.

The objections were sentimental, economic, and political. The Triple Alliance has never been popular with the Italian people. It has, to be sure, flattered their pride to feel that their friendship has been sought by two of the great nations of the earth; and when Crispi concluded the Triplice, Italians,

closing their eyes to realities, deluded themselves with the belief that membership in the alliance necessarily made them the equal of their allies. It was, however, not long before they found a disposition on the part of their two associates, and especially on that of Germany, to treat Italy, not as their equal, but as the junior partner in the firm.

The losses of the tariff war with France, which deprived Italy of her best market for wine, and which was the indirect outcome of the Triple Alliance, were never made good by her connection with the two Teutonic powers; so that years ago Italians had begun to ask themselves whether the loss of French commercial friendship, and the sacrifices they were obliged to make in supporting a great army and navy, were not too large a price to pay for the German and Austrian alliances.

The act of good will which permitted Italy to fight Turkey without fear of outside complications scarcely made amends for what the Triple Alliance had cost her in direct expenditure and in indirect loss. But most potent of all the reasons for the unpopularity of the Triple Alliance is the racial fact, which from the beginning of all time has made it impossible for the Latin and Teuton either to understand or like each other. Added to this is the more recent but more intense hatred of the Italians for the Austrians. Every Italian believes that the Trentino and Trieste ought to belong to Italy. The spirit of nationality will not down, and so long as the Austrian Italians call to their brothers across the border to come and deliver them from the Austrian yoke, the spirit of Italia Irredenta will dictate the reply. Were the matter to be left to a vote of the Italian people, they would far rather march against Austria for the liberation of their brothers than

with Austria for the conquest of the world.

Economically the risk of war was greater than any possible gain. For the first time in the history of modern Italy she finds herself on a really sound industrial basis. With expanding manufactures and commerce, with agriculture flourishing, and with a general and marked increase in prosperity, she has at last definitely emerged from economic mediævalism into the new and modern conditions of contemporaneous Europe. She is already holding her own with her industrial rivals in many fields of endeavor, and given a few more years of successful effort, she ought to be able to appropriate for herself a large share of the world market in directions which she is rapidly making peculiarly hers.

It is not surprising that the capitalistic and industrial classes of Italy saw no allurement in the suggestion of gambling the certainty of economic prosperity against the possibility of military glory.

v

Strong as were the sentimental and economic objections to following the fortunes of the Triple Alliance, the political objections were even more insuperable.

For sentimental and economic reasons the Salandra ministry felt that they ought not to go to war, for political reasons they felt that they could not. Under certain conditions it might have been possible sufficiently to overcome the anti-Teutonic prejudice of the Italian people, so that they would have given a half-hearted support to the Triple; it might even have been possible to reconcile the bourgeoisie to the necessary economic loss involved in an unpopular war; but it is extremely doubtful if Signore Salandra could have

obtained the support of the proletariat in a war waged against another Latin nation.

The general strike of last June, revealing as it did the marvelous organization and discipline of the Italian proletariat, demonstrated beyond peradventure the existence of an Italy within Italy, of which until then the rulers had been absolutely ignorant.

The Italian proletariat have other fish to fry than foreign conquests. They are engaged in the effort to overthrow the existing form of government at home, peacefully if possible, forcibly if necessary. They have no sympathy either with the desires of the Hapsburgs or with the ambitions of the Hohenzollerns, regarding both as the natural enemies of laboring men in general and of Italians in particular. The only inducement which would cause them to throw their influence on the side of the war, would be some strong appeal to their passions or their imagination. They generally supported the war with Turkey, while it lasted, as they were inspired by the hope of a renewal of Italian world-power. When Tripoli had been conquered and the proletariat discovered that they were no nearer greatness than before, they forgot their disillusionment and the hope of foreign conquest, and once more turned their thoughts to the social revolution within the boundaries of their own country.

The natural impulsive chivalry of the Italian nature would undoubtedly cause the proletariat to sink their domestic differences, and fly to arms were their national or racial sympathies awakened. No government would have the slightest difficulty in carrying with it the vast majority of the Italian people in a war against Austria in defense of the Italians of Trieste or the Trentino, or against Germany in behalf of the Latins of France. But no govern-

ment would find it possible to unite the country in a war of aggression against nations of the Latin race, or to count on the support of the Italian masses in any war, unless their sympathies or passions were aroused. There can be no question that Signore Salandra realized that a declaration of war against Russia or France would have been the signal for a general strike in Italy, which might have resulted in the fall of the dynasty.

Manifest as were the objections to war, the advantages of neutrality were equally so. During hostilities Italy is in a position to lose less than any other neutral. It is almost inconceivable that her neutrality should be unintentionally violated, while it would be to no power's advantage to violate it intentionally. Happily surrounded by sea on all sides but one, she is protected on the north by the natural barrier of the Alps, reinforced by the buffer neutral state of Switzerland between Germany and a part of Austria and herself. On the northwest she touches southeastern France, and on the northeast, southwestern Austria,—in both cases belligerent territory, it is true, but far removed from the scene of war. None of the belligerents wants her sword thrown in the scale against it, while all know that, failing her active support, her neutrality is of vital importance. She is in the delightful position of being feared and courted by all, with nothing to lose and everything to gain by her neutrality.

So long as the war lasts Italy must necessarily be one of the chief sources of supply for both sides, as her ports are open and her shipping, so much as there is of it, is free to carry freight and passengers to and from all parts of the world. Her manufactures, her commerce, and her agriculture will be greatly stimulated, and should hostilities last for any time, will receive an

impetus which will endure afterwards. No matter who wins she must profit, for she is like a broker in an active market, who makes his commissions, no matter whether prices rise or fall.

Should Germany and Austria conquer, on the dismemberment of France which will follow conquest, Italy will probably fall heir to Nice and Savoy, taken from her by Napoleon III over half a century ago, as the price of his friendship in her quarrel with Austria; not that Germany loves Italy, but because, in dismembering France, it will be necessary to take Nice and Savoy from her, and Italy is the only power to whom they can be given. Whereas, if Germany and Austria lose, the Trentino and Trieste with the control of the Adriatic, and possibly Albania, will very naturally be the payment for Italian neutrality.

Both victor and vanquished will emerge from the war in a greater or less degree of exhaustion, while most of the neutrals will have suffered severely from the cost of defending their neutrality. Italy, if wisely guided, will, on the other hand, find herself on the conclusion of peace more prosperous than ever, with her people more united than at any time since the beginning of the Turkish War, with her dynasty more popular than in years, and with discontent, for the moment at least, somnolent; more respected and honored among the nations; more powerful,—in short, appreciably nearer the realization of her dream of becoming a first-class power.

Of course, the plans of the Salandra ministry may at any moment come to nothing. Some utterly unexpected event may completely upset the calculations of the government. The sympathy of the Italians for the French, and their growing sympathy for the English, together with their antipathy to the Teutons, may cause an uprising

of the people on behalf of France and England, should Germany crush them. While on the other hand, the disgust of the Austrians at Italian neutrality may at any moment precipitate a crisis which will lead to hostilities.

It does not, however, seem probable that Italy will depart from the course she has set herself. The costs and difficulties of war and the advantages of neutrality are both so great that Italy will undoubtedly prefer to be ruled by national self-interest rather than by any passing emotion.

It may be urged, as it has been by the Germans and Austrians, and also by a section of the French and English press, that in remaining neutral Italy has been influenced entirely by selfish motives. The German and Austrian newspapers have called upon her to remember her treaty obligations and declare for the Triple Alliance; the English and French newspapers have urged her to listen to the call of old friendships and declare for the Triple Entente. Both, however, ignore the fact that a nation's first duty is to itself, and that no government has the right to allow sentiment to interfere with the duty it owes its own people.

In proclaiming neutrality, the Salandra ministry strictly adhered to the letter and the spirit of the Triple Alliance. To have fought with Germany and Austria would have been quixotic; to have fought against them would have been wrong. Neutrality was, in every way, not only the best policy that Italy could have followed, but as we have seen, it was probably the only course open to the government at the time.

There is, moreover, in Italian neutrality a moral advantage to the world at large that ought not to be ignored. If it is strictly maintained, when the proper time comes she will be able to

offer her services as mediator to both sides, with more prospect of success than any other neutral could possibly have.

It may very well be that in this war of extermination one side or the other will win so conclusively that mediation will be out of the question. Should the Teutons conquer overwhelmingly, the destruction of France will be inevitable; while, should the Teutons be crushed, the dismemberment of both the German and the Austro-Hungarian empires will follow as a matter of course. In either event the victor will scarcely tolerate the services of the peacemaker.

But should the war result in the general financial and physical prostration of both combatants, — and such an outcome is not impossible, — our very civilization will be menaced unless a satisfactory peace can be concluded. Any arrangement for the cessation of hostilities that is not conclusive will result in a renewal of the war at the moment that either side has sufficiently recovered to take the field once more. Under such conditions a lasting peace can be brought about only by a neutral power, and of the neutrals hardly any is likely to be of use. The smaller powers, including those of South America, do not carry sufficient weight, while there is a jealousy of the United States and a prejudice against us in certain quarters which would doubtless make our services unacceptable.

Italy, on the other hand, would probably be least objectionable to the largest number of powers. Her influence is important, and her strength is great. If she can preserve even the semblance of the friendship of the belligerents, she will be in the best possible position to assist them in the settlement of their differences, whenever conditions may arise which will make such settlement possible.

VI

The early history of the Salandra ministry did not give promise of very great strength or of much capacity. It was openly opportunist, inclined to disingenuousness, and, to say the least, neither vigorous nor particularly courageous. It followed a policy of postponing action whenever possible, and of shifting responsibility to the far broader shoulders of its predecessors. Its course in reference to the demands of the railway servants, the increased military budget, and especially its handling of the general strike, gave faint hope to any friend of Italy that it would be capable of rising to meet a really great emergency.

But to the surprise of Europe, from the moment that Austria served her ultimatum on Servia an entirely new spirit seemed to dominate the Italian government. It set itself a definite objective which it has pursued unswervingly ever since. Weakness gave place to strength, hesitation to fixity of purpose, and with a tact, a courtesy,

and a firmness worthy of the best diplomatic traditions, it has gone about its business serenely, unmindful alike of the abuse of Germany and Austria and of the blandishments of England and France.

It can scarcely be unfair to Signore Salandra to credit the change in the conduct and character of his government to his Minister of Foreign Affairs, and it can safely be assumed that the Marchese di San Giuliano is responsible for the transformation of Italian policy from vacillating weakness and failure into what seems to be complete success.

The very difficult task of preserving neutrality could not have been begun with more sagacity or a greater display of wise statesmanship. Whether the Marchese di San Giuliano is to succeed or fail time alone can tell. If he fails he will at least know that he has failed in a good cause, while if he succeeds the world will appreciate that he has not only saved Italy but has done much for the civilization of our time.

THE KAISER AND HIS PEOPLE

BY KUNO FRANCKE

[Striving to maintain our impartiality in the face of what seem to us arguments of incontrovertible strength, we have invited the following paper from Professor Francke. — THE EDITORS.]

WHOEVER or whatever may have been immediately responsible for the terrible cataclysm, which in the midst of harvest time, like a Doomsday of nations, has befallen Europe and all mankind, there can be no question that German ascendancy of the last half century has been its ultimate cause. It therefore behooves Germans above all others, with fear and trembling, but without flinching or subterfuge, to search their hearts and to ask themselves whether they can really go into this conflict with a clear conscience and with trust in the justice of their cause.

Whether German diplomacy under the régime of the present Emperor has been equal to its task, whether its efforts to guard and to increase the Bismarckian legacy of 1870 have always been guided by Bismarckian foresight and Bismarckian sense of the attainable, is a question that only history will be able to decide. Certain it is that the guidance of German destiny since the retirement of the great Chancellor has been confronted with well-nigh insuperable difficulties. On the one hand, a people brimming over with physical and intellectual vitality, flushed with military and industrial success, eager for activity in every field of enterprise and in all parts of the globe. On the other hand, a formidable array of obstacles against the peaceful

and natural expansion of this people: France, unwilling to forget her national humiliation, unequivocally refusing to acknowledge the settlement of 1870 as final, incessantly preparing for the day of revenge, persistently attempting to form threatening alliances against her hated foe; England, nettled by German business smartness, alarmed by German naval strength, trying to isolate and check and hem in the upstart in his every move; Russia, deeply resentful of the setback received at the Berlin Congress in her march to Constantinople, determined to use the Slav upheaval in the Balkans as a means of pushing forward to the Adriatic, and thereby throttling German influence in the East. These are the international difficulties under which the new Germany has had to struggle onward.

What has been the consequence of this oppressively difficult situation? How has Germany met it? What intellectual and moral forces has this situation brought into play?

No unprejudiced observer of German affairs, I believe, will deny that it is this very difficulty of maintaining her national preëminence which has given to contemporary Germany a feeling of solidarity and of public responsibility, an eager earnestness, a concentrated will-power, a sweep and momentum of constructive imagination such as no other nation of to-day possesses. After centuries of national weakness and obscurity, the German could at last feel again that he was a part of a great and progressive empire. Wherever he

went abroad — as farmer, as business man, as colonial administrator, as sailor, as scholar and teacher — he felt behind him this new empire, surrounded by rivalry and unfriendliness, but steadfastly holding its own, steadfastly working at the enrichment of its resources, the improvement of its social conditions, the strengthening of its manhood. And when he returned to his native land, he would see with joy and gratitude that not only in military organization, but in every kind of public and private activity, in city-planning, in care for the poor, in industrial coöperation, in scientific farming and forestry, in research of every kind, in every form of popular instruction, in literature and the fine arts, Germany was striding ahead of the rest of the world.

Seldom has an individual been so perfect an embodiment of a national movement as Emperor William II is of this new Germany. All his acts and utterances have been inspired by the one desire of developing German character to its utmost. It is impossible to go through the four volumes of his 'Speeches and Addresses' without being profoundly impressed with the indomitable striving for national greatness incarnated in this man. Richard Wagner's *Parsifal* and the Nietzschean Superman seem combined in him. Every phase of life appeals to him; and in every phase of life he wants his Germans to excel.

He admonishes schoolboys to think of what their country will need of them when they are men, to abstain from alcohol, to strengthen their bodies and minds by hard work and hard sport, to strive after that harmony of life which the Greeks possessed and which 'is sadly lacking to-day.' He appeals to school-teachers to make their pupils above all at home in the things nearest at hand, to make achievement rather

than knowledge the goal of instruction. He holds up to university students the spiritual heroes of the German past, from Walther von der Vogelweide to Schiller and Goethe, and warns them 'not to waste their strength in cosmopolitan dreams, or in one-sided party service, but to exert it to make stable the national idea and to foster the noblest German thoughts.' His own sons he urges to labor incessantly to make themselves true personalities, taking as their guide Jesus, 'the most personal of all personalities,' to make their work a source of joy to their fellowmen, — 'for there is nothing more beautiful than to take pleasure jointly with others,' — and where this is impossible, to make their work at least contribute something useful. Upon his officers he impresses the extreme necessity of firmness of character; for 'victories are won by spiritual strength.'

Addressing the large mine-owners of Prussia, he insists that it is the duty of the State to regulate 'the protection which the workingman should enjoy against an arbitrary and limitless exploitation of his labor; the limitation of child-labor with reference to the dictates of humanity and of the laws of natural development; the position of woman in the house of the laboring man, which is morally and economically of the greatest importance for the family life.'

Speaking to the professors of the University of Berlin, he points out the need of 'institutions that transcend the limits of a university and serve nothing but research, free from the demands made by instruction, although in close touch with the university.' At a gathering of German sculptors and painters he proclaims that 'art should be a help and an educational force for all classes of our people, giving them the chance, when they are tired after hard labor, of growing

strong by the contemplation of ideal things. Attention to ideals is one of the greatest tasks of culture, and all our people must work at it, if we are to set a good example to the other nations; for culture, in order to do its task well, must permeate every stratum of society. But it cannot do this if art refuses its help and pushes people into the gutter instead of elevating them.'

The need of human fellowship and mutual forbearance for national purposes he impresses upon a Westphalian audience by reference to personal experiences: 'During my long reign I have had to do with many people, and have suffered much at their hands; often they have hurt me unconsciously, but often also, I regret to say it, very intentionally. When in such moments my anger threatened to master me and I was tempted to avenge myself, I have asked myself, how best can wrath be stilled and charity grow strong? I have found only one answer, and that was based on the observation that all men are human and even if they hurt us, they have souls given them from on high, whither all of us wish to return. Thanks to their souls, they too carry with them parts of the Creator.' And at the Prize Singing Contest at Frankfort, for male choruses, instituted by him, in the presence of thousands of singers of all classes of society he extols the simplicity of the good old German folk-song against the artificiality and affectedness of modern tone-paintings, and he thanks among the singers particularly the 'men of the brawny hand, the large number of men who have come from the hammer, the anvil, and the forge. They must have sacrificed to this work the sleep of many a night.'

Perhaps the most impressive, however, of all these utterances and the one most characteristic of contemporary German feeling, is a passage from a

speech delivered soon after the Emperor's return from Palestine. 'During my stay in that foreign country, where we Germans miss the woods and the beautiful sheets of water which we love, I often thought of the lakes of Brandenburg and their clear sombre depths, and of our forests of oaks and pines. And then I said to myself, that after all we are far happier here than in foreign lands, although the people of Europe often pity us. Surely, many and varied experiences of an elevating nature I have had in that country, partly religious, partly historical, and partly also connected with modern life. My most inspiring experience, however, was to stand on the Mount of Olives, and see the spot where the greatest struggle ever fought in the world, the struggle for the redemption of mankind, was fought out by one man. This experience induced me to renew on that day my oath of allegiance, as it were, to God on high. I swore to do my very best to knit my people together, and to destroy whatever tended to disintegrate them.'

These are the utterances of an individual. But they are typical of what millions of Germans feel, what Germany as a nation feels. Nothing could be more erroneous than to think that German ascendancy of the last generation has been merely industrial and commercial. A new idealism, a substantial enthusiasm for good government, for social justice, for beauty and joy, for fullness and richness of individual character, have accompanied it.

Can there be any doubt that Germany to-day is the best governed country of the world? How utterly absurd it is to speak of the present conflict — as many American newspapers do — as a conflict between military despotism, represented by Germany, and peaceful democracy, represented by the strange partnership of

Russia, Japan, England, and France. How sad it is to see men like Bergson and Maeterlinck so hopelessly deluded as to invoke their countrymen against 'the German barbarians, the enemy of mankind.' Where in Germany is there a parallel to the travesties upon justice to which the decisions of French courts and juries, from the degradation of Dreyfus to the acquittal of Mme. Caillaux, have accustomed the world? Where in Germany is there — or at least has there been until this dreadful War engulfed her — a brutalized proletariat such as is the spectre of London and Liverpool? Where in Germany is there anything comparable to the astounding corruption of official Russia, made manifest in the Russo-Japanese war? It is certainly not an accident, that neither Syndicalism, so rampant both in France and England, nor Anarchism, the terror of Russian autocracy, has gained any foothold on German soil. The enthusiasm for good government, shared alike by Liberals, Conservatives, Clericals, and Socialists, has prevented it. Indeed, the Emperor on the one hand, the Socialist party on the other, are the two most unimpeachable witnesses to the passionate German zeal for good government.

The German Socialists of to-day are something entirely different from what they were thirty or forty years ago. They have ceased to be revolutionary; they have become a party of constructive reform. They contain the intellectual and moral élite of the German workingmen. They are performing a most valuable service in raising the standard of life and the level of citizenship of the whole laboring class. They are devoting their energy, not to Utopian dreams or, as the I. W. W. are doing in this country, to the propaganda of destruction, but to practical tasks of economic organization, such as the establishment of

vast coöperative societies and the introduction of compulsory life-insurance for all union members, and to educational enterprises of all sorts. As members of the city councils in all the larger German towns, they are exerting a strong and wholesome influence upon city administration all over the Empire, and as the strongest single party in the Reichstag they take an important part in national legislation, mostly with the opposition, but not exclusively so. For it will be remembered that the Socialist party voted for the extraordinary tax bill of 1912, needed to carry out the military reform of that year. And it seems most probable that the assertion of the German Chancellor that the Socialist party in the present catastrophe is loyally standing by the national defense, is literally true. Indeed, it was a member of the Socialist party who, at the special Reichstag session of August 4, moved the adoption of the government's bill for a war appropriation — a motion which was carried without a dissenting voice.

Only in one point have the Socialists unflinchingly and unrelentingly arrayed themselves against the present governmental system, and in doing so they are laying bare the one grave defect of imperial Germany: the arrogance and overbearing of the military and bureaucratic class. Closely allied as this defect is with the sterling rectitude and splendid efficiency of German military and civil officials, it is an anomaly in modern Germany. One effect of the stupendous sacrifices to which the entire nation is now being summoned, will be to sweep away the artificial barriers which until now have prevented Germany from reaping the full fruit of her otherwise unequalled methods of government.

But it is not only in good government and social efficiency that Ger-

many during the last forty years has outstripped most other countries: German ascendancy has also manifested itself with striking rapidity and massiveness in the things that make for beauty and joy and the adornment of life. While Paris architecturally still retains the stamp of the second Empire, London that of the Victorian era, and while in the French provinces and the smaller English towns building proceeds at a slow pace and along old lines, Berlin, Hamburg, Bremen, Hanover, Cologne, Kassel, Darmstadt, Frankfurt, Nuremberg, Munich, not to speak of many other German towns, have undergone veritable revolutions during the last generation: new city halls, theatres, opera-houses, museums, university buildings, hospitals, railway stations, department stores, stately mansions and model cottages, have arisen everywhere, and in it all a new and typically German style of architecture seems to be developing. Much of it is heavy. But there certainly is not any longer that academic imitation and formal eclecticism of pseudo-Gothic and pseudo-Renaissance memory; there is abundant evidence of original and powerful imagination, and an unmistakable striving for stateliness, proportion, symmetry, and sweep of outline. And a similar reaching out toward high goals is to be found in the other arts.

What country is there in which the drama, the opera, and the orchestra exert as deep and noble an influence as in Germany, with its multitude of princely or civic theatres, its careful training for the theatrical and musical professions, its well-informed and rev-

erently receptive audiences? In what other country could have happened what Professor Max Friedlaender of Berlin University told me happened to him some years ago? He was invited by a club of workingmen in the Krupp iron works at Essen to deliver to them a lecture on some musical subject. He accepted the invitation, and held an audience of more than a thousand workmen and their families — most of them undoubtedly of socialistic persuasion — for over an hour listening attentively to his presentation of Johann Sebastian Bach. These men are now in the regiments that have been hurled against the forts of Liège and Namur.

Finally. Is it a presumption to say that there is more honest striving for fullness of individual character in Germany than in other countries? I believe that there is; and I believe that this also is a part of that eager contest for ascendancy in which Germany has gradually outdistanced her neighbors — outdistanced, but not threatened.

Is she now to be made to pay for all her efforts at self-improvement? Have these efforts not been more than merely national achievements? Have they not been a gain to humanity at large? Must she defend these achievements against a world in arms? If this desperate situation has been brought about by the very best there is in German character, then it must be accepted as part of the tragedy of human greatness; and the only help left to Germany and her Emperor is to cling to the Horatian, —

*Si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum ferient ruinae.*

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

HINDSIGHT

SUPPOSE that those having the administration of affairs in Germany had thought more of future generations than of present glory and prowess and might, and suppose that they had been of a disposition to look at things from a philosophical standpoint, with minds open to the truth, — they might, until July, 1914, have reasoned thus: —

The great need of Germany is more territory. Its population is very dense, its people industrious, and it needs a larger field for development. While it manages its own affairs with consummate ability, it has not been wholly successful in ruling foreigners. For forty-three years it has administered Alsace-Lorraine, but it has not established contentment among its people. On its eastern border the Poles under its rule are not satisfied despite the best German methods of government that have been applied to them, and a similar discontent and unrest prevails among the Danes in the north in Schleswig-Holstein. On the other hand, the German people are peaceful and law-abiding; except for the heavy burden of military duties, they are as well content as any others, and it would appear that so far as the Germans themselves are concerned, the methods of government and rule are sound. In other words, they might have said, 'We Germans are good housekeepers at home, but are less successful abroad. Additional proof of this is the constant trouble that neighbor Austria has in governing Slavs and Italians. They are never out of difficulties over there. So instead of trying to convert foreign-

ers into Germans by force, let us let foreigners work out their own salvation — and raise more Germans. If foreigners want to immigrate and become Germans, they shall be welcome; but instead of conquering them against their will, — in which event they do not seem to develop into German patriots, — we shall accept them only when they want to come.'

This is not a royal idea, nor is it in accord with Prussian traditions; but the great gifts of the German people to the world, their ideals, their philosophy, their science, their music, and their poetry, have not been developed under royal or imperial decree, nor are they the outcome of Prussian traditions.

The philosophical ruler and his cabinet whom I am imagining would have observed that the available earth is largely in the hands of strong powers, and that the cost of gaining by the sword sparsely settled and fertile land near-by is too severe a burden upon future generations to be considered until every other effort has failed. War kills off the best human breeding-stock no matter which side wins. So the proposal to trade would naturally present itself. The Germans are masters at trading. In looking over available territory near-by they could not fail to observe that the northern strip of Africa, comprising parts of Tunis, Algiers, and Morocco, is the very best part of the world now open to settlement. The desirability of this region has long been in German minds, as we have occasionally been reminded by the incident at Agadir and by other signs. But since the foreign office of the Empire has been in Berlin rather

than in Cologne, Darmstadt, or Frankfurt, the only method considered has been force, and until the outbreak of the war this has failed.

Now, suppose that the suggestion had been made to the French authorities, with no ultimatum involved and with no reference to the royal and imperial grandfather of the present Kaiser or to anything else save the business in hand, that Alsace and Lorraine, despite over forty years of German rule, still remained largely French in sentiment, and that it had been borne in upon the German government that the French people were evidently desirous of obtaining possession of them again. The German government might have added that it believed that if these provinces were to come under French rule again, this might occur without abuse to the people living there. Germany's new policy being German rule for German people, and these provinces persevering in their French sentiments, they might well have been ceded back to France in consideration of other territory and a right of way to reach it. The land for which these provinces might have been exchanged is that to which we have referred on the border of the Mediterranean in Northern Africa, now under French rule. Its extent and area could have been determined by agreement. This was at one time the garden-spot of the earth, is rich in minerals, and Germany has enough people to inhabit it and develop it. With all cause of war between the two nations removed, the means of reaching the Mediterranean from Germany should not have been an impossibility.

My impression is that the French would have accepted such a proposal from the Germans, would have been generous in giving up a large share of their North African possessions, and that they would have fallen upon the

Germans' necks and embraced them, instead of shooting them as they are doing now. Germany and France would have been a pair of nations working together in entire amity. There might have been a little difficulty with England, but with France and Germany united in friendship, and the new slogan of German rule for German people, with no desire to control foreigners, in full effect, the sting would have been taken from their development. So far as the Arab tribes of that part of North Africa were concerned, German civilization would not have been acceptable to them, and they would have had to move away in time. It would have been a little trouble instead of the great trouble now.

The plan would not have found favor with the Court at Vienna, but we are now thinking less of dynasties than we are of the German people. The Austrian methods of imposing German rule upon Slavic peoples would not have found favor in Germany, where the people, minding their own business, would have seen no Muscovite menace. It would not be the first time that Germany and Austria have disagreed. Indeed, in course of time, the German part of Austria might have preferred to be a part of a great, strong German empire, rather than to persevere in the unsuccessful attempt to turn unwilling Slavs into Germans.

Then there would have been no war, — no great war. In Eastern Europe the Hungarians and the Slavs might be blowing bugles and killing one another, but the Germans would have had nothing to do with it. They would have said, 'It is their affair, let them rule themselves. Our work is to raise the best Germans for the future. And we have some military work to do in North Africa.'

Then Germany would have become really great. Other nations would have

cut down their armament as she cut down hers, and the Peace of Europe would have prevailed. Belgium would not have been violated. And all about the East, both far and near, German merchants and German ships would have been welcome, and her thousands and thousands of young men, the flower of her youth now rotting in unmarked graves with grief as their only legacy, would have begotten their kind, and a new and great race of people would have arisen to enjoy the good will of the world. Now the cowards and the inefficient and the weak will beget the next generation—after their kind.

All this might have been, for the Germans are very amenable to suggestion from their rulers. It might have come to pass if, under the imperial crown, there had been as much philosophy and welcome to the truth as there were dreams of prancing horses and waving plumes and the smoke of battle.

LE NOUVEAU PAUVRE

FROM olden time it has been the privilege and the pleasure of humanity to deride the newly rich; comedy, satire, and other forms of expression, literary and unliterary, have borne witness to the desire to point out the lack of standard, the ostentation, the selfish gloating over individual possession, of those who have been robbed by swift prosperity of a sense of values. Even in our new country, with its sudden fortunes, we know well how to punish by gibe and jest those whose recent wealth gives them an undue sense of their own importance, resulting in undue display. We make great sport of *le nouveau riche*; who is there to laugh at *le nouveau pauvre* and put him in his place?

Under the impact of new thought in

regard to social rights and wrongs, and our large sense of responsibility in the matter of earth's unfortunates, we are developing a new type, very limited in number, and, I fancy, limited in geographic distribution,—I should not think of offering these reflections to any but a New England magazine!—of those who flaunt a new type of recent wealth. That old boasting in regard to one's material possessions has given place, in these, to new boasting in regard to what one has not. I can almost imagine a seventeenth-century writer of character-portraits sketching the type as follows: —

'He is of a demure sadness, and goeth poorly clad'—or it might even be she; —'his countenance weareth ever a look of mild reproof, and ever he watcheth to detect extravagance in his neighbor's apparel; his right hand moveth nervously lest his left know that which it doeth; he walketh as one who would fain keep step with his fellows, yet is ever apart, wrapt in a sad separateness.'

Standards of value alter; there are riches and riches. It is not mere difference in local conviction; time as well as space has something to do with the change; but surely I detect nowadays among the chosen few, new causes for self-congratulation, a new vaingloriousness. I cannot be mistaken in remembering in the atmosphere about my far-off childhood, pride in worldly goods, in glossy horses, in ruffled gowns of silk and lace; unquestionably I remember a reverential tone in speaking of the rich, deepening to awe in speaking of the very rich. Now, how different! We look with pity upon the multi-millionaire; a suggestion that he is no better than he should be is in our very way of saying his name. A shrug of the shoulders, a lifting of the eyebrows at the mere mention of great riches, betrays our inner standards.

Doubt as to whether even honesty, let alone other virtues, could be his has been instilled into our minds by all that we have read concerning him and his kind. We act, somewhat prematurely, as if we were already within that kingdom of heaven whose entrance is so needle-hard for the rich. In all this we are a trifle over-assured, for the fact that we lack the plutocrat's wealth is no proof that we have those other, more precious spiritual possessions whose absence we scorn in him.

But human nature is human nature always, in rich folk and in poor; the sources of inner vanity are perhaps over-quick to reflect the possibility of changed standards. Many of us are growing a bit ostentatious in our poverty. Do we not point with pride at the clothes we do not have, the pleasures we forego, the luxuries in which we would not for any consideration indulge? We wear again the old street suit, and loftily remark to our friends that we cannot afford to be tailored anew every winter. We sit upon platforms at meetings wherein the problems of the poor are discussed, tricked out in ancient garments, worn a trifle histrionically. There is a touch of moral snobbery in our attitude as we tell how little we spend on ourselves, how frugally we lunch, in what Spartan fashion we dine, with an ensuing silence suggestive of the long list of good causes that we are helping on. Vulgarly rich in convictions, airily intolerant of those who have not as great possessions as we, we flaunt our wealth, with a certain lack of good taste, in the faces of those less opinionated than ourselves. We are a bit self-conscious in displaying the evidences of this shameless monopoly of virtue, and wear a gentle air of patronage toward our less fortunate fellows. Can it be, — surely it cannot be that the old warning could apply here, and that this air of superi-

ority may prove more of an obstacle than the camel's hump at Heaven's gate!

That look of reproof on the part of some of the leaders of modern social endeavor toward those who do not hold their convictions, is full of danger. Humble-minded self-indulgence is perhaps better than this; here, at least, one is one with one's fellows. The situation is full of irony; endeavoring to share more generously our worldly possessions with the poor, perhaps even considering the possibility of common ownership, we hoard in more than the old individualistic manner these new virtues which our fellows have not yet acquired. Human progress is notoriously full of contradictions; here is one that gives pause for thought. In moving toward that era of more fully realized human brotherhood, we are perhaps losing as much as we gain: that old sense of kinship with man as man, breaking under the strain and stress of newly-discovered conviction which many fail to understand or to adopt. Proud spiritual walls are just as prone to keep one's neighbor out as are high-piled walls of brick and stone, even with glass on top. How a sense of moral superiority locks its possessor in, cuts him off from his kind! At the stern mention of a new creed one can often hear a sound as of a key turning in a lock, and one knows that here is another soul condemned to solitary imprisonment in its own virtue, until some friendly imp of failure or transgression sets it free.

Humble, as it behooves the poor to be, in the presence of those rich in theory, many merely watch and wait. Each theorist is sure that his wealth is the only real wealth; each, that his panacea will cure all social ills. But, aware of the complexity of human ailments, the many-sidedness of human wrongs, what is one to do? Keeping

step with one agitator, we lose step with another,—perhaps lose step with simple humankind in keeping step with either. Alack, and well-a-day! Meanwhile, one yearningly recalls that instinctive human sympathy, antedating social convictions, based on the ordinary experiences of the threshold and the hearth. This also has its fine uses; it may be the most precious thing there is: this sense, below difference of faith, of oneness with one's kind, of common destiny in this common predicament. In this dim path whereon we struggle, groping our way, it is well to keep in touch with our fellows, no matter what the differences between us in worldly or in moral rank or station.

As for these new riches of professed poverty, we stop to ponder. They may not all be real; shall we gloat before we are sure? Many a fortune of dollars or of nuggets or of ideas proves to have sandy foundations and melts away. Perhaps here, as elsewhere, those who have had their wealth long enough to forget it are no longer self-conscious enough to gloat. Those whose interest in their neighbors is too recent to be human instinct, whose discovery of a common humanity is too fresh to seem part of them, who cannot care for their fellows and forget that they are caring, who cannot feel kindness without flaunting it, who cannot sit in the presence of their kind without implying that their kind has no such wealth of love for humanity, are assuredly lacking in spiritual good breeding. My lady, newly rich, proudly conscious of her priceless furs and jewels, is perhaps less vain than my lady newly poor, proudly conscious of her priceless convictions and habits that make her not as others are. Tradition has delivered to our laughter, for just chastisement, the newly rich; shall not the newly poor, for similar reasons, be delivered to the laughter of the world?

THE OLD HOUSE ON THE BEND

I WONDER if other wayfarers through New England greet, as I do, with special affection the old house on the bend of the road? It is so characteristic of an earlier civilization, so suggestive of a vanished epoch — and withal so picturesque! Even if you are unfortunate enough to 'tour' in a motor-car, which of course is far from the ideal way to savor the countryside, still you cannot miss the old house on the bend, even though you do miss the 'feel' of the land, the rise and dip of the road, the fragrance of the clematis by the wall, the already fading gold of the evening primroses when you start off after breakfast.

Even for a motorist, however, the old house on the bend stands up to view, especially if you are on the front seat with the driver. The car swings into a straightaway, lined, perhaps, with sugar maples and gray stone walls. Between the trunks are vistas of the green fields and far hills. But the chief vista is up the white perspective of the road, which seems to vanish directly into the front door of the solid, mouse-gray house on the bend.

The ribbon of road rushes toward you, as if a great spool under your wheels were winding it up. The house rushes on with it; grows nearer; details emerge. You see the great square chimney; the tiny window-panes, six to a sash, some of them turned by time, not into the purple of Beacon Hill but into a kind of prismatic sheen like oil on water; the bit of classic egg-and-dart border on the door-cap; the aged texture of the weathered clapboard; the graceful arch of the wide woodshed entrance, on the kitchen side; the giant elm rising far above the roof. You rush on so near to the house, indeed, that the car seems in imminent

danger of colliding with the front door, when suddenly the wheels bite the road, you feel the pull of centrifugal force, and the car swings away at right angles, leaving an end view of the ancient dwelling behind you, so that when you turn for a final glance you see the long slant of the roof at the rear, going down within six or eight feet of the ground.

Such is the view from a motor-car. If you are traveling on foot, however, there is much more to be observed, such as the great doorstep made from a broken millstone, the gigantic rambler by the kitchen window, the tiger lilies gone wild in the dooryard, and above all, the view from the front windows. Since the house was visible far up the road, conversely a long stretch of the road is visible from the house. Standing in front of it, you can see a motor or wagon approaching a mile away, and from the end windows, too, can be seen all approaching vehicles from the other angle. Moreover, if you lived within, you could not only see who was coming, but you could step out of your door a pace or two and converse with him as he passed. The old house is strategically placed.

When it was built, a century or even a century and a half ago, no motors went by on that road, and not enough of any kind of traffic to raise a dust. The busy town to the south, the summer resort to the north, were alike small villages, given over to agriculture. There were no telephones, no newspapers even. Fortunate indeed was the man whose farm abutted on a

bend, for there he could set his house, close to the road, viewing the approaches in either direction, and no traveler could get by him, or at any rate by his wife, without yielding the latest gossip from the town above or below, perhaps from the greater world beyond. The high-road was then the sole artery of commerce, of communication, of intercourse of man with man.

How neighborly was the house on the bend, shedding its parlor-candle rays like a beacon by night down the mile of straightaway, or flapping its chintz curtains in the June sunshine! What a testimony it is, in its present gray ruin, to the human hunger for news and gossip and friendliness!

The old order has changed, indeed. We no longer build on the bend. We don't have bends if we can help it. They are dangerous and hard to maintain. A house on one would be uninhabitable with the dust. We do not seek the neighborliness of the road, but retire as far as we can to the back of our lot, with our telephone and newspaper. The old house on the bend halfway between Lenox and Stockbridge now stands deserted. From country estates dimly seen in their remote privacy of trees and gardens, the stone highway leads to other estates equally remote and scornful of publicity. Between them the motors rush. The old house on the bend is dusty and deserted, and every passing car kicks up some bit of crushed stone into its tangled dooryard. It looks pathetically down the road with unseeing eyes, the last relic of a vanished order.

